

Nov. 26, 1960

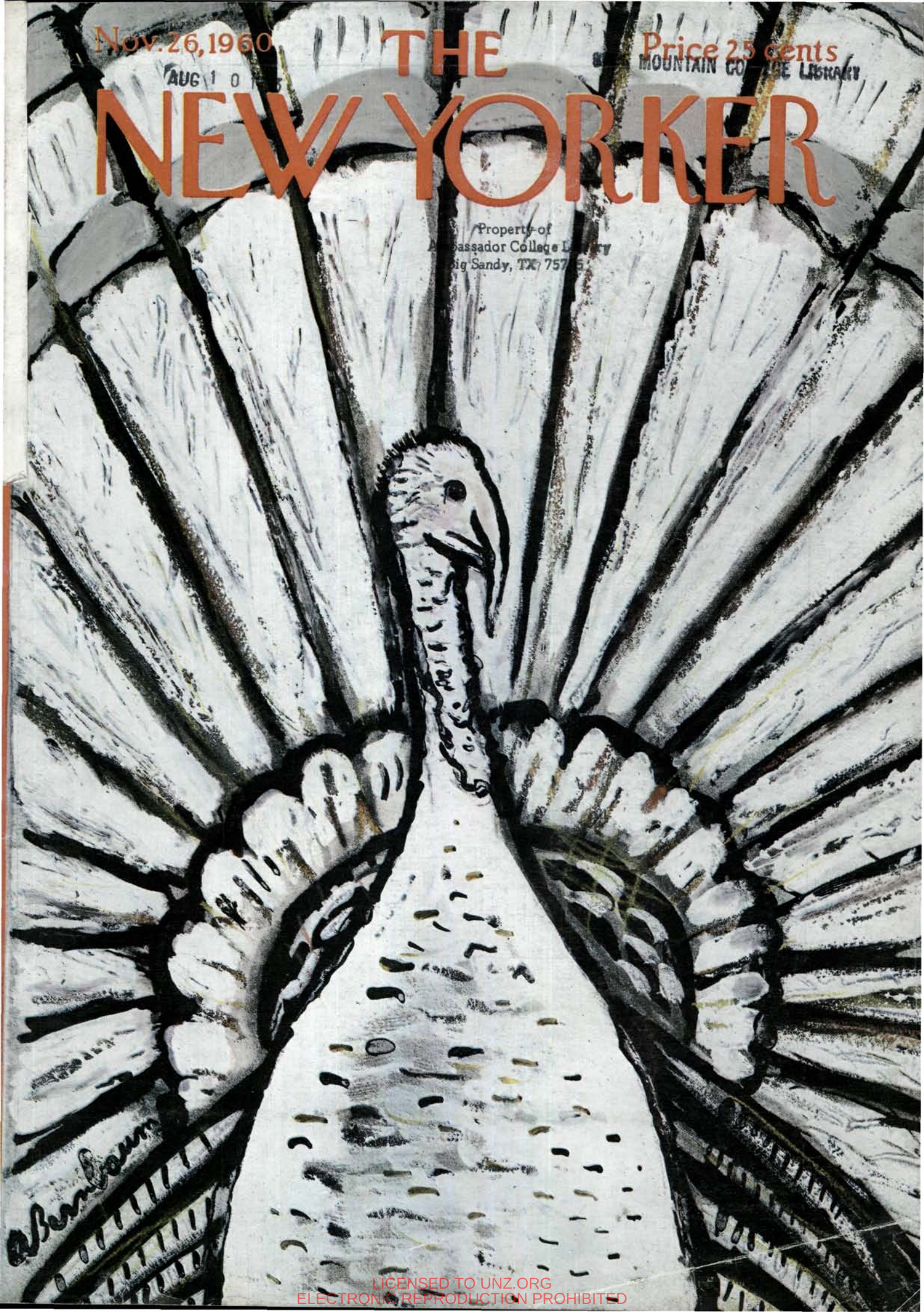
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . .  
 ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**ADVISE AND CONSENT**—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, where a pack of snarling senators are tearing into one another over the proposal to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who has shown leftward leanings in the past. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters have much depth, and his notions about the procedures of government aren't very persuasive. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**BECKET**—Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn in uneasy tandem as, respectively, the Archbishop and the Plantagenet King in Jean Anouilh's sprawling interpretation of the memorable bout between Church and State in the twelfth century. Sir Laurence plays with his usual ease and dexterity, but his style doesn't blend very well with Mr. Quinn's, which is much coarser in texture. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

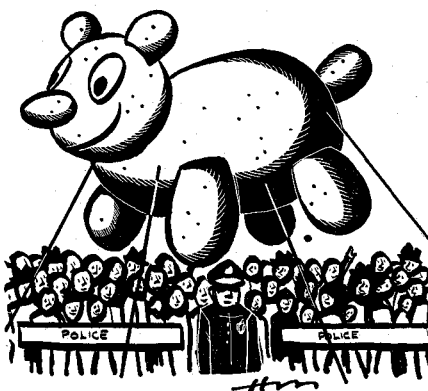
**THE BEST MAN**—A nimble journalistic piece of work, in which Gore Vidal, the author, takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. The leading candidates—one principled, the other unprincipled—are Melvyn Douglas and Frank Lovejoy, in that order. Lee Tracy is splendid as a venerable ex-President, straight from the cracker barrel. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**AN EVENING WITH MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY**—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

**THE 49TH COUSIN**—Menasha Skulnik, the wizard of the Yiddish theatre, trying hard to make a domestic tyrant as interesting, as, say, Clarence Day's father. He doesn't quite succeed, but he is, as always, amusing. He gets stout support from Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE HOSTAGE**—A rousing romp with Brendan Behan, who makes the disorderly conduct of his creatures a virtue instead of a vice. The drama—or, rather, the vaudeville—takes place in a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is being held prisoner by the I.R.A. Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage head a fine cast that was taught its paces by Joan Littlewood, a most perceptive director. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 27.)

**INVITATION TO A MARCH**—Confusion on the dunes of the South Shore of Long Island. As outlined by Arthur Laurents, it doesn't make for any real entertainment, although Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, James MacArthur, Eileen Heckart, and Richard Derr do their best with the gritty material. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



### A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT**—There are worthy performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy in this Tennessee Williams drama about the marital difficulties of two couples in the South (where else?), but the author's ideas aren't very stimulating, and his style is fustian. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**A TASTE OF HONEY**—This product of the imagination of a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor. But Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Angela Lansbury, Andrew Ray, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those effectively present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in the role of the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**A THURBER CARNIVAL**—This happy Thurberian anthology now even features the Master as an active participant onstage. Paul Ford lends

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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a jovial helping hand. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.)

**TOYS IN THE ATTIC**—Maybe Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies isn't very consistent in its dramatic development, but there can be no doubt that it is the work of a playwright born. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, Anne Revere, Irene Worth, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**UNDER THE YUM-YUM TREE**—A light, very light, comedy by Lawrence Roman concerned with a San Francisco virgin who wants to live experimentally with her sweetheart but would like to keep sex out of the arrangement. Sandra Church is sometimes amusing as this peculiar miss, and Dean Jones is adequate as her earnest boy friend. Also on hand is Gig Young, as an amorous landlord who would like to violate the heroine, and he is pretty funny. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**THE WALL**—An attempt, not too successful, to translate to the stage the horrible predicament of the Jews incarcerated in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. Milard Lampell adapted the play from the John Hersey novel, and among the imprisoned are George C. Scott, Yvonne Mitchell, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS—THE MIRACLE WORKER**: The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) **THE TENTH MAN**: Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**BYE BYE BIRDIE**—An unpretentious, barely resistible musical that Gower Champion directed from a score by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, and a book by Michael Stewart. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the stars, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**IRMA LA DOUCE**—An exercise, purporting to be a jolly French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is desperately short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

**TENDERLOIN**—Maurice Evans, playing a turn-of-the-century parson facing the forces of unrighteousness. As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), the show is lively, all right, but not very funny. The sets, by Cecil Beaton, are admirable, and the actors, who also include Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker, are enthusiastic. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**Matinées** Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN**—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS**—**FIORILLO!** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:45.)... **GYPSY**: Ethel Merman plays the domineering momma of the young Gypsy Rose Lee. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN**: Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY**: Michael Allinon and Pamela Charles are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE**: A French revue, created by Robert Dhéry, who is also a leading performer. Colette Brosset is another of the clowns. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TAKE ME ALONG**: A musical adaptation of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" In the cast are William Bendix, Eileen Herlie, Sidney Blackmer, and Robert Morse. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **WEST SIDE STORY**: Carol Taylor and Allyn Ann McLerie in Leonard Bernstein's musical about the Jets and the Sharks. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:45.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**ALL THE WAY HOME**—A play by Tad Mosel, taken from James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family," with Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, and Lillian Gish. Directed by Arthur Penn and presented by Fred Coe, in association with Arthur Cantor. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**LITTLE MOON OF ALBAN**—Julie Harris and John Justin in James Costigan's play. Mildred Freed Alberg is the producer and Herman Shunlin the director. Opens Thursday, Dec. 1. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**CAMELOT**—Oh, you must have heard of this one. Based on T. H. White's novel "The Once and Future King," it has a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, a score by Fred-

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erick Loewe, and a cast headed by Richard Burton and Julie Andrews. Staged by Moss Hart and produced by him and the Messrs. Loewe and Lerner. Opens Saturday, Dec. 3. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

## OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

**THE BALCONY**—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of pervers. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**THE CONNECTION**—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

**DEEP ARE THE ROOTS**—A revival of the Arnaud d'Usseau-James Gow play. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

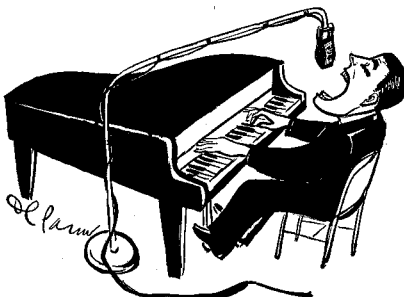
**DREAM PLAY**—Strindberg's drama, adapted and directed by John Bowman. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 6 and 9:30.)

**DRUMS UNDER THE WINDOWS**—Paul Shyre's third attempt to compress a Sean O'Casey autobiographical novel (Volume III this time) into a play. The results are sometimes fleeting, sometimes indelible, and there is enough rich, round prose to fill the Irish Sea. Martyn Green, as the elder, reminiscing O'Casey, is first-rate, and so are his compatriots. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**THE FANTASTICKS**—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsy is as thick as *that*. Jerry Orbach, Kenneth Nelson, and Rita Gardner do good work in the cast. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A.**—Banalities shouted loud and clear, and jokes visible from afar, characterize this musical revue, which has, however, an altruistic cast. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**HEDDA GABLER**—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening.



(Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**LEAVE IT TO JANE**—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE**—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

**MAN AND SUPERMAN**—A revival of George Bernard Shaw's play, presented by the Gate Repertory Company and directed by Matt Conley. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

**MARCUS IN THE HIGH GRASS**—A play by Bill Gunn, directed by Brian Shaw. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:45 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

**THE MOUSETRAP**—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**LA RONDE**—Arthur Schnitzler's chronicle of ten consecutive seductions, neatly arranged to describe a complete circle. Some may take pleasure in the symmetry of the construction. Others may wish they had stayed home. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**ROSEMARY AND THE ALLIGATORS**—Two one-act plays—the first dealing with the troubles of a young married couple in vaudeville times, and the second with the troubles of a fiftyish gangster's moll in modern times—by Molly Kazan, who likes her clichés capon-size and done to a turn. Jo Van Fleet and Piper Laurie are more or less tirelessly on hand all evening. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

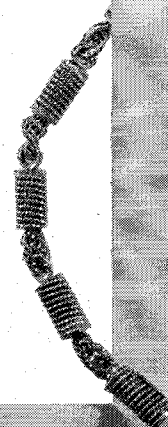
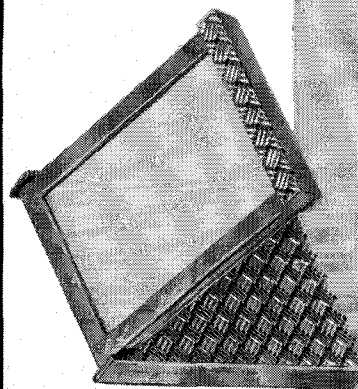
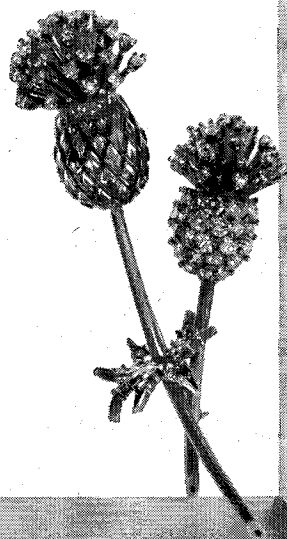
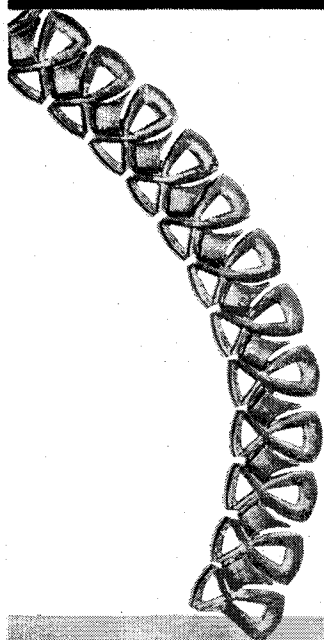
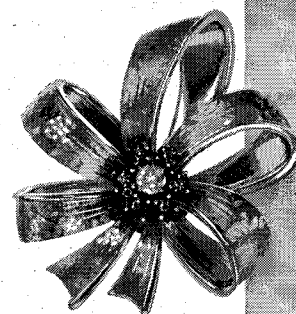
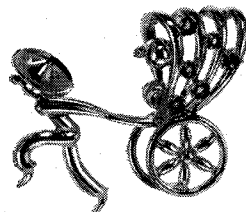
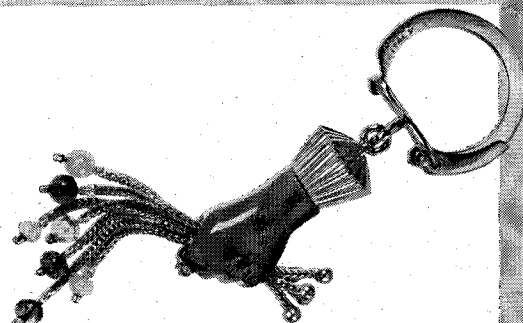
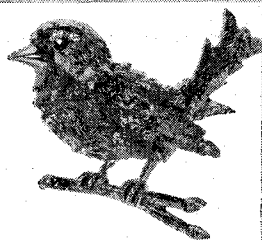
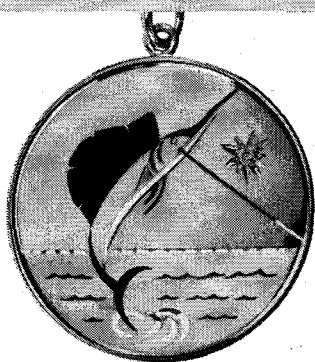
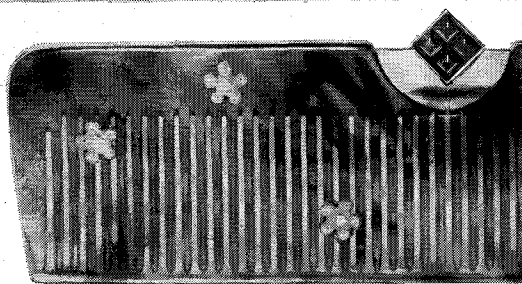
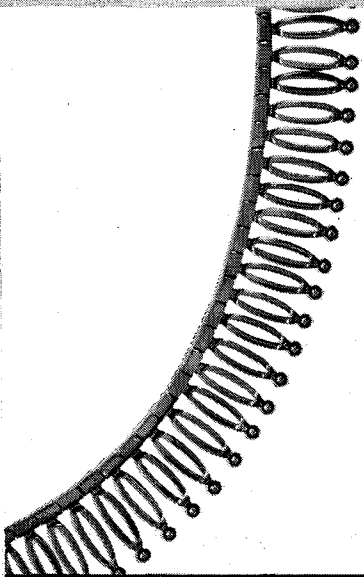
**SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER**—Oliver Goldsmith's bearded bag of tricks about mistaken identity, thwarted love, and other set pieces in an English country house. The production was directed by Stuart Vaughan, who admires pratfalls and swaying drunks, as well as his own vaudeville alterations of the text, and who causes his cast (which includes Gerry Jedd and Juliet Randall) to behave alternately in an overheated and an anemic manner. The Phoenix repertory group's first offering of the season. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Thanksgiving Day, at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

**THE THEATRE OF CHANCE**—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

**THE THREEPENNY OPERA**—"Fourscore and seven years ago..." In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**WHISPER TO ME**—Ruth White, Dorothy Sands, and Mary Finney in a play by Greer Johnson, based on a story by William Goy-





## Gifts of Gold

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

en. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

## BALLET

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Friday matinee, Nov. 25: "Fanfare," "Illuminations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Symphony in C."... Friday evening, Nov. 25: "La Sonnambula," "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."... Saturday matinee, Nov. 26: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Dix," and "The Figure in the Carpet."... Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."... Sunday matinee, Nov. 27: "Firebird," "Apollo," "Variations from Don Sebastian," and "Stars and Stripes."... Sunday evening, Nov. 27: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Episodes," and "Variations from Don Sebastian."... Tuesday evening, Nov. 29: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," "Variations from Don Sebastian," and "Firebird."... Wednesday evening, Nov. 30: "Allegro Brillante," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "The Figure in the Carpet."... Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "Con Amore," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."... Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Serenade," "Agon," "Still Point," and "Stars and Stripes."... Saturday matinee, Dec. 3: "Swan Lake," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird."... Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Tender Night," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8980. Evenings at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 15.)

**BALLET ESPAÑOL XIMENEZ-VARGAS**—Flamenco dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**MORT SAHL**—A prominent news psychoanalyst. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

**ANTA PROGRAM**—The American premiere of Eugene Ionesco's "The Shepherd's Chameleon," presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the third in this season's series of matinee programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A form of social security not provided by the government. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never pause for breath.

**PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Naughty Marietta," a Victor Herbert documentary on social and antisocial life in pristine Louisiana, is being intoned all over the Cotillion Room by a set of operetta practitioners that includes Jimmy Carroll and the merry old soul known as Wilbur Evans. They break loose twice a night, and there's pepper-and-salt dance music between the recitals. Closed Mondays. ... The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

**PLAZA**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, a Pierian spring of dance music wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars. Twice a night, there's a visit by Lilo, an unmistakably Parisian chanteuse with verve, nerve, assault, and battery. Closed Sundays. ... Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. No dancing in either domicile. ... No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Maximilian Bergere and Nicholas D'Amico) will ever ruffle the populace of the Rendez-

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Vous. The music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

**ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Warren Covington has immersed his dance orchestra in a lot of the old Tommy Dorsey arrangements, and as a result the Grill sounds almost prewar. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The great men of the two sister republics (the United States and Texas) find an uncommon meeting place in the grand old Maisonette, where they and their ladies waltz about to the handwork of Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. During the dinner and the supper hour, there are words and music by Gloria De Haven, a Hollywood girl who has forsworn those Hollywood *Sturm-und-Drang* orchestrations for the more progressive background of Peter Appleyard's foursome. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**SAVOY HILTON**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, a simultaneous paean to Roman architecture and the witchery of moonlight, tees off with feasting music by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra a bit past seven, and then at eight-thirty blossoms into upbeat dance music (the Hansens and Charles Holden's band) that goes on until two. Closed Sundays. ... In the Savoy Room, a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

**SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The course of Empire always running smooth; i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both palaces are closed to the public on Sundays.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinnertime and supertime, the Kim Sisters, three little maids from school, are cheerily demonstrating what happens when the American pop tune and its accompanying gymnastics encounter South Korea. Emil Coleman's big, suave dance orchestra and Theo Fanidi's middle-sized band look after any dancers. Closed Sundays. ... Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its ways, with Michael Zarin's trio and Ray Bari's chirruping band (thinking music from six to eight-thirty, dance music thereafter to one) except Sundays, when the Baris are all by themselves (piano from six to eight, then dancing to one).

**NOTE**—The Rainbow Room, a bar big enough to float ten thousand cocktail olives in at once, offers a view of the city and the docile drinking-and-dining music of a trio from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it

hotsy-totsy. The parade is accompanied by small talk and (after eight) Jack Banan's piano, which has that old-time religion down cold, or hot. Closed Mondays. ... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The children's hour goes on and on into the night; the party spirit is slightly leavened by graybeards who have managed to survive into their thirties. Bob Printz plays ah-youth! piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders do single and double piano from then on. Closed Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It would not be easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merry-makers the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, who may be the best ivory hunter in the business, whips up dozens of concentric and eccentric ripples on an admiring Steinway. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The home life of the Trapp family if they'd lived in Florence. All week long, there's regional piano by Aldo Bruschi from dinnertime on; Thursday through Saturday, Mr. B., doubling on oboe, leads a trio, to which there is dancing after ten; Tuesday through Saturday, a supply of *lasagna* like "The Barber of Seville" is banded about *viva voce*. Closed Mondays. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castle, moat, and drawbridge—it all used to be in the Fifth Avenue window of F. A. O. Schwarz. Norbert Faconi, the major-domo of this wonderland, moves from table to table with a listen-he's-playing-our-song violin under his chin. No music Sundays. ... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer fidgets around at the piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. ... **WAVELY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the ones he's picked up in this country. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays. ... **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A seven-day-a-week South Seas shopping center—resort clothes and all—equipped with bar, kitchen, menu, and string music that's as Polynesian as things ever get on this island. George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday. ... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. Its now-and-then companion is Richard Wilson's violin. No music Sundays. ... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, the best of which is Fernando Sirvent's eloquent guitar. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbals, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and the airy soprano of Jeanine Poret. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is the guitar of Renato Rossini, which believes every word of the fiery songs it sings. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, world traveller, is now giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's there from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday. . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated figments of Alt Wien here, especially when Yvonne Constant, a bit of sassafras from "La Plume de Ma Tante," is doing the arias. Closed Mondays. . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 40th St. (EL 5-2262): Felicia Sanders, pillar of fire, becomes the local nightingale on Monday, Nov. 28. The establishment is not, all the same, to be mistaken for Berkeley Square, W. 1.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): This celebrated girl-watchers' gallery is presenting a munificent and magnificent walk-on of ladies purportedly from the banks of the Hudson, the Thames, the Seine, et al., but whose façades suggest a long sojourn on the banks of the Amazon. The Rudas Dancers, six ballerinas from Down Under, are not, though, too big to fly without wings. Dancing for the customers, too. . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Sort of a triple-feature vaudeville house—i.e., Johnnie Ray, smiling through his tears as he cakewalks down a long aisle of vibrant songs; George Shearing's fivesome, winding its sinuous way among the lullabies of many, many birdlands; and Quincy Jones, making his first Manhattan stand with his big, new, and orthodox band. The whole lot will call it a night on Wednesday, Nov. 30. The principal speaker next evening, and for some time to come, will be Lenny Bruce, to whom all the world's a stooge and *Variety* is the spice of life. Georgie Auld's jazz band will come aboard the same evening. Closed Sundays. . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): In the swimming pool on the lower deck, Joey Bishop, a fast man with a word, is talking show business, monkey business, and, once in a while, a rather blue streak. Also present: the Four Lads, rocking and rolling their songs with every pitch of the ship, and the Copa corps de ballet, eight lovely ox-eyed daisies who are all rugged individualists. Mr. B. and the Lads take their leave on Wednesday, Nov. 30; a night later, Connie Francis will start raising her voice and Jackie Mason will start pulling jokes out of his ragbag. Dancing.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Irwin Corey, who wakes up each morning to the sound of a non sequitur, is delivering lectures on everything from "King Lear" to field hockey, and Dorothy Loudon, a stormy petrel who's not at all sure about live and let live, presents her case for the reorganization of civilization in very apt words and music. Maysa Matarazzo, party of the third part, purrs Portuguese, French, and English roundelays in not altogether domesticated tiger-cat fashion. Jimmy Lyons' trio and Otis Clements' piano fill the interludes. On Thursday, Dec. 1, there'll be a change of cast. Kaye Ballard, a girl always at her wits' end, and Odetta, a folk singer almost beyond compare, will be its leaders. . . In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and piano preside over the six-to-eight activities every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is apt to do extra sets early in the morning. . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): No question-and-answer period is necessary after the newest of Julius Monk's annual *revistas*, for the issues of the day—and, for that matter, of the night—are discussed succinctly, assiduously, and acidulously for all to hear. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE**

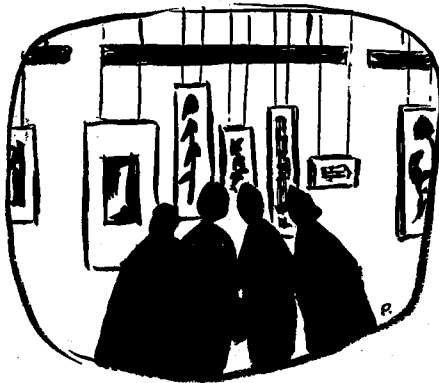
**UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher, both of them Julius Monk graduates *summa cum laude*, are indulging in conversations that have a certain satanic majesty all their own. Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood supplement this soirée with piano that has just plain majesty. The music begins around nine, the talk an hour or so later. Closed Sundays. . . **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Tun Tun, the minute Latin equivalent of Puck, Cupid, and Willie Howard, weaves noisily in and out of the Latin hurly-burly that occupies the back-room stage a couple of times a night. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three to eight. . . Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A whole-hearted effort to bring chaos out of order. The participants are Tony and Eddie, hounds at bay whose weapons are their own hammer and tongs, plus the gramophone recordings of others; Sallie Blair, who can put her songs through ordeal by fire; the dithery cantatas of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, and the piano of Peter Daniels. Jimmie Daniels, that old boulevardier, is *padrone*. Closed Mondays. . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Upstairs over the Roundtable is the dais upon which Mabel Mercer, classicist, *salonnière*, and humanist, is installed. It's not only what she sings but how she sings it. Her pianist, of course, is Sam Hamilton. Ralph Strain fills in any chinks with some finger painting at the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): The American ballad in every aspect, from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune to the arrows of Daniel Cupid. Some are done by Matt Dennis, just about the most flexible of all our late-at-night singers, and some are done by Isobel Robins, whose hair and heart are pure gold. Never, in either case, is a sense of humor far below the surface. Closed Sundays.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

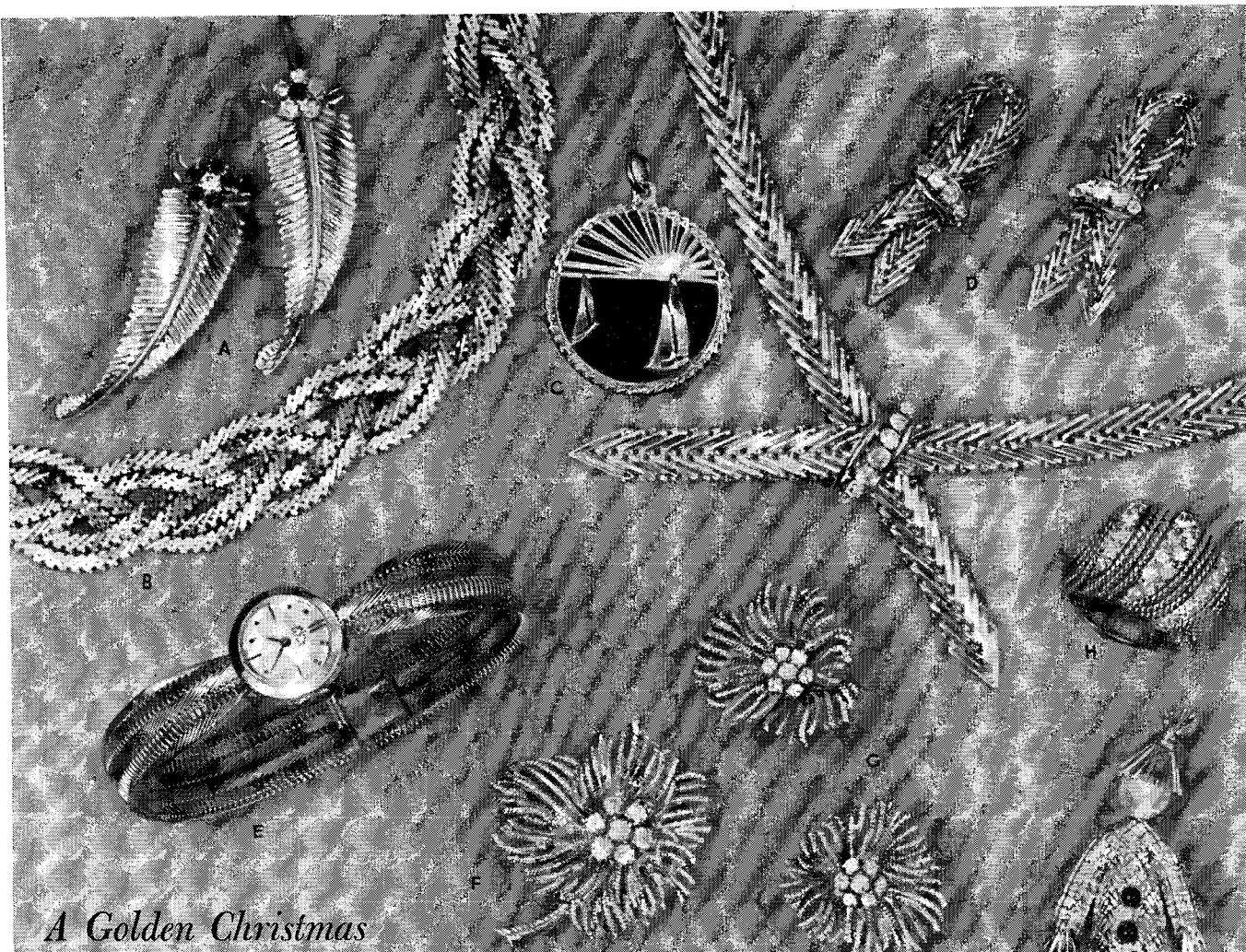
(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Ralph Sutton's piano, a joyous noise in the night, doesn't adhere entirely to the statute of limitations that often encumbers traditional music, and his quartet, in which Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin reside, is all the better for it. Mr. Condon is, for the moment, guitar emeritus. Bob Corwin is the intermission curator of the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The band led by the eminent Miles Davis, who sometimes seems to be reaching for a sound beyond sound and sometimes seems to be playing the slough of despond (an instrument not recognized by Local 802), goes off duty on Sunday, Nov. 27, and so does the trio of the knowledgeable Bill Evans. On Tuesday, Nov. 29, Gerry Mulligan and

his small army return to the place where their symphonic outpourings sound their best. The rest periods will be filled up by the piano of Bernard Peiffer, an original thinker. An afternoon session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, too. Closed Mondays. . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Tyree Glenn's foursome, which is fair and mild during the dinner hour, much warmer later on; Martin Denny's Hawaiian trio, which is pretty much canned pineapple; and Adam Wade, who is influenced in his singing by everyone you've ever heard or heard of. Closed Sundays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The new racket squad here is the Bourbon Street Six, and it's easy to guess what it sounds like. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland's trio, which shifts from abstractions to wild-eyed joy and back again, is happily and perspicaciously demonstrating the modern idiom inside the circular bar. Ben Tucker, her bass man, has plenipotentiary powers. The interludes, for graduate students only, are attended to by John Bunch and his bass, Henry Grimes—a consummation that has long been devoutly wished. No music Mondays. . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannons' roar, rockets' red glare. Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's quintet (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays), and Lionel Hampton's band (off duty Sundays) arrive at seven-forty-five to pick up the shards left by the afternoon shift, which is manned by Tony Parenti's trio and Johnny Letman's threesome. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Buddy Rich, lean, saturnine, and full of Mexican jumping beans, is giving his drums a real bang-up job as he leads into action a group large enough to amount to an embarrassment of riches. This four-wheel drive has far more substance than the fever heat of Maynard Ferguson's vast collection of blowhards. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Until late in the evening, it's sort of opening day at a supermarket, and it's even Stephen whether Jonah Jones, a trumpeter with a whiplash, can make himself and his quartet wholly audible. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Something for everybody on the stage of this gigantic *Bierstube*—i.e., the Jazztet, a bustling, forward-looking assortment of orchestrations led by Art Farmer and Benny Golson; Mal Waldron's trio, deeply absorbed in putting together abstruse equations; and Ernestine Anderson, girl firebird, who does the singing around here. Closed Sundays. . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The quartet in which Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano are involved has a cheerful outlook on modern music—an unorthodoxy that is its own reward. Ahmed Abdul-Malik's fivesome, which is chockablock with Oriental ragtime, goes away on Sunday, Nov. 27, and Gigi Gryce's quintet, which is rococo Americana, arrives on Tuesday, Nov. 29. The Akiyoshi-Mariano combination is off Tuesdays; the others are off Mondays. The building the enterprise occupies must once have stood on Cannery Row. . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): Thelonious Monk, simultaneously master of modern pianism and the disappearing act, has a small band in hand, and there's also the big group run by Gil Evans, which can paint the town red, blue, pastel, or pistachio, and does. The Evans group signs off on Sunday, Nov. 27, and the quartet run by Terry Gibbs checks in on Tuesday, Nov. 29. Closed Mondays. . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Randy Weston's quar-







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 I. Woven Gold Straw Man clip, cultured pearl head, cabochon ruby buttons ... \$220.  
 J. "Chevron" gold tie clasp ... \$90.  
 K. Woven gold lighter. New mechanism requires no wick, lasts weeks on one filling of regular fuel ... \$375.  
 L. Man's watch, classic square dial, fine Swiss movement ... \$395.  
 M. and N. New Parisian overlapping gold "Chevron" with cabochon rubies. Cufflinks ... \$195; each stud ... \$50; tie tack ... \$50.  
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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tet, feet on the ground but head in the clouds, is on this second-story job every night but Monday. . . . **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Life among the upstate jazz buffs. Charlie Shavers, who adds a few Barnum & Bailey touches to his work on trumpet, keeps a foursome going after nine or thereabouts every evening but Monday. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekends are devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, the faculty should include Claude Hopkins, Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, and Panama Francis.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

## GALLERIES

- PETER AGOSTINI**—Bronze and plaster sculptures; through Dec. 10. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays; open Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9:30.)
- JEAN ARP AND SOPHIE TAEUBER-ARP**—A large, handsome collection of sculptures, paintings, and other works by a team of early modernists; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)
- ALEXANDER BROOK**—Paintings, in his first exhibition in eight years; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)
- MICHEL CADORET**—Paintings by a Paris modernist as yet little known in this country; through Dec. 10. (Norval, 53 E. 57th St.)
- RHYS CAPARN**—Bronze sculptures based mainly on landscape and animal forms; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)
- LOUIS CORINTH (1858-1925)**—A small, well-selected survey of portraits and portrait drawings by the German artist; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)
- DOROTHY DEHNER**—Abstract bronze sculptures rhythmical in movement; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)
- JEAN DUBUFFET**—Oils, collages, and other works in a minor retrospective, 1943 to the present; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
- STEPHEN ETNIER**—Skillfully handled paintings of Maine and Nassau; through Friday, Nov. 25. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)
- CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN**—Constructions of copper, brass, steel, iron, silver, and glass fused to metal; through Dec. 10. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9:30.)
- MICHAEL FRARY**—Landscapes, still-lives, and figures; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)
- HAMILTON FRASER**—Paintings by a young British modern; through Dec. 17. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)
- ADOLPH GOTTLIEB**—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)
- JOSÉ GUERRERO**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)
- CHILDE HASSAM (1859-1935)**—Paintings by this leading American Impressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)
- FRED HAUCK (1905-60)**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)
- ALBERT HIRSCHFELD**—Drawings and gouaches by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times*; through Dec. 10. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- CARL HOLTY**—Abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)
- JAMES KEARNS**—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Dec. 17. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)
- LEE KRASNER**—Abstract oils; through Dec. 10. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ANDRÉ LANSKOY**—Paintings, Tachiste in style, by

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a school-of-Paris artist; through Dec. 10. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

**IBRAM LASSAW**—Welded-metal abstractions, mainly based on organic motifs; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ISRAEL LEVITAN**—Abstract sculptures in wood and stone; through Dec. 10. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

**BERTHE MORISOT (1841-95)**—A comprehensive loan exhibit of about seventy paintings by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children. Through Dec. 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.) . . . Another exhibition of her works, this one containing drawings, pastels, and water colors; through Dec. 10. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

**IVAN MOSCA**—Landscapes and seascapes by an Italian painter; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**MARIO NEGRI**—Bronze and silver sculptures, elegant in style, by a modern Italian sculptor; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**BETTY PARSONS**—Abstractions, 1957-60 and varying in subject from Wyoming to the Orient; through Dec. 18. (Latow, 13 E. 63rd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

**PICASSO**—Engravings on linoleum (1958-60); through Dec. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**REGINALD POLLACK**—Paintings, mostly portraits; through Dec. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**FAIRFIELD PORTER**—Interiors, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

**EDUARDO RAMIREZ**—Precise, immaculately patterned non-objective sculptures in relief by a contemporary Colombian artist; through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Herbert, 14 E. 69th St.)

**ABRAHAM RATTNER**—New abstractions, many based on Gothic-church suggestions, in his first sizable gallery showing in four years; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

**GEORGES ROUAULT (1871-1958)**—Paintings (dancers, clowns, landscapes) from his later years; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)**—Seventy-five paintings and drawings by the Austrian Expressionist make up the opening show at the Galerie St. Etienne's new location, 24 W. 57th St.; through Dec. 15.

**WILLIAM E. SEBRING**—Abstract canvases; through Dec. 7. (Nonagon, 99 Second Ave., at 6th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6:30.)

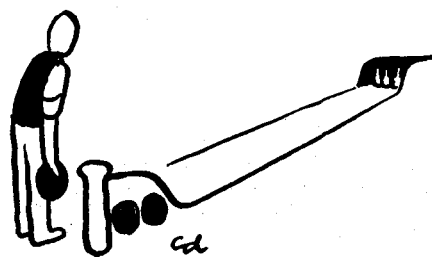
**KURT SELIGMANN**—Thirty years of etchings and lithographs; through Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

**JOSEPH STELLA**—Paintings and collages; through Dec. 10. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

**PETER TAKAL**—Drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**JOHN TUNNARD**—Abstract landscapes in oil and gouache in his first show here in ten years; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

**JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER (1775-1851)**—



A smallish but stimulating loan showing of water colors and drawings, many of them from seldom-tapped collections abroad; through Dec. 10. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOHN VON WICHT**—Solidly patterned abstract oils, some in the form of scrolls; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

**JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903)**—A retrospective loan exhibition of more than a hundred oils and other works. Assembled by, and for the benefit of, the Arts Council of Great Britain. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**JOHN WILDE**—Small still-lives and figures; through Dec. 10. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

**ULFERT WILKE**—Water colors, drawings, and bronzes; through Dec. 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**KARL ZERBE**—Paintings concerning the South; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

**AFRICAN ART**—Twenty-five tribes are represented in "Sculpture from the Congo," an exhibition containing masks, stools, statues, head-dresses, and so on, in wood, ivory, and stone; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, and William Gropper; sculptures by Alton Pickens; and a single large painting by Joseph Hirsch; through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Herbert Katzman and Jack Levine (oils), William King (bronzes), and Yutaka Ohashi (collages); through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The November show consists of paintings selected by Vaclav Vytlacil, Robert Vickrey, and Adolf Dehn; through Friday, Nov. 25. (Open 1 to 6.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Six paintings apiece by Renzo Baldaccini, Morris Gluckman, and four others; through Friday, Nov. 25. . . . **STAEMPFELI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pictures by three California artists—Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and the late David Park; through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: Council members of the Center (Domenico Facci, Gwen Hardy, and E. B. Savage, to mention a few) in an invitation exhibition of works in various mediums; through Thursday, Dec. 1. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

**EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW**—At the FRIED, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Arp, Gris, Schwitters, and other modern masters, predominantly European; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: "Paysage de France"—Courbet to de Staël; through Dec. 10. (Open Thanksgiving Day.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . A small exhibition of abstract paintings and drawings by the French master Fernand Léger (1881-1955), also from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.) assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9. . . . A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including examples from his series on various themes—"Migration," "Harlem," "John Brown," and "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings, except



Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS**, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-five paintings by contemporary American artists (Jimmy Ernst, Ogden Pleissner, and Andrée Ruelan, to mention a few), from which the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund purchases for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada will be chosen; through Dec. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 33 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, drawings, bindings, incunabula, and autograph manuscripts that have been prized possessions of renowned collectors; through Dec. 10. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Only in New York!" an exhibit of portraits and city scenes by René Bouché; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—A showing of the entire collection of Raymond Wielgus, of Chicago, comprising masks, figures, ornaments, and pottery vessels, from the Americas, Africa, and Oceania; through Feb. 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—New York theatre posters of the eighteen-seventies and eighties, plus photographs of the stars (Edwin Booth, Sarah Bernhardt, and others) and the theatres they made famous. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: Etchings and lithographs by Goya and Manet; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

**RIVERSIDE MUSEUM**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The Twentieth Anniversary Exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, featuring early and late works; through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

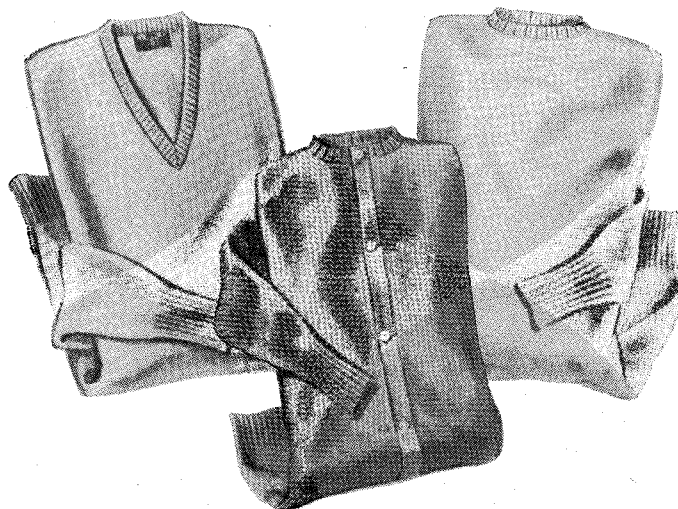
**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—A showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures acquired during the past year, including works by John Sloan, Sam Francis, and Isamu Noguchi; through Dec. 4. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Thursday evening, Nov. 24: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Christa Ludwig, Giorgio Tozzi, and George London. . . . Friday evening, Nov. 25: A new production of Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . Saturday matinee, Nov. 26: "Aida," with Leonie Rysanek, Giulietta Simionato, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "Carmen," with Kerstin Meyer, Heidi Krall, William Olvis, and Mario Sereni. . . . Monday evening, Nov. 28: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, George London, and Barry Morell. . . . Wednesday evening, Nov. 30: "Carmen," with Kerstin Meyer, Teresa Stratas, Leonard Del Ferro, and Frank Guarrera. . . . Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Barry Morell, and Lorenzo Testi. . . . Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . Saturday matinee, Dec. 3: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Cornell MacNeil, Eugenio



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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fernandi, and Cesare Siepi. . . ♪ Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Joan Wall, Jerome Hines, Brian Sullivan, and Giorgio Tozzi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Carnegie Hall—Hans Rosbaud conducting on Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8:30, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 2:15 (both with Leonid Kogan, violin). . . ♪ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30 (with Moura Lympny, piano). . . ♪ Hans Rosbaud conducting on Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3 (with Leonid Kogan, violin); and Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 2, at 2:15; and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).

**ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA**—Gary Bertini conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30, no soloists; and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30, with Monique Haas, piano. . . ♪ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, with Monique Haas, piano.)

**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Charles Munch conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30, no soloists; and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30, with Monique Haas, piano. . . ♪ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, with Monique Haas, piano.)

**AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY**—Nicola Rascigno directing a performance of Handel's "Hercules" in concert form, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; Richard Verreau, tenor; and Walter Berry, bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:45. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

**BRANKO KRSMANOVICH CHORUS OF YUGOSLAVIA**—Bogdan Babich directing a company of eighty mixed voices from Belgrade University. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**LILI KRAUS**—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

**BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 25, and Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, the second and third in a series of five all-Mozart programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left. . . ♪ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30, the second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

**SUZANNE BLOCH PLAYERS AND SINGERS**—Three lutanists-singers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

**HILDE SOMER AND CARROLL GLENN**—Piano and violin, in a recital postponed from Nov. 4. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:30.)

**LOUIS KENTNER**—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

**LA SALLE STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

**BEAUX ARTS TRIO OF NEW YORK**—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 5:30.)

**ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

**ARTISTS' CHOICE CONCERTS**—Charles McCracken, cello, and Lucy Green, piano, in a sonata recital. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

**JACQUES KLEIN**—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

**IVAN DAVIS**—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

**ANDREW HEATH**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

**DODA CONRAD**—Bass, in Brahms' song cycle "The Wondrous Love Story of the Fair Magelone." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:45.)

**COLEMAN BLUMFIELD**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

**HUNGARIAN QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th

St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**LEON BIBB**—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:40.)

**NOTE**—Jaime Laredo will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 28, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

### MISCELLANY

**MANTOVANI**—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. . . ♪ Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

**ANNA RUSSELL**—Vocal caricaturist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

**JAZZ CONCERT**—The Modern Jazz Quartet, Dave Brubeck's quartet, and Chris Connor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 11:45.)

### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 25, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston. . . ♪ Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . ♪ Friday, Dec. 2, at 9: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

**BOXING**—Billy Hunter vs. Mike DeJohn, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL—THANKSGIVING DAY:** Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 26** (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . ♪ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Titans vs. Dallas Texans. (Polo Grounds. Thanksgiving Day at 11.)

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7.)

**HORSE SHOW**—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 26-27.)

**RACING**—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 12; through Wednesday, Nov. 30. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 24; the Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 26; and the Queens County Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 30.

**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Wednesday, Nov. 30.

### FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERTS**—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**: Siegfried Landau conducting the opening children's concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 3. . . **BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET**: With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 3. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

**STAGE SHOWS**—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES**: "Dick Whittington," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 24-26, and Saturday, Dec. 3, all at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831. . . **CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30. . . **PAT DEANE PRODUCTIONS**: "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 12, 1:30, and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271. . . **MERRIMES**: "Alice in Wonderland." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4. . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Friday, Nov. 25, at 2:30; Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2 and 3:30; and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 1. . . **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS**: "It's So Nice To Be a Fish." Saturday, Nov. 26. . . ♪ "Witches Are for Wearing." Saturday, Dec. 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407. . .



**PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter and the Wolf," Saturday, Nov. 26. "Beauty and the Beast," Saturday, Dec. 3. (Town Hall, JU 2-2424. Mornings at 11.)... ¶ "Thanksgiving Festival." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 3.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 25, at 11 and 2.)

**JUNIOR MUSEUM,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings by children of Chile; through Dec. 4. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 11 and 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5; and Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

**MODEL-TRAIN EXHIBIT**—Seven electric trains running simultaneously through miniature towns and countryside, over a trestle crossing a cascading river, and through tunnels to an underground passenger station. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "20,000 Leagues Above the Sea," studies the area presently being invaded by rockets and satellites; through Dec. 5. (Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Friday, Nov. 25, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday and Thanksgiving Day, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

**MOVIES**—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

**NOTE**—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 25, from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films on General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

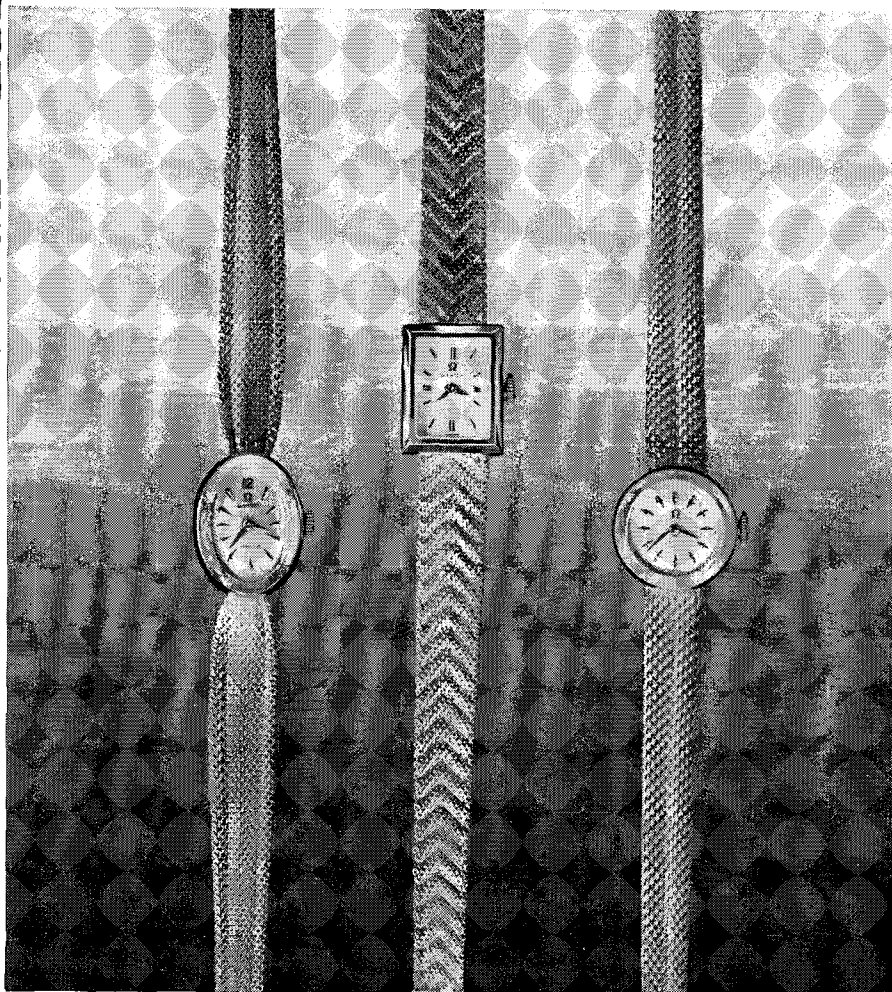
**DRAMA READINGS**—A group of actors, including Dina Merrill, Kenneth Whitlock, and Jack Manning, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in readings of Shakespeare's "Othello." (Helen Hayes Equity Group Theatre, 145 Bleecker St. Sundays at 8. For tickets, call PL 3-2310.)

**OLD GLORY HORSE AUCTION**—About five hundred and fifty standardbreds will be sold in this revival of the auctions held in the thirties. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 28-30, at 9:30 A.M.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture; Chinese, Japanese, Indian, and European ivory carvings; silver; and carpets. From the estate of Louisa Robb Livingston and from other sources... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 1:45: American and French modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Grandma Moses, Roger Bezombes, and Juan Gris; from several collectors, among them the late Alvin Nisenson. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 25.

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NEW YORK



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



**BEN-HUR**—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, and Wednesdays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**THE ENTERTAINER**—Laurence Olivier gives a stunning performance as a hard-drinking, lascivious, and thoroughly untalented music-hall singer and dancer. No use pretending the film will make you feel good; still, it would be a shame to miss Olivier at the very top of his bent, ably assisted by Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**GENERAL DELLA ROVERE**—Here is a practically flawless picture on a major theme—the making of a brave and honorable man out of what has been a vain, craven, and dishonest one. Vittorio De Sica superbly enacts this extraordinary transformation, and Hannes Messemer is nearly as good in a secondary role. The picture was directed in masterly fashion by Roberto Rossellini. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR**—With this French film, which describes the brief, intense, and hopeless affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in Hiroshima (where the movie was photographed), Alain Resnais emerges as one of the finest movie directors now in practice. In the principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada are highly commendable. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 30, tentative.)

**I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**—An English film, as funny as you're likely to see in many a day, in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are explored most spiritedly. Peter Sellers is at once hilarious and pathetic as a shop steward who dreams long dreams of making Britain a workers' paradise, and Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Ter-

ry-Thomas, and Richard Attenborough are diverting as the well-heeled types who stand in his way. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

**THE SAVAGE EYE**—A mordant exploration of Los Angeles, in which some depressing aspects of our times are seen steadily and whole. A joint effort by Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick, this low-budget semi-documentary film has as its heroine a sad divorcee who tries to find something to interest her in the City of the Angels and encounters only endlessly dismal prospects. Barbara Baxley is the girl, and she is splendid. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 30, tentative.)

**SONS AND LOVERS**—The best things about this English-American version of D. H. Lawrence's 1913 novel are the author's excellent dialogue, which has been left pretty much as written, and the performances of Trevor Howard, as an alcoholic Nottingham coal miner, and Wendy Hiller, as his long-faced wife. Dean Stockwell plays their son—a lad who suffers from Oedipus complex—in a dour, nervous, high-school fashion. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 30, tentative.)

### REVIVALS

**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN** (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin musical. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 26.)

**THE BLUE ANGEL** (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 28, tentative booking, last showing at 3.)

**THE 400 BLOWS** (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 24.)

**GIGI** (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Cheva-

lier, and Hermione Gingold. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**HENRY V** (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 29.)

**MARTY** (1955)—A comic and touching account of the trials and tribulations of a bashful Bronx butcher. Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 28-29.)

**THE RED BALLOON** (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 30.)

**THE ROSE TATTOO** (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 26.)

**THE SEVENTH SEAL** (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 25-28.)

**THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 29.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Nov. 26: "David Harum" (1934), with Will Rogers and Louise Dresser.... Starting Nov. 27: "A Good Job" (1942), written and directed by William Saroyan; and "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Lionel Barrymore. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)  
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)  
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)  
"Girl of the Night," Anne Francis, John Kerr.

**DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)  
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursday through Sunday,

Nov. 24-27, and Wednesdays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)  
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)  
"The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.

**PALACE**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)  
"Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan.

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)  
"North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)  
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, at 2:30 and Wednesdays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)  
**BEN-HUR**.

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)  
"G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse.

**WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)  
"The Crowning Experience," Muriel Smith, Ann Buckles.



## EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)  
Through Nov. 30 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)  
Through Nov. 29: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

From Nov. 30: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)  
Through Nov. 29 (tentative): "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Easiest Profession" (in French), revival, Fernandel.

From Nov. 30 (tentative): **SONS AND LOVERS**.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)  
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)  
"Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)  
THE ENTERTAINER.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)  
Through Nov. 29: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

From Nov. 30: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)  
"The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)  
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-1663)  
"Come Dance with Me!" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)  
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnar Lindblom.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)  
"The Love Game" (in French), Geneviève Cluny, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)  
Through Nov. 29: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.  
From Nov. 30: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor; and "I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)  
Through Nov. 29 (tentative): "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.  
From Nov. 30 (tentative): "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)  
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)  
Through Nov. 29: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

From Nov. 30: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)  
Through Nov. 29: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.

From Nov. 30: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor; and "I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.

## WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)  
Through Nov. 30: **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival; and "Uncle Vanya," revival, Franchot Tone, Dolores Dorn-Heft.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)  
Through Nov. 27: "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons," George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.

Nov. 28-29: **MARTY**, revival; and "The Bache-

## NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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|    |    |    |    | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |    |    |

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST  
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED  
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

lor Party," revival, Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.

From Nov. 30: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)  
Through Nov. 30 (tentative): **THE SAVAGE EYE**.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)  
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)  
Through Nov. 29: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.

From Nov. 30: "Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor; and "I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)  
Through Nov. 26: **THE ROSE TATTOO**, revival; and **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN**, revival.

Nov. 27-29: "Not as a Stranger," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum; and "The Court Jester," revival, Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.

From Nov. 30: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Widow," Patricia Roc.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)  
**I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4500)  
"Belles and Ballets," a film made up of excerpts from six ballets performed by the Ballet de l'Étoile.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)  
**GIGI**, revival.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)  
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)  
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)  
Through Nov. 29: "The Magnificent Seven,"

Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.  
From Nov. 30: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)  
Through Nov. 28 (tentative booking; last showing at 3): **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.

Nov. 28, at 7 and 9:30: "The Last Laugh" (silent), Emil Jannings.

From Nov. 29: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)  
Through Nov. 29: **HENRY V**, revival; and "A Touch of Larceny," revival, James Mason, Vera Miles.

From Nov. 30: "The Apartment," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine; and another feature, to be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)  
Nov. 24: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.

Nov. 25-28: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain.

From Nov. 29: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)  
Through Nov. 29: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

From Nov. 30: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.

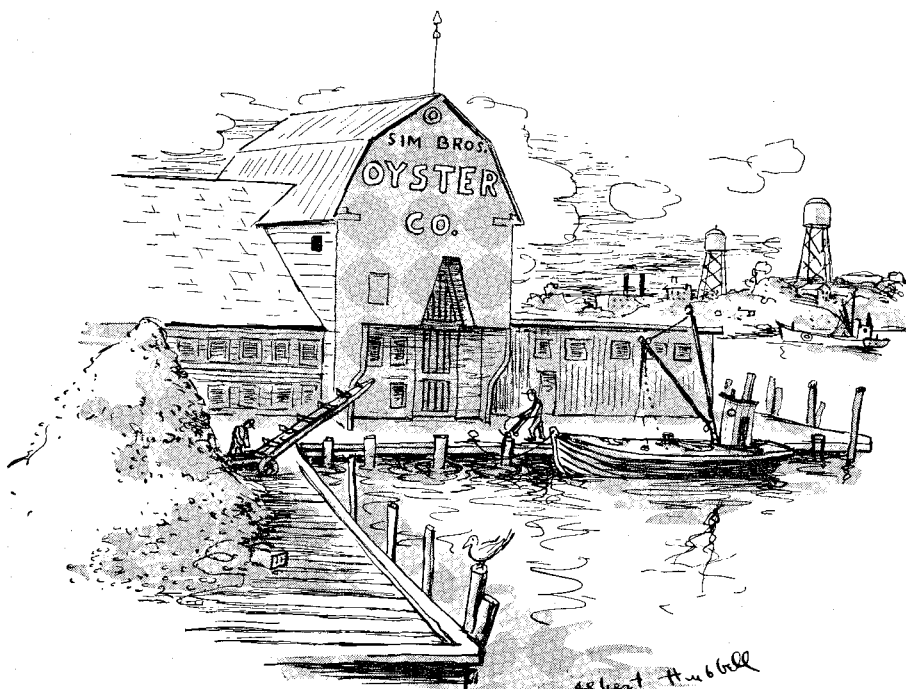
MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)  
Through Nov. 29 (tentative): "Man in a Cocked Hat," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," Anthony Quayle, Anna Neagle.  
From Nov. 30 (tentative): "Ocean's 11," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)  
Through Nov. 29: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Boy and the Pirates," Charles Herbert.

From Nov. 30: "All the Fine Young Cannibals," Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner; and "Village of the Damned," George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)  
Through Nov. 29: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand; and "3 Murderesses," Alain Delon, Mylène Demongeot.

From Nov. 30: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter; and "Sex Kittens Go to College," Mamie Van Doren.





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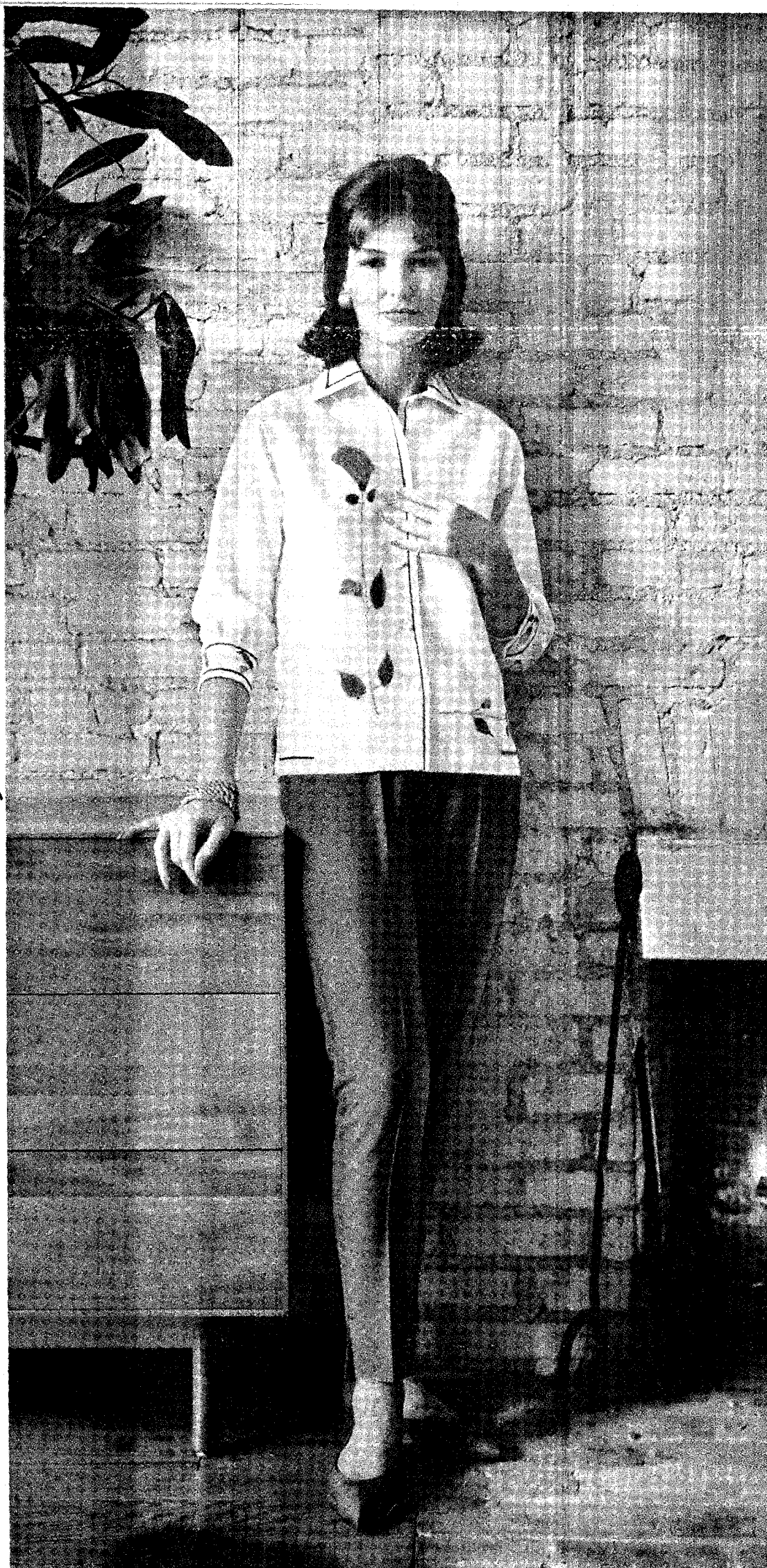
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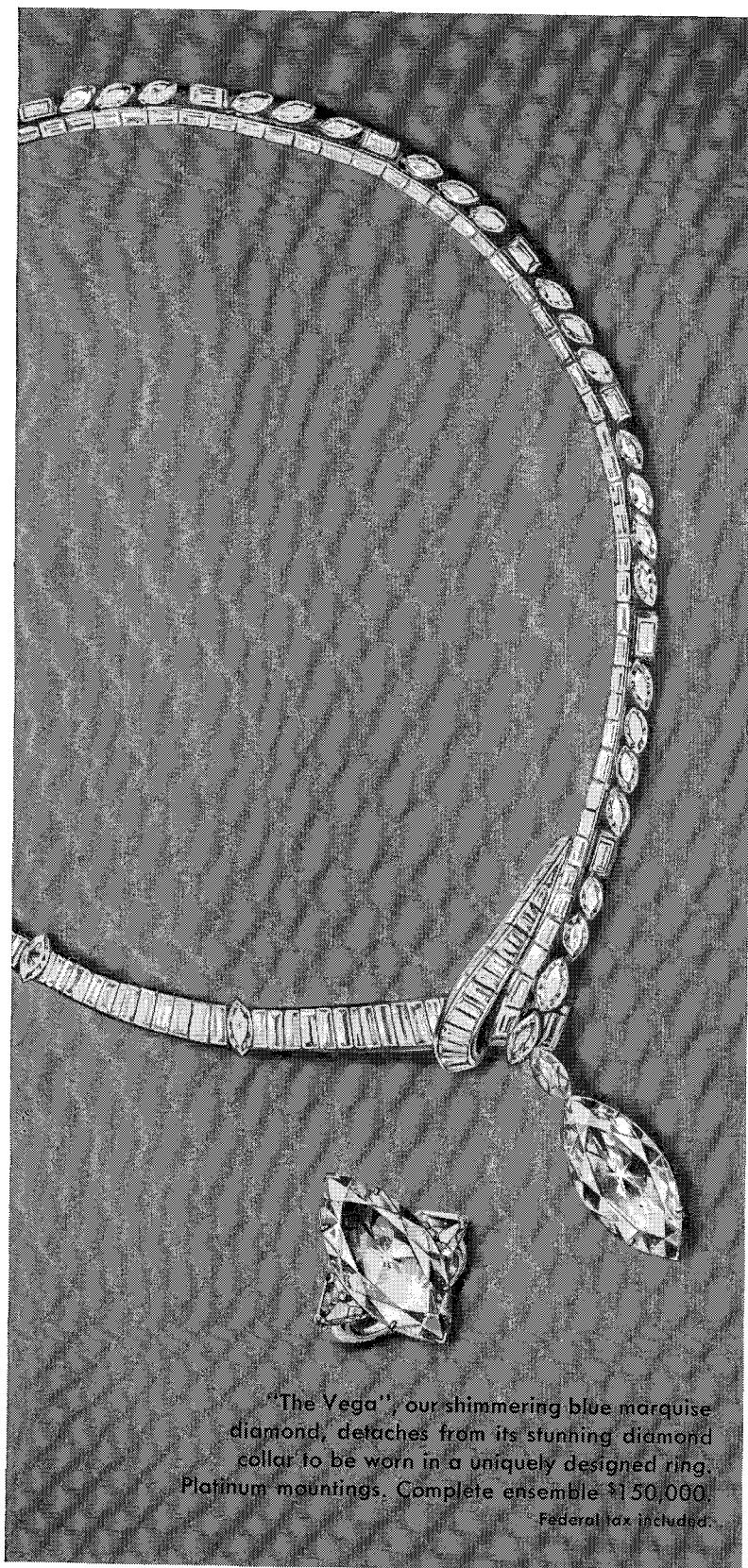
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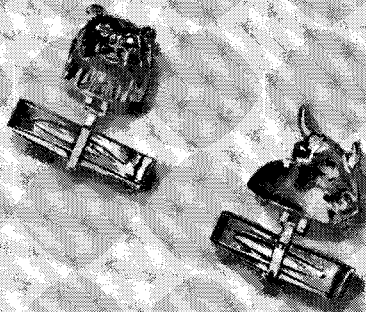
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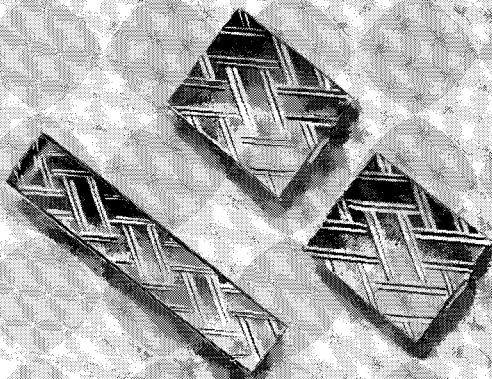


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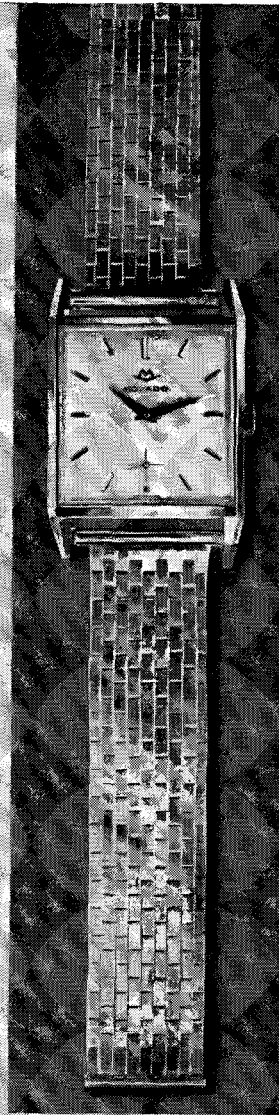
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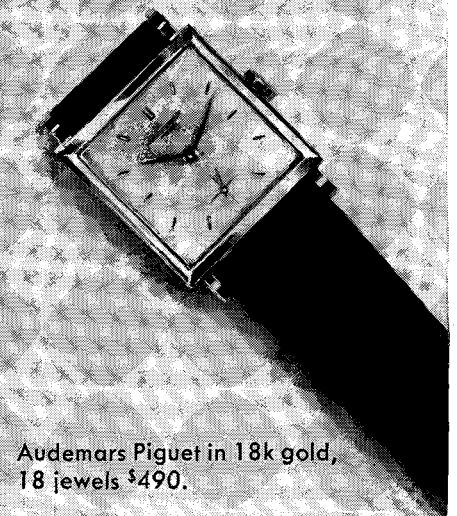
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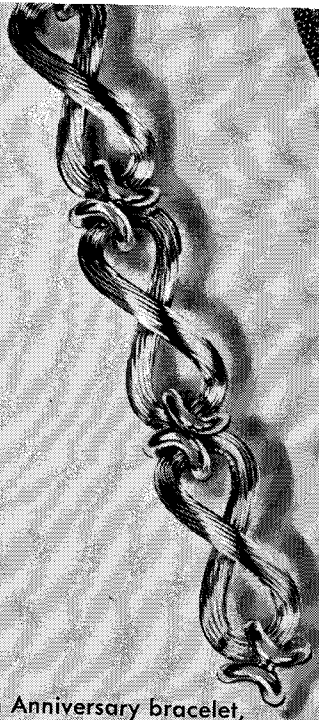
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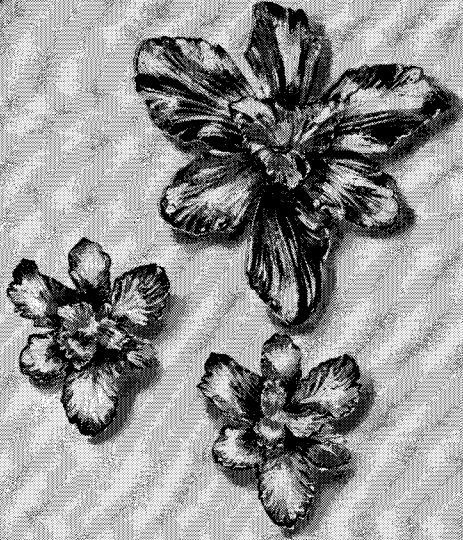
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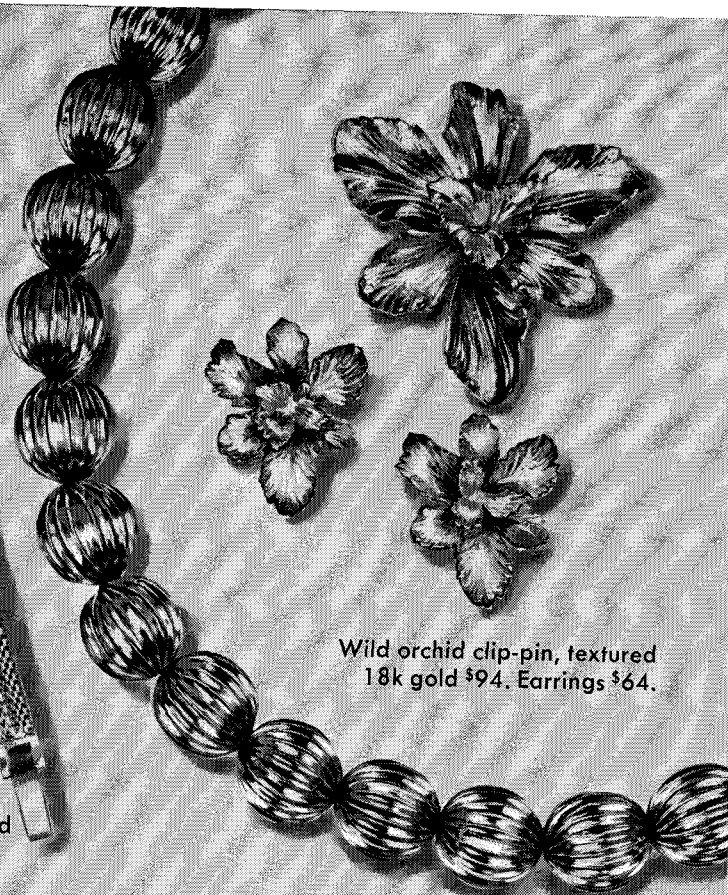
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Cultured pearl and diamond ring,  
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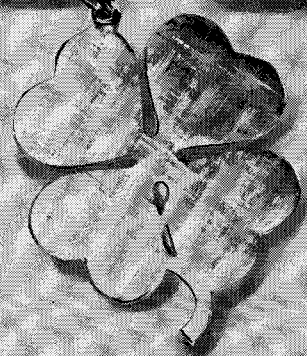
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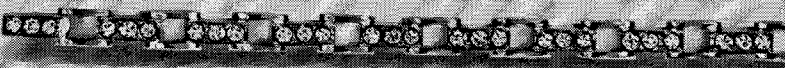
Ribbed 14k gold necklace \$150.



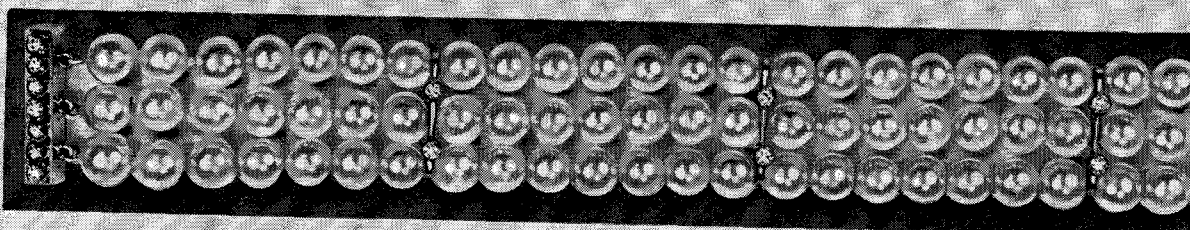
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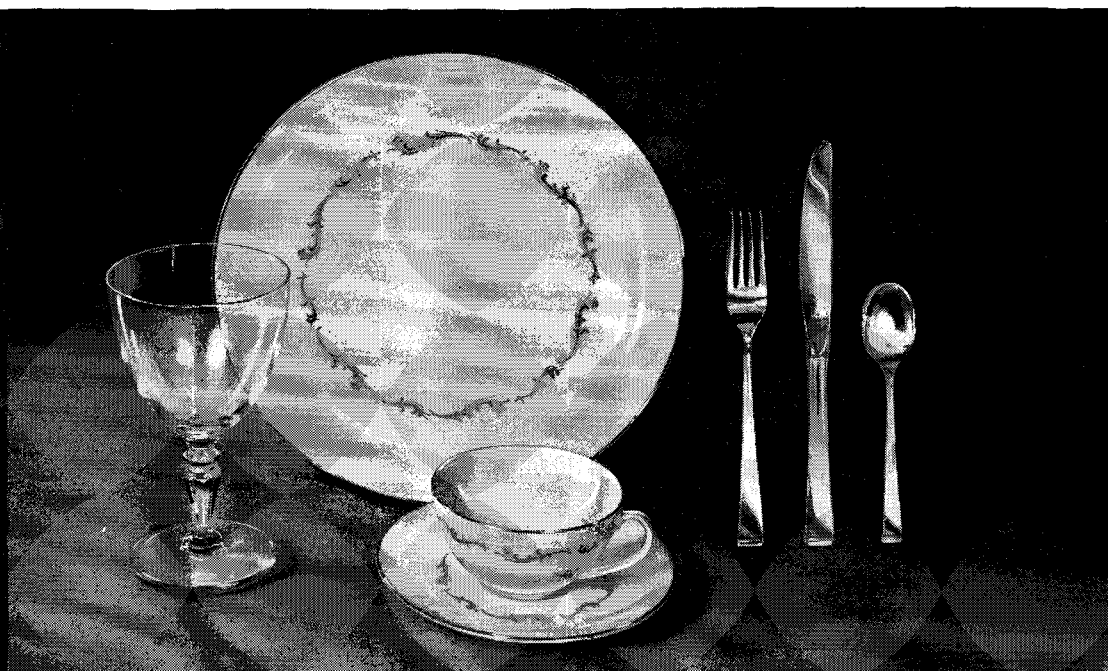
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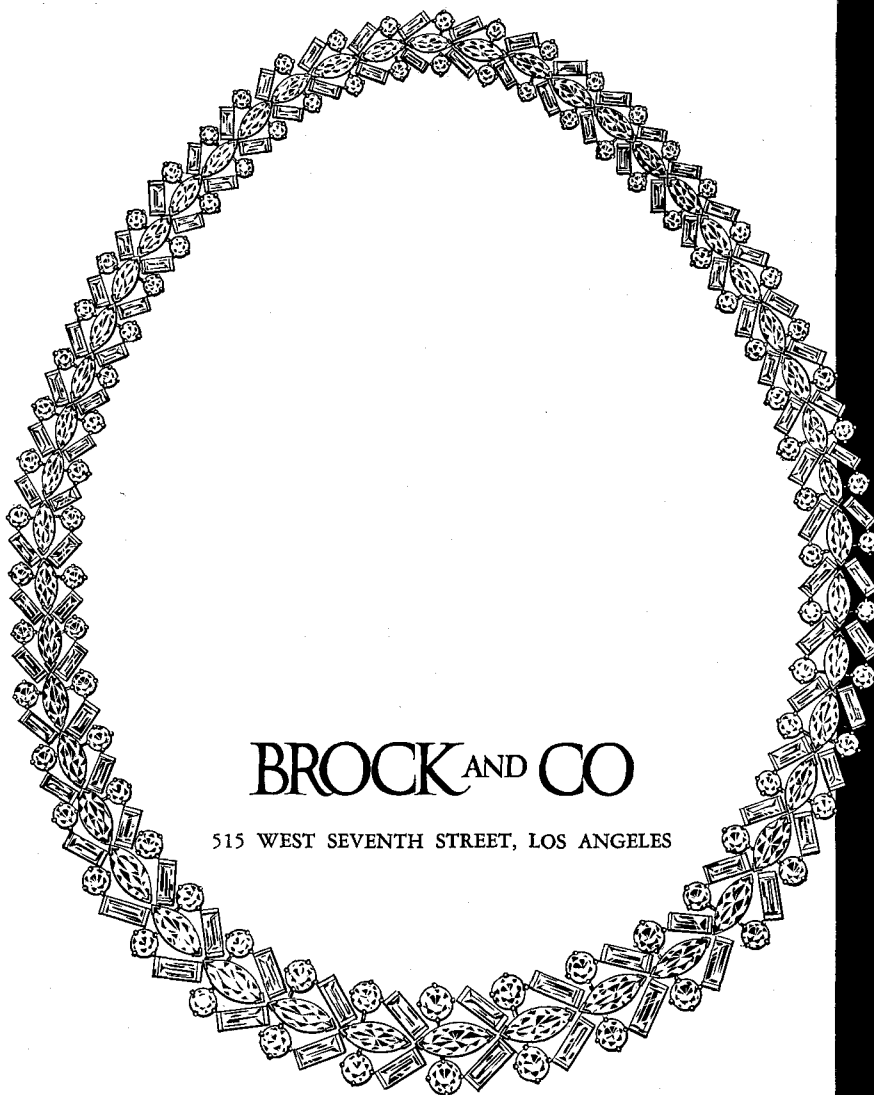


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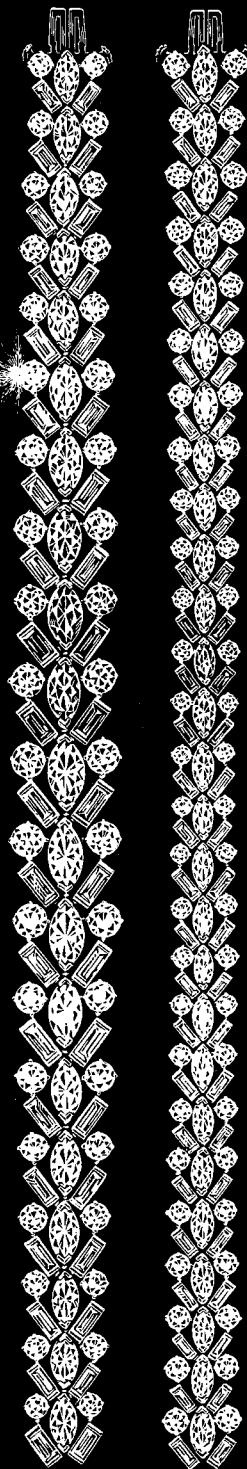
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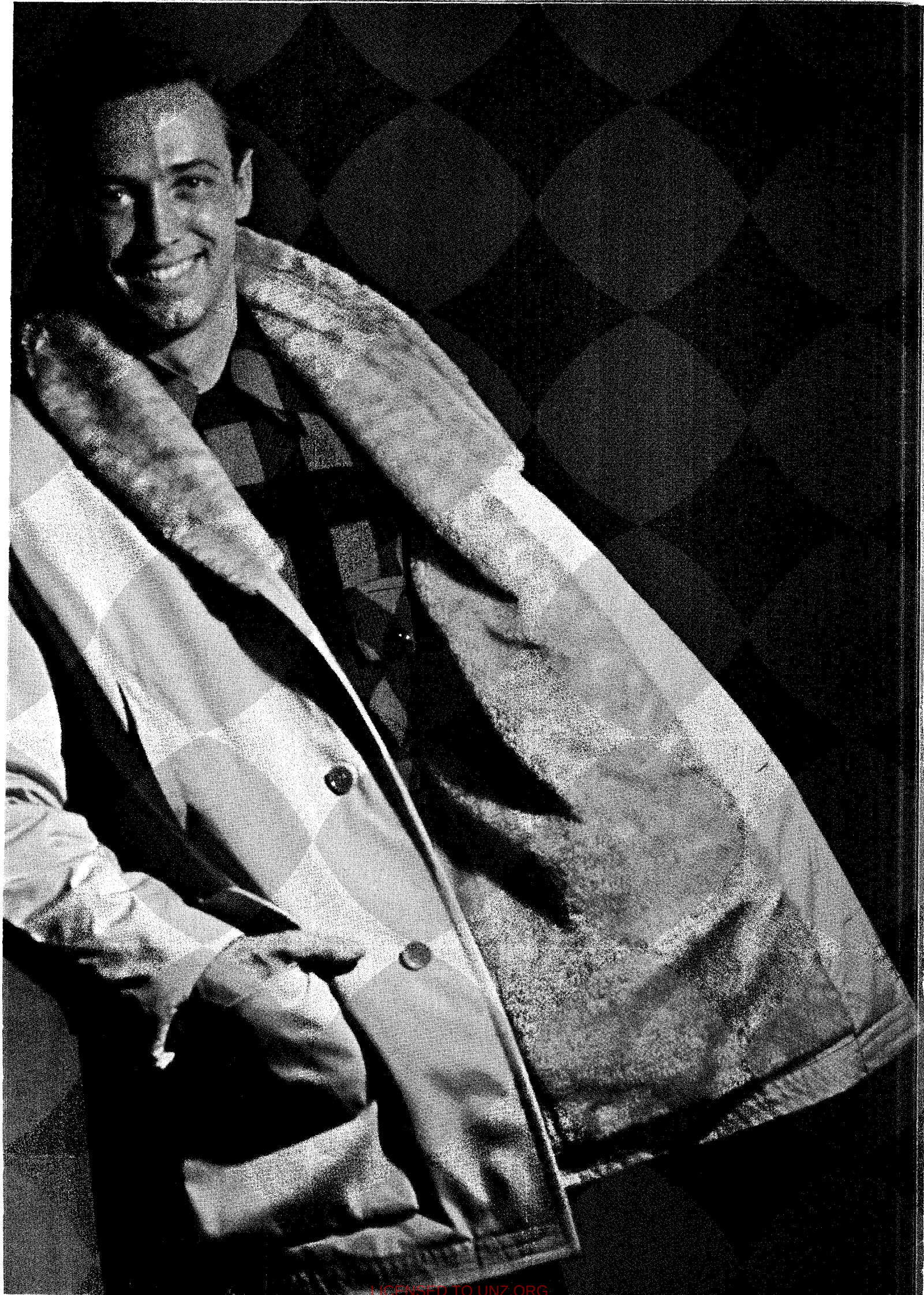
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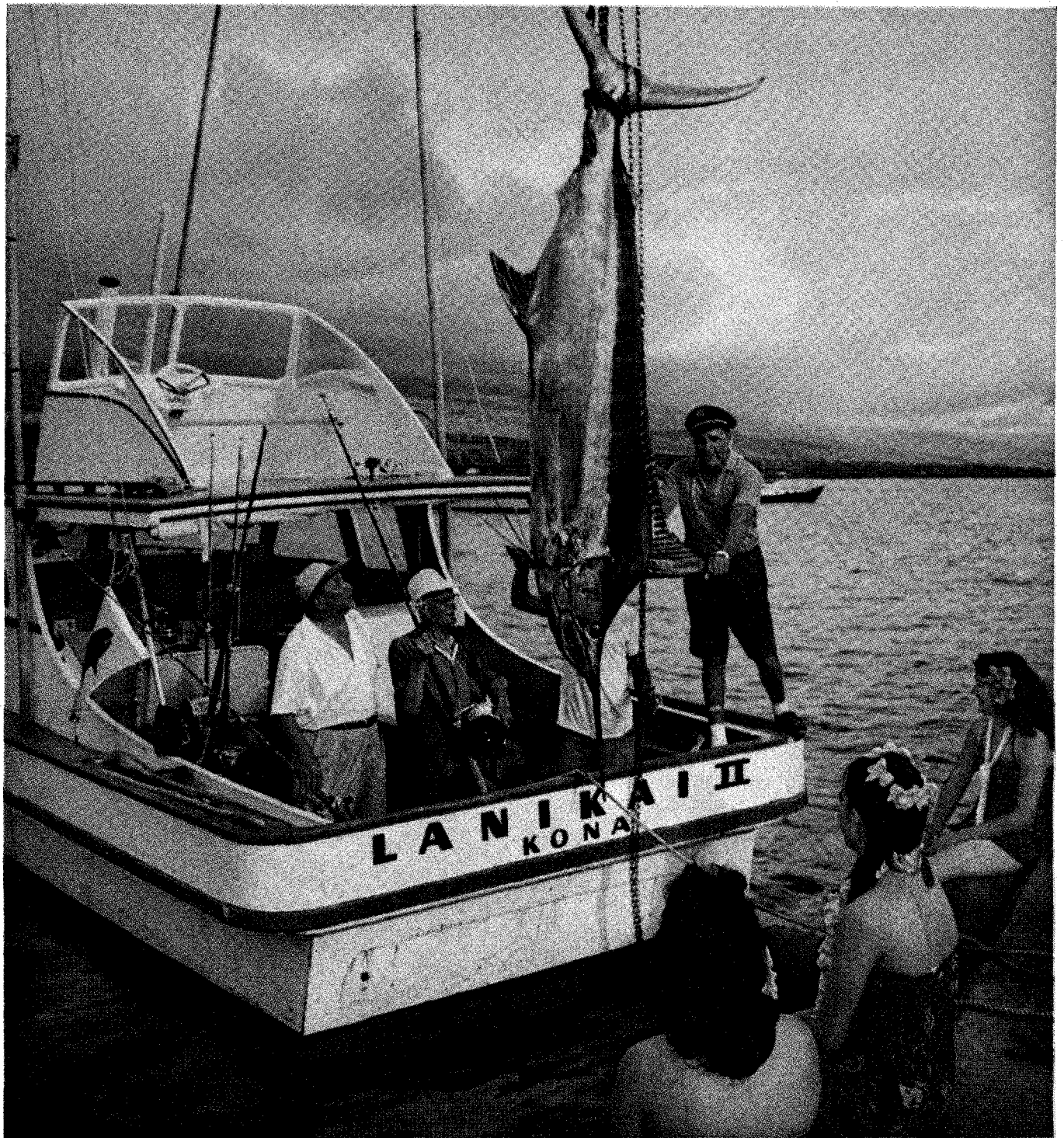
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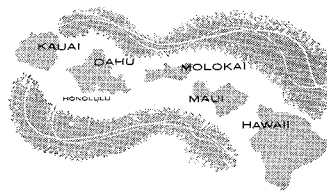


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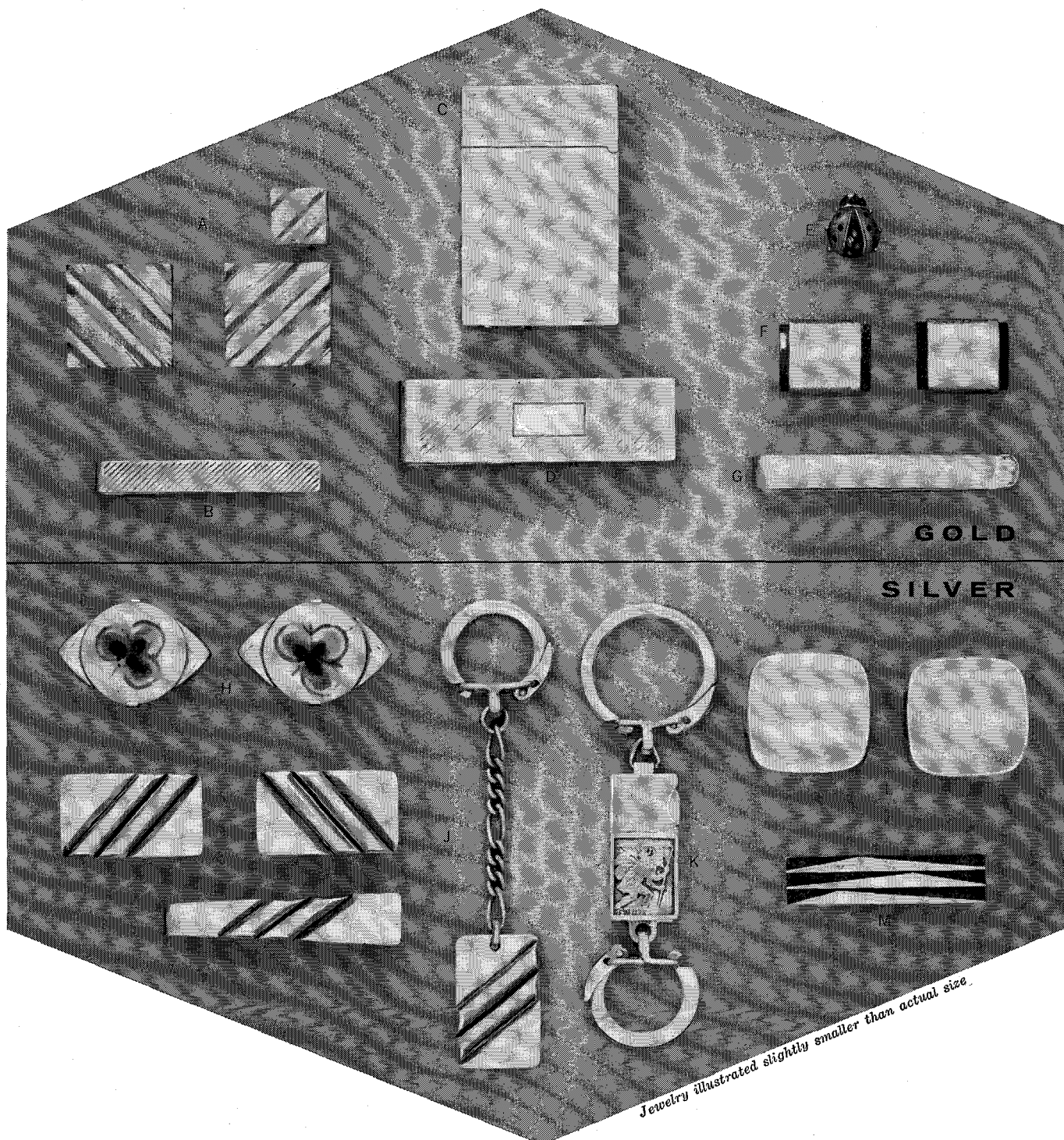
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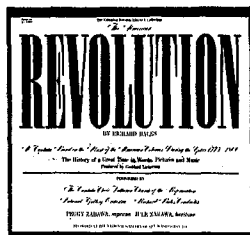
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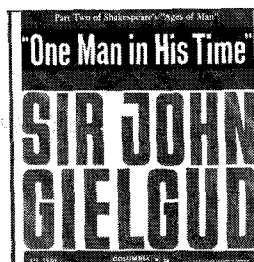
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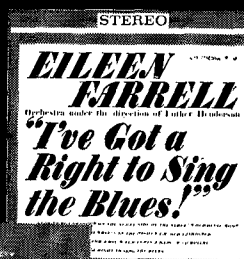
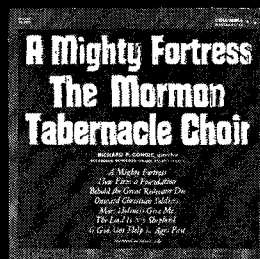
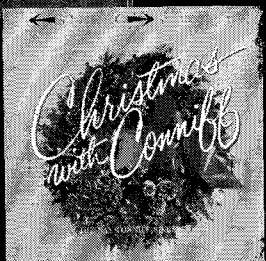
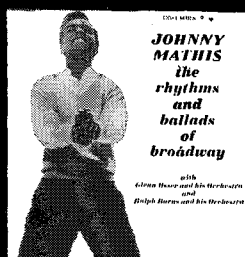
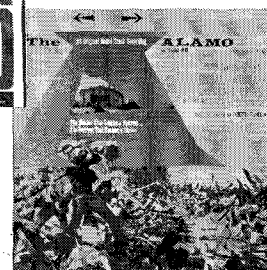


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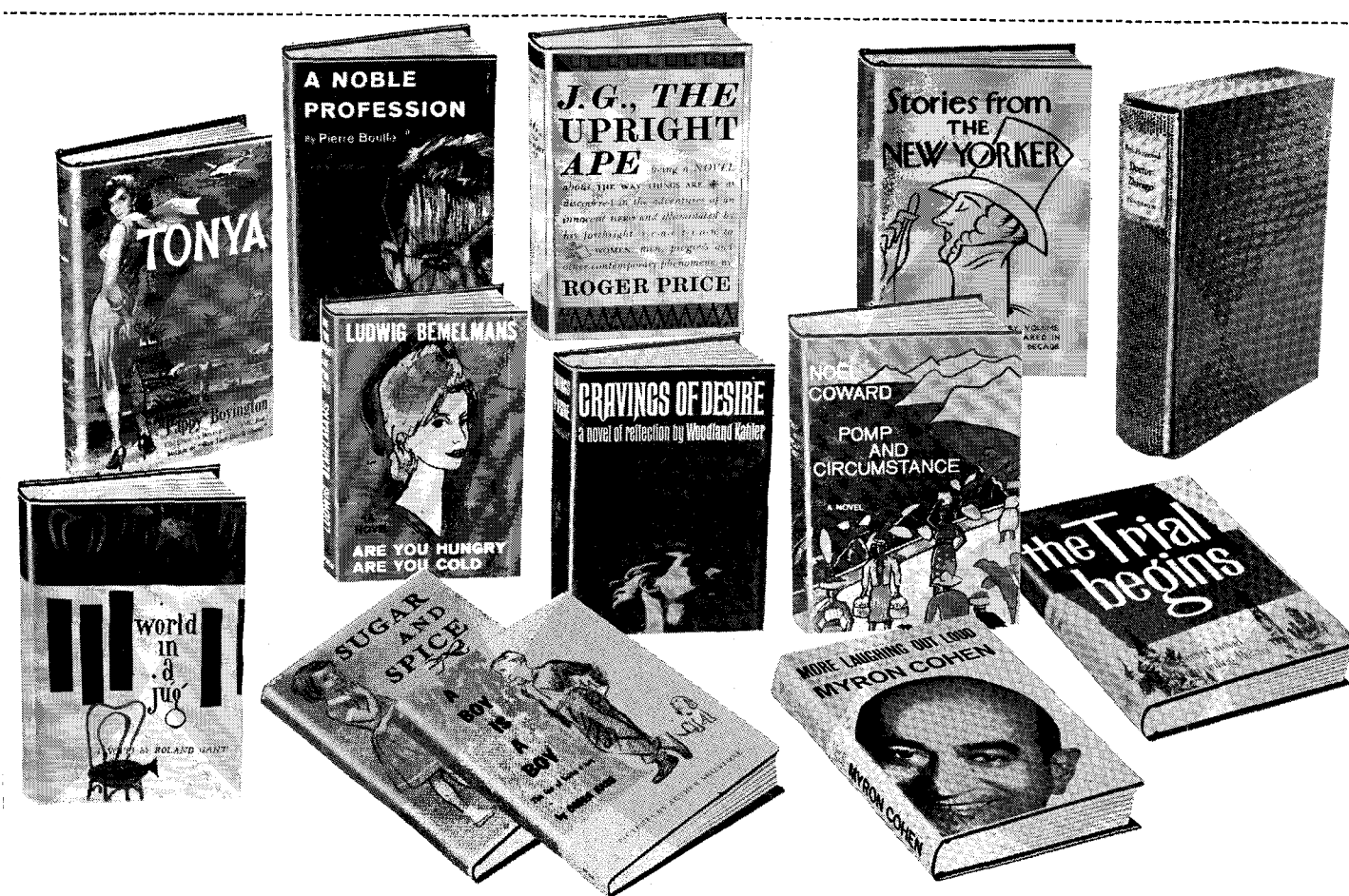
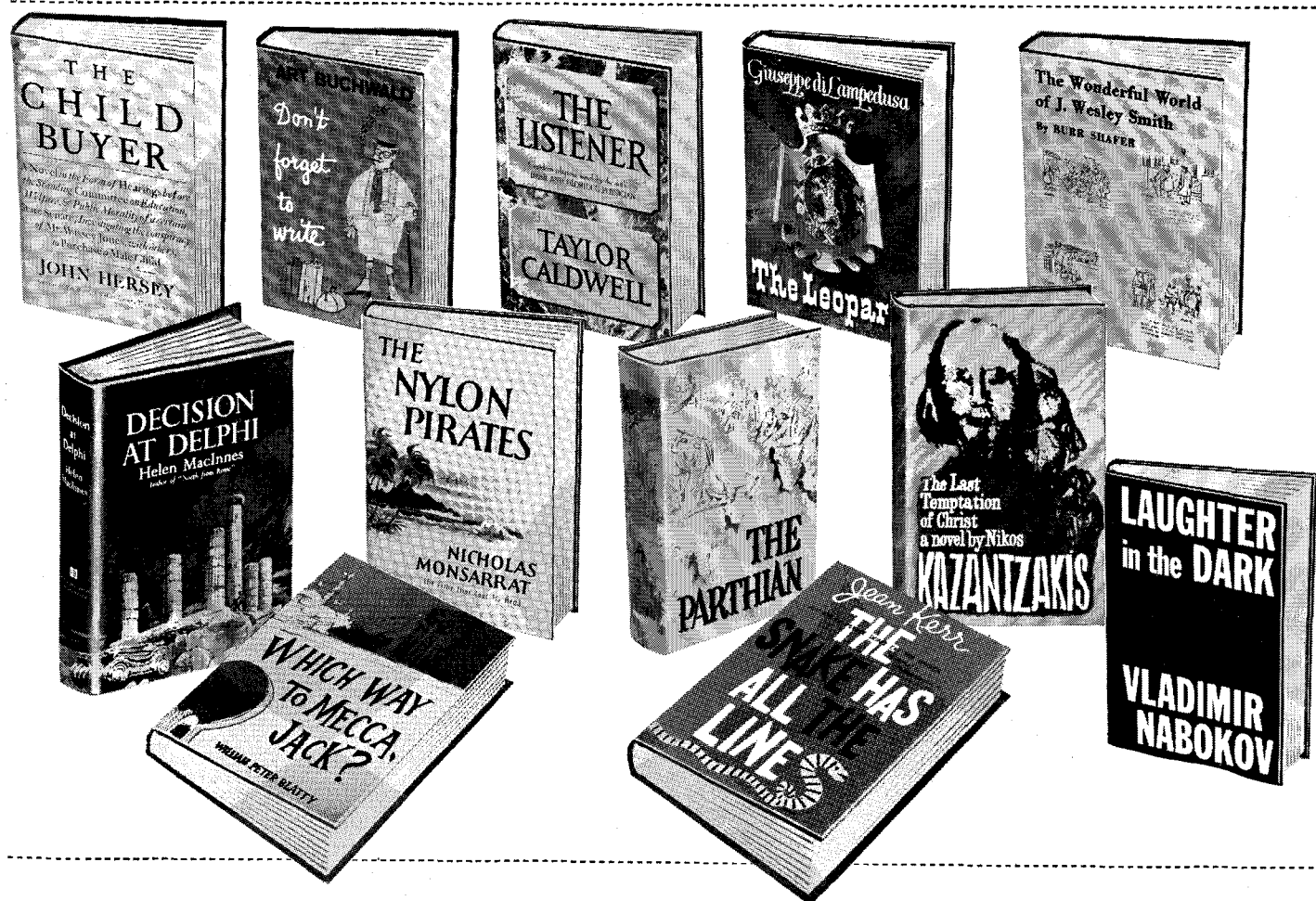
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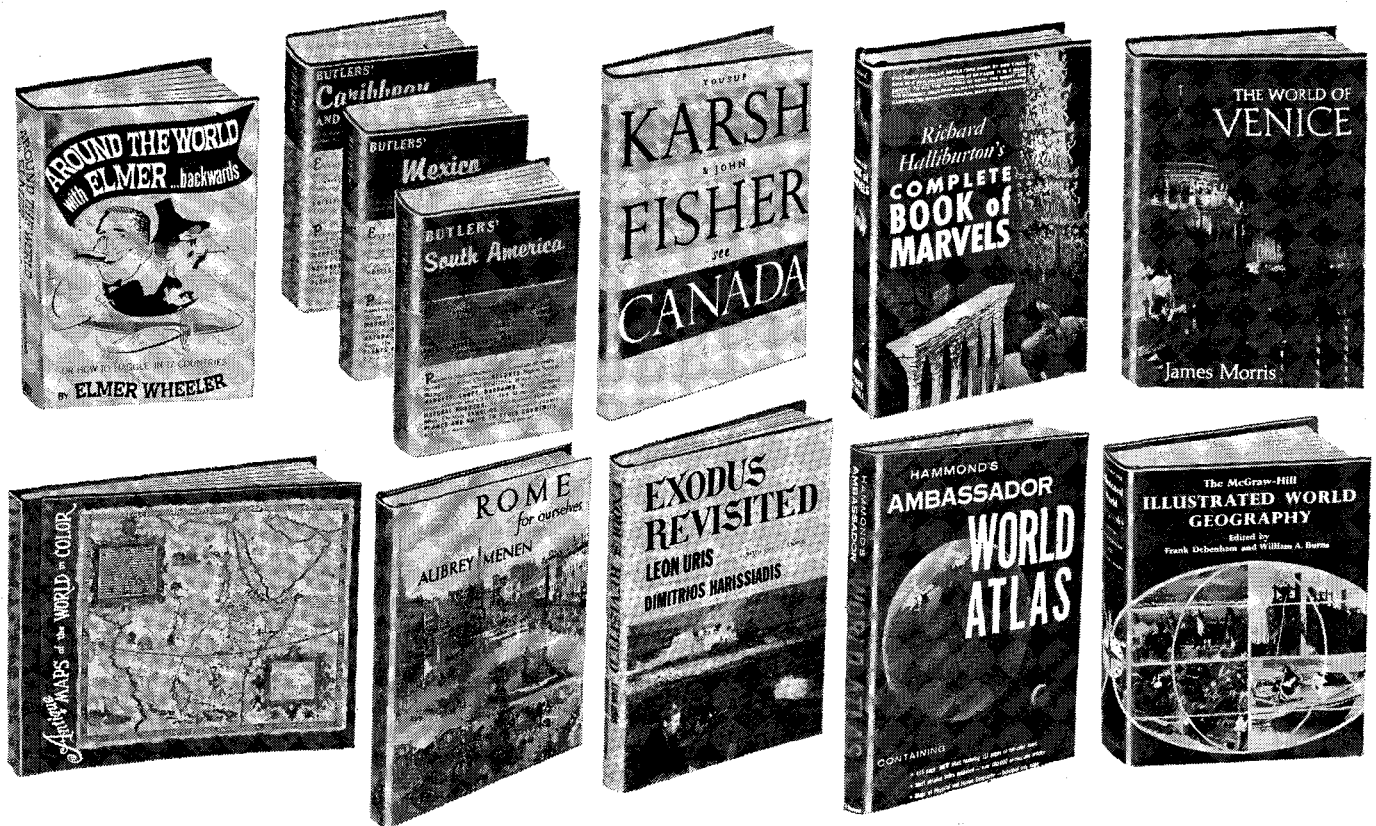
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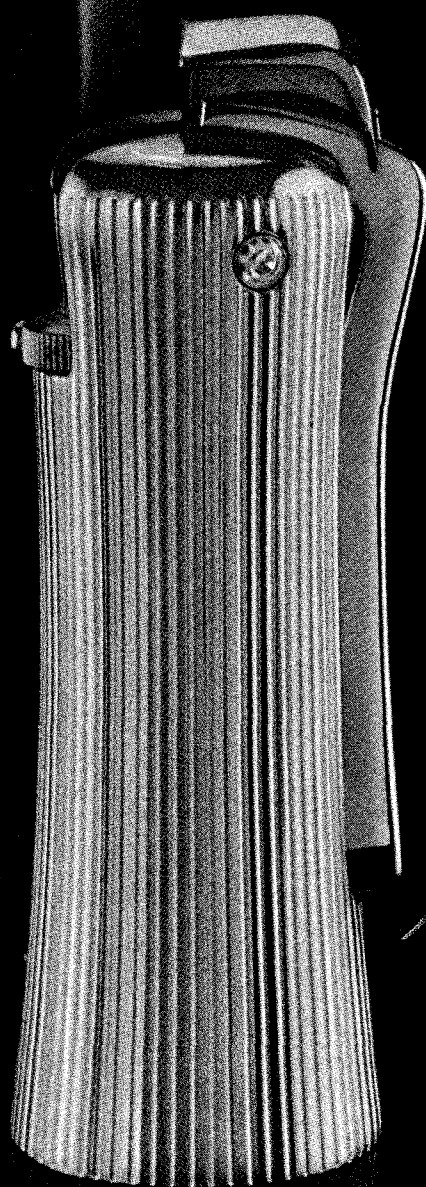
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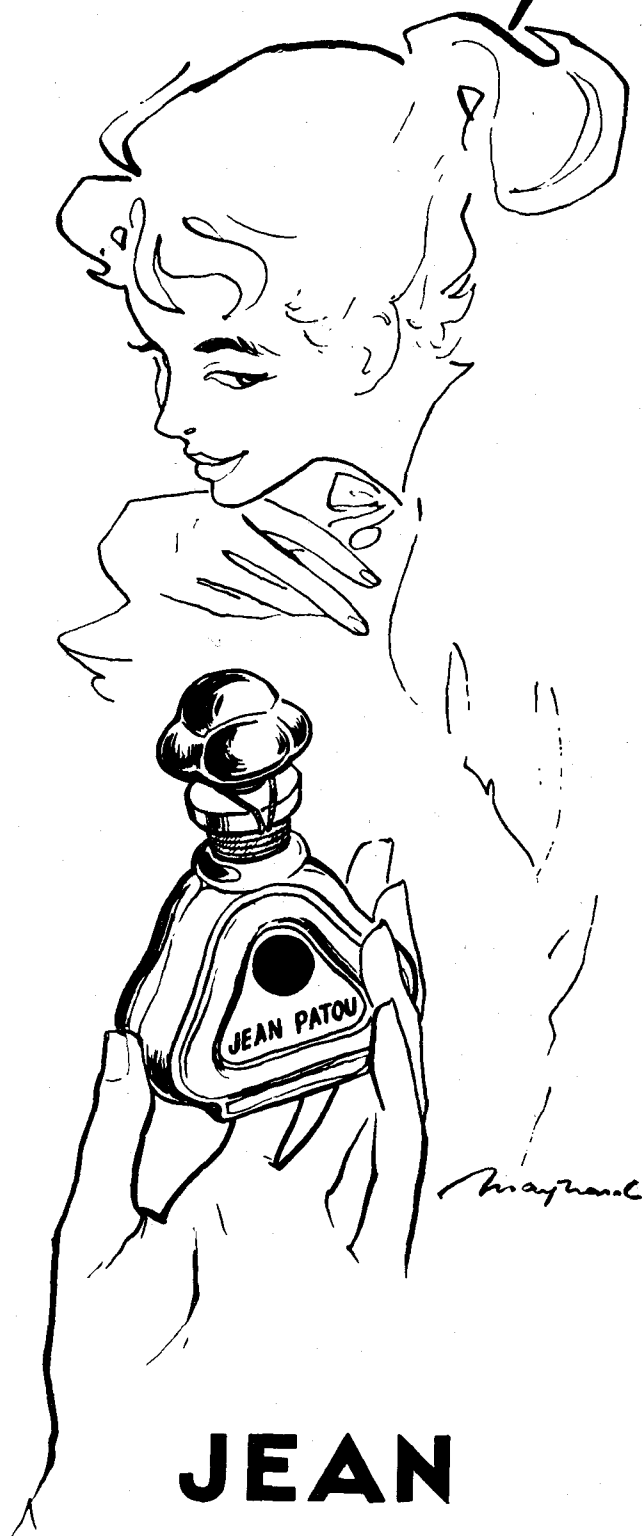
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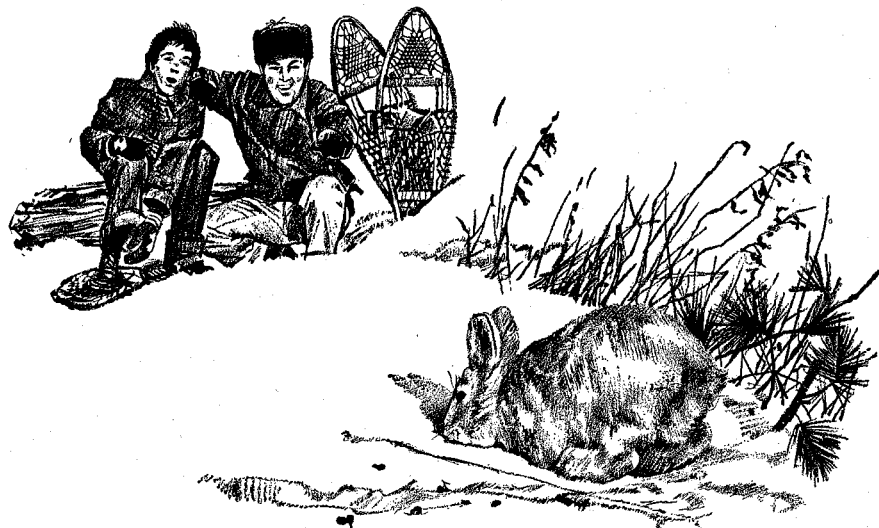
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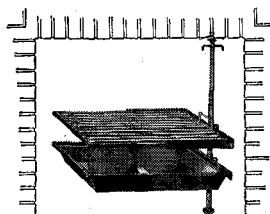


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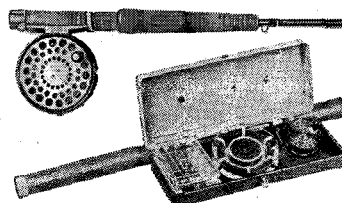
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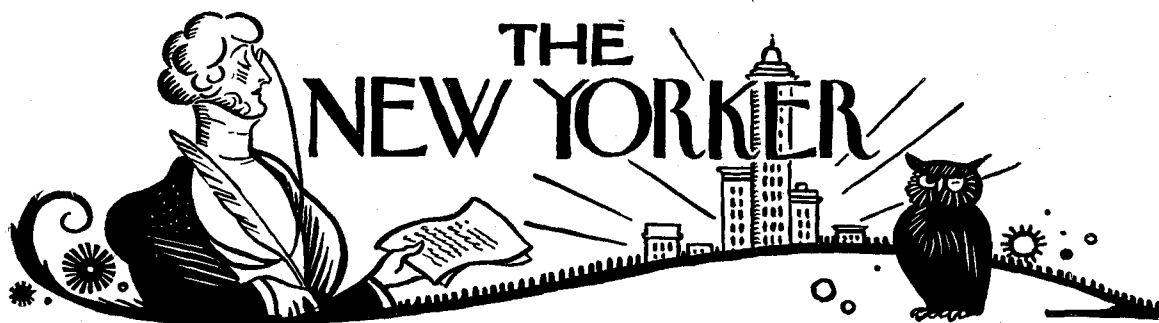
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# ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

360 MADISON AVENUE—NEW YORK

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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

RARE the week that we don't receive in the mail the bound proofs of a first novel by some "extraordinarily gifted, fresh" young "talent." We leave "young" out of quotation marks above because that is indisputably what all the authors are—a fact that makes us wonder whether the patterns of literary encouragement in this country aren't in need of rearrangement, if not reversal. It seems to us that a young writer's most valuable asset is *discouragement*, and that the writers who really need encouraging are the writers past fifty who have (a) never got started or (b) published their best and discovered that the world has endured their revelations with barely a blink. This perpetual looking to the young to save us is most inappropriate to literature. Of all the arts, writing least favors precocity. Unlike music and painting, writing must be about something other than itself; innocent energy and purely manipulative cerebration count for relatively little. And, indeed, the "youthful" qualities of agility, daring, and naïveté seem to come to writers as the final flower of maturity, while most young men begin by writing in a distressingly elderly way.

Therefore, we suggest that all the fresh young talents be left to fend for themselves among the tares, and that the giant engines of publicity and philanthropy currently employed in their cultivation be set to plowing an immensely fertile virgin prairie—the elderly writer. We must stop trying to send forth a prophet from the tents of the college writing courses, and instead must try to uncork the genie in yon gray and silent head. The untouched mass of information, memory, and vision floating around above the fifty-year-line is a national resource that will keep our libraries glowing for centuries after the thin vein of adolescent crisis is exhaust-

ed. What we wish to see arrive unsolicited in the mails is a novel by an "exciting, promising new *old* writer." Anybody with a free summer can write his first novel at nineteen, but to write it at ninety-one—that takes genius.

### Space Films

THE Bowery Savings Bank on East Forty-second Street has been holding an exhibit of globes, models, drawings, and photographs that depict man's efforts to conquer outer space, and, darting past the question of what such an exhibit is doing in a bank (don't banks care about plain old money any more?), we've been to call on the remarkable man who devised and installed it. His name is Alex Haberstroh, and he and his business occupy some easily conquered inner space in an old building on West Nineteenth Street. A

big, shaggy, corn-cob-pipe-smoking man in his late forties, Mr. Haberstroh identified himself to us as a pioneer in "low-budget space films for TV"—a category so special and exclusive that we hadn't known it even existed. What his statement turned out to mean was that he started making space films for TV back in 1951, in the heyday of "Captain Video." "Today, we're the only independent studio specializing in outer space," he told us, not without pride, then immediately added, "I say 'we,' but it's really mostly me. I've one full-time assistant and any number of architect, sculptor, and artist friends who pitch in on a part-time basis. Our bread and butter is inserts for television commercials and news broadcasts, any sort of promotion involving outer space, and educational films. We also make still pictures and models to order. I was trained as an artist, but after almost ten years of this stuff I doubt if there are many people in the world with as good a *general* knowledge of outer space as I have."

Mr. Haberstroh led us into a large, shadowy room full of photographic equipment. Along one wall were ranked cardboard boxes bearing such labels as "BEASTS, MONSTERS, AND ICESCAPES" and "WRECKED SPACESHIPS." On a table was a model of what was plainly a section of the moon—a mountainous stretch of pale-gray papier-mâché. We dipped a finger into this eerie moonscape and up rose a puff of dust. "That's not bad housekeeping," said Haberstroh. "We had to put the dust there. Makes a nice effect when a spaceship settles for a landing." He ran off a snippet of film that showed a rocket hurtling into space, fire gushing from its tail, and a million stars rushing by. It looked utterly real to us. When we pressed him to reveal how he created his effects, he said, "Actually, we've about ninety ways of launching spaceships on film, but I'd rather not









coming up on the International Court of Justice. Both the Security Council and the General Assembly are in on this, and the voting will start in twenty minutes. Routine," we thought, has extra dimensions on occasion. The courtyard's mottled London plane trees reached up to the third-floor glass wall beside us, and they were clawing at it in the storm wind; we noted that they still seemed to have all their leaves on.

To pass the twenty minutes before the voting started, we went across the hall and down a flight of stairs to the long, lofty reaches of the Delegates' Lounge, where we bought a fifteen-cent *espresso* at the East River end. The vast glass wall at that end was for the most part blinded by acres of draperies, leaving only a slit through which we could look across at the Queens waterfront. We stood to drink, for all the couches, and all the chairs at all the tables, were filled with men in dark suits and women in pretty clothes, many of them surprisingly young, most of them with wonderfully animated faces, and all of them talking. Their babble blended into the reassuring murmur of any great gathering in America—at a convention headquarters, at a trans-continental bus terminal—and, as at other great gatherings, the shouts from the paging system were unintelligible. However, if one listened closely there was a difference. Though the paged name was always blurred and mysterious, the last two words of each call came through clearly—"Mr. Umpty-ump of Ireland," "of Ceylon," "of Ghana," "of Japan." And the stirring private conversations, one could tell from the few words that rose above the general murmur, were rarely in English.

After a while, we set off down the hall for the Security Council. On the way, we passed, first, a chubby Negro with scimitar-shaped tattoos drawn down his cheeks and forehead, and then an industrious-looking individual out of the "Arabian Nights," complete with beard, deep-blue turban, shimmering floor-length

white gown, and long golden slippers. There were only a couple of people in the press balcony looking down on the Security Council, whose members were wandering around, chatting, in striking, amiable contrast to the big seven-panel mural, depicting strife, marriage, and other matters, on the wall behind them. Soon the members sat down, and we put on our simultaneous-translation headphones and, dialling at random, listened in English, French, Russian, Spanish, and Chinese as the President of the Council, the delegate from Tunisia, explained how to mark an "X" on a ballot. The "X"s were marked, and a Chinese girl in a black slit skirt collected the ballots. Two minutes of silence. Then the President announced that it was eleven to zero for Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice, of the United Kingdom, to fill the first vacancy on the International Court of Justice.

With that, we left and wandered over to the General Assembly, which has a larger, handsomer, and, to our eye, more spellbinding hall than the Security Council has—high-domed and somehow upthrusting, like the filigreed

inside of a vast nose cone. As we arrived, the nations were being called one by one to the front of the hall to cast their votes ("Jordan . . . Laos . . . Lebanon . . . Liberia . . . Libya . . . Luxembourg . . ."), and we were put in mind of that old school of American poets who stirred the blood simply by reciting American place names—the names of towns and of rivers—until they became drumbeats and music. We felt stirred the same way now. When it was over, we were gratified to learn that Sir Gerald had made it in the General Assembly, too.

OBSERVED on the rear end of a station wagon in the mid-Sixties: "Dog School Bus."

### Art Lover

"CÉZANNE . . . was a rich man," Mr. Alexander Liberman, the art director of all the Condé Nast publications, here and abroad, writes on the first page of "The Artist in His Studio," a collection of thirty-nine biographical



"And I say, sir, government subsidy of railroads is rank Socialism!"



articles on painters and sculptors of the School of Paris. "Cézanne once said, 'My father was a man of genius. He left me an income of twenty-five thousand francs.' Thus Cézanne never had to worry about material existence. He could afford to live without having to sell his art. This independence was one of the great secrets of Cézanne's liberty, and he knew it well. Throughout his life his gratitude and admiration for his father never ceased." This led us into such a lively and aesthetically varied tome—illustrated with examples of the work of its subjects, and with two hundred and nine photographs of them and their surroundings, taken by the author—that we paid a call on Mr. Liberman the other day in search of a biographical article on *him*. A slender, liquid-eyed, handsome man of forty-eight, with a slight dark mustache and heavy black eyebrows, he is married to the former Tatiana du Plessix, a White Russian who designs hats for Saks Fifth Avenue. He told us he was born in Kiev, the only child of a lumber merchant who had studied philosophy at the University of Vienna. "Mother had a theatre for children, where she produced plays written and acted by grownups," he said. "She was surrounded by paintings, painters, and books. Her favorite plays, which she read to me, were dramatizations of 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Treasure Island.' Maybe that is why I'm so happy in America, where I've lived nearly twenty years. When I was five, Mother decided I should be a painter. She was posing for a portrait at the time, and she got me to squeeze the paint onto the palette for the artist. After the Revolution, when I was eight, I went to London with my father—my mother joined us a year or two later—and I was sent to an absolutely incredible boarding school, St. Piran's, where there was a sprinkling of Siamese princes. Foreign-born students enjoyed extraterritorial rights there, which meant that only your fellow-students, and not the masters, could beat you. Those English beatings! They teach you to smile when it hurts. That is the purpose of the operation. It has great merit—if you survive. When you smile, the punishment stops. It teaches you to accept life's blows with a smile. We all had to swim the length of a cold swimming pool naked before breakfast every morning. Two years of sadistic refinement, but in retrospect I'm grateful for them."

Mr. Liberman proceeded to whisk us, and himself, to France, where for seven years he attended the École des

Roches, in Normandy. "There were quite a number of Americans there," he said. "Foreigners had to pay double, but when my father's business failed, in 1929—he and my mother had moved to Paris—the school let me stay on at the French rate. Summers, Mother used to drag me through the museums of Italy. We were surrounded by artists, and I thought of becoming a painter, but instead I went to the École Spéciale d'Architecture, where Auguste Perret was a marvellous teacher, and then to the Beaux-Arts, where I was made *chef cochon*, or head of the new boys. Father went back to England, and I had to support my mother. I made avant-garde designs for a bookbinder, and then, when I was nineteen, joined Cassandre, the great graphic and poster artist of the thirties, as an assistant in his Versailles studio. Next, I worked as a layout man on *Vu*, a pioneer photograph magazine, of which I became, successively, art director and managing editor. My father's business improved in 1935, and he gave me some money. I left my job in order to paint and to make some movie shorts. In May, 1940, when Hitler attacked, I was called up—I had previously been turned down by the Army for reasons of health—and I went to join my training unit in Royan, but by the time I got there everything was gone. I escaped with Mother through Spain and Portugal—Father had left for America in 1938—and arrived in New York on January 8, 1941. Lucien Vogel, the founder of *Vu*, was now working for *Glamour*, and he got me a job on *House & Garden*, another Condé Nast publication. I was fired after a week, but two days later Mr. Nast, who didn't know I had been fired, asked to see me, and I was rehired—this time by *Vogue*. When a cover showing a girl with balloons was being scheduled, I converted one of the balloons into an 'o,' for the 'o' in *Vogue*. Frank Crowninshield was lost in admiration, and my future was assured."

This resourceful neophyte became art director of *Vogue* in 1943 and of the whole Nast shebang the next year.



"After the Second World War, I began to paint again and to think seriously about painting," Mr. Liberman continued. "I had occasion to use a picture of Jacques Villon, who was then in his seventies, in *Vogue*, and I found that no photograph of him was available. This led me to realize that although many of the artists who had made modern art were still alive, some of them were relatively unknown—or, at any rate, unpublicized. I decided to document their lives. To me, it was important to know whether Picasso painted standing up, and so on; perhaps this was the projection of a frustrated painter. I began to visit the artists in the summer—I visit our Paris and London offices every year, and I have a place near Saint-Tropez, where I spend my vacations—and to make notes on them and take pictures of them. They weren't used to such attention, and most of them were deeply touched and deeply grateful. Picasso was difficult at first, though, and it took eight visits, over eight years, to get Braque to say 'Go ahead.' I always felt that my visits were intrusions, and I tried to work very fast, so as to catch something before the artist was tired, and to leave very fast, too. That way, you can come back. I never tried to do portraits, and I never believed in moving anything in a studio, or in changing a light. Most artists have their little altars, you know—Bonnard had silver-paper wrappings on his; Villon has dolls and toy airplanes; many have a Corot portrait—and you learn a lot from those. Picasso loves to borrow things; when we first saw him, on the beach at Golfe-Juan, he put on Tatiana's ring and then her necklace, and said, 'Always wear jewelry in the sun.' Villon did a little water color for me. I think that he, like many of the others, was moved by my interest; so much that is written nowadays is about the *value* of art, rather than about the artists themselves."

We asked Mr. Liberman about his own painting—the Betty Parsons Gallery gave him a one-man show last spring, and the Museum of Modern Art has just bought two of his works—and he said, "Painting is the core of my life. Every free thinking moment I have is spent on my painting or on the problems of painting. I love artists, and I love art, and I think the role of an art editor is not to create but to help others create, and to protect them. I have a studio in my house, and one outside the house, a block away, in what used to be a funeral parlor, and I spend every Saturday and Sunday painting. I used to do landscapes and flowers and portraits,





*"I know more state secrets than any other diplomat in the house!"*

and they were bought by my friends, but I was never satisfied with them, and since 1949 I have been painting circles. My work had become progressively abstract, and some years ago, when I was doing a still-life with oranges in the South of France, I thought of Cézanne's apples and their eternal repose, and I thought, Maybe the circle is the purest and most universal symbol. We see through the iris, which is round; the sun is round; the earth is round; and maybe the atom is round. So now I paint circles—circles in combination with other circles. A circle cannot lean on another circle. I think Mondrian, with his verticals and horizontals, painted contradictions; you cannot have contradictions with circles. You can have opposites, not contradictions. I listen to music while I paint; I like sandwiches of music—a slice of Bach, a slice of Gieseking, a slice of Duke Ellington, in any order. I love jazz, and I love auditory surprises. I'm grate-

ful for my job at Condé Nast and for the inspiration that it gives me. I believe that money should be used to facilitate a creative life and to eliminate fatigue. I take taxis all the time; I find them restful and stimulating. I think a very important puritanical streak is at the root of American taste. Shaker furniture is closer to the most avant-garde art than Renaissance art is, and even the French are buying American art now. The center of power today is America, and the center of America, in terms of art, is New York. Just to look at its fabulous dreams of glass and metal gives you the desire to create. It has an atmosphere of work in progress; life isn't stopped. Consolidated Edison's street barriers and blinking lights, along with architecture and advertising, are an influence on artists. Look at Léger. I think that to be an artist of this century you have to live in New York. The danger is clutter. The ability to forget is important. I forget what day it is. My

wife keeps track of our social engagements. Even choosing a tie in the morning is something I don't want to think about, so I have only dark-blue knitted ties; all my shirts are either striped or white, and all my suits are blue or gray. It's important to standardize the unimportant things. I do enjoy social engagements, though; I feel that the most boring cocktail party recharges one's energies. You hear a lot about the artist's solitude, but I'm against it. I think many artists are miserable because of that solitude."

No sign of fatigue was visible on Mr. Liberman's face, but we thanked him and left very fast, hoping to come back.

**O**VERHEARD on Madison Avenue, one tweedy woman to another: "You see, the minute he gets elected he has to turn to Mr. Nixon for advice."



## MONOMANIA, YOU AND ME IS QUIT

MY immediate reaction when a head studded with aluminum rheostats confronted me over the garden gate last Tuesday morning was one of perplexity. That it belonged to a courier from outer space was, I felt, improbable, for nobody of such transcendent importance would have chosen a weedy Pennsylvania freehold to land on. Its features, moreover, were much too traditional for an interplanetary nuncio; instead of the elephant ears and needle-sharp proboscis that science fiction had prepared me for, the apparition exhibited a freckled Slavic nose and wattles ripened by frequent irrigations of malt. In the same instant, as I straightened up, giddy with the effort of extricating a mullein from the cucumbers, I realized that the spiny coiffure was in actuality a home permanent and the bulging expanse of gingham below it the rest of Mrs. Kozlich, our current cleaning woman.

"I hope I didn't scare you," she said tremulously, "but I thought I better drive over and speak to you personally. Something funny happened while you and the missus were away last weekend." She cast a quick, nervous glance about the surrounding eighty-three acres and lowered her voice. "A man burned a chair on your place Friday night."

"Yes, I know," I replied. "I meant to call you so you wouldn't be alar—"

"I was so frightened I almost fainted," she pursued, unheeding. "My niece Kafka and I were washing your upstairs windows around five o'clock when this station wagon came up the lane. I figured it was yours—"

"It was mine, Mrs. Kozlich," I gentled her. "Listen to me, will you? I made a special trip back from the city—on purpose—to burn that chair. Do you understand?"

It was obvious she didn't, or, even if she did, was determined not to be denied the opportunity of a dramatic recital. The car, she went on breathlessly, had traversed a long field adjacent to the barn, parking by the gulch where I file old paint cans, leaky gutters, and window screens for future reference. The

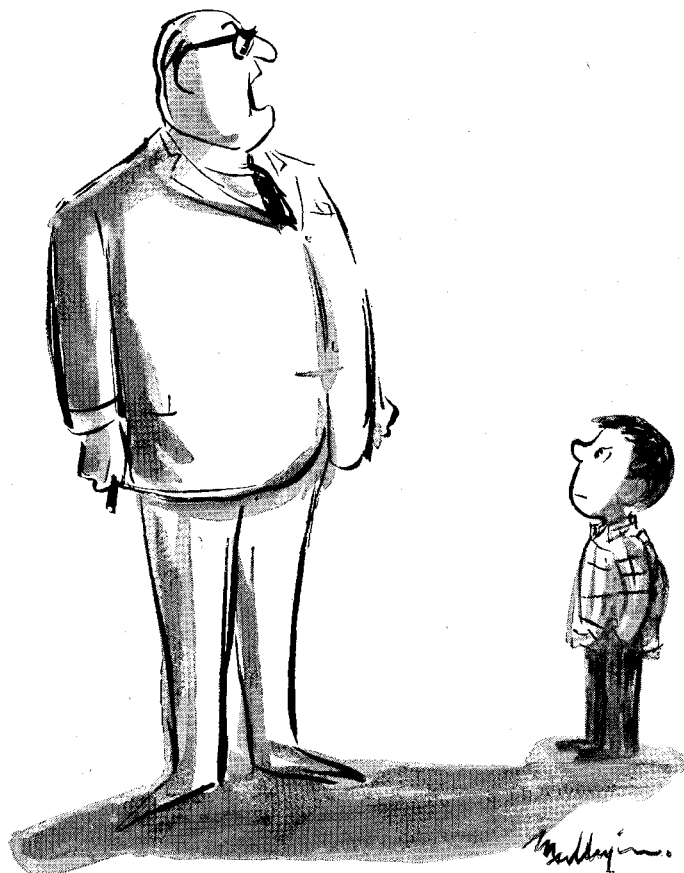
driver (who bore a striking resemblance to me, the ladies decided from their distant vantage point) had then unloaded a large black easy chair, systematically disembowelled its upholstery, and, while they watched spellbound, set fire to it. "Go back there and look, if you don't believe me," she challenged. "The springs are laying all over the ground where he kicked them. After he drove out, I sent Kafka up and she found a couple of scraps like horsehide or something. It must have been a leather chair."

It was indeed, but what Mrs. Kozlich had witnessed, and what I prudently decided not to spell out for her, was the end of a dream—a romantic quest that began some twenty-two years ago. Just when or how my yearning for a tufted black leather armchair originated I cannot remember. Perhaps some elderly member of the Rhode Island medical profession, which I supported single-handed as a boy, had one in his consulting room, or I may have seen the prototype, spavined with use, in the professorial chambers at Brown. At any rate, among the fantasies I nurtured into manhood—a princely income and a sleek, piratical schooner for cruising the Great Barrier Reef, to mention only two—was a clear-cut image of my ideal study. Its appointments varied from

time to time; on occasion the walls were book-lined, or hung with rare trophies like Mrs. Gray's lechwe or a sitatunga, or again bare except for a few gems of Impressionist painting. The focus, the keystone of the décor, nonetheless, never varied—a capacious, swollen club chair, well polished, into whose depths one sank and somniferously browsed through the latest English review. There might be a revolving mahogany bookcase alongside, but I wasn't sure. I was afraid it might detract from the rich, baroque impact of the chair.

By the time I had acquired my own inglenook in the mid-thirties, though, and started prowling the auction rooms for my fictive *fauteuil*, I discovered it was a chimera. Curiosities of that sort, dealers pityingly confided, had vanished with the buffalo lap robe and congress gaiters. They offered me substitutes that awoke my outrage—knobby monstrosities of red plastic that tilted at the touch of a spring, slippery leatherette abstractions that pitchforked one into prenatal discomfort inches off the floor. The more I insisted, the more derisive they became. "Look, Grover Cleveland," one of them finally snapped at me after my third approach. "Harmoniums and water wings, diabolos and pungs we got, but Victorian easy chairs—*nyet*. And now, excuse me, will you? I have another nudnick here wants a round table like King Arthur's."

The first intimation that my will-o'-the-wisp, however unattainable, did in fact still exist came in 1938. Yawning through a Tim McCoy Western at a rural cinema in our town-ship, I was suddenly electrified by the furnishings of the sheriff's office. Beside the period roll-top desk stood a voluptuously padded armchair, not only covered in black leather but (tears rose to my eyes) its outlines accented by brass nail-heads. I whipped to my feet. "That's it! That's it!" I fluted, my voice gone contralto with agitation. "That's my chair!" I was so overwhelmed, to be candid, that it required the intervention of the manager to persuade me to resume my seat, and subsequent accounts, gleaned by my wife from local tradespeople, hinted I had succumbed to a Holy Roller seizure. Undaunted, I took



"You're getting too big for your breeches, boy."



care to note the production details of the film against some future visit to Hollywood, and chancing to be there shortly, at once proceeded to track down the chair. It was relatively simple. In a matter of minutes, Columbia's art department disclosed the name of the warehouse that supplied such props, and, cramming my pockets with enough rhino to vanquish any obstacle, I pelted over. The manager of the enterprise, a foxy-nose with a serried gray marcel that mounted like a linotype keyboard, was the soul of courtesy.

"Of course I remember the piece," he acknowledged silkily. "This way, please." The freight elevator discharged us in a shadowy loft on the sixth floor, where furniture of every conceivable epoch lay stored. He dove into the maze and yanked aside a dust cover. "There," he said. "Is this the one you mean?"

An inexpressible radiance suffused me. The chair was so much more beautiful than my cinematic memory that speech was inadequate. It was a haven, a refuge; I saw myself lolling in it, churchwarden poised, evolving new cosmogonies, quoting abstruse references to Occam's razor and Paley's watch. "Oh, God," I choked, extracting a fistful of bills. "I— You've made me so happy! How much?"

"How much what?" he asked woodenly.

I explained that I was prepared to buy it, to buy the whole warehouse if necessary. He uttered a sharp, sardonic hoot and bade me wipe my chin. "Not for sale, Buster," he said, replacing its shroud. "You know what this thing brings in every year in rentals? Why, last month alone it worked in 'Addled Saddles,' 'Drums Along the Yazoo'—"

Short of manacling myself to the chair, I used every inducement I could marshal to obtain it, including bribery, pleas of medical need, and threats of legal duress, but the man was intractable. I retired so crushed in spirit that I inclined to be somewhat paranoid about the subject over the ensuing decade. The world supply of tufted black leather, I frequently told my friends, was being manipulated by a small ring of interior decorators, men who would stick at nothing to bilk me. I was telling it to one of them, an advertising nabob and self-admitted expert in arranging the impossible, at a Turkish bath, when he brought me up short.

"Wait a minute," said Broomhead imperiously. "Outside of Hollywood or the Reform Club, are any of these chairs still extant?"

"Yes, in Washington," I said. "They've some honeys in the Senate cor-



"My advice to you is to eat, drink, and be merry."

ridors—the real McCoy, so to speak—but nobody could ever wangle—"

He produced a solid-gold pencil the diameter of a needle from his towel and scrawled a note on a masseur. "Relax," he commanded. "Your worries are over. I happen to know a politico or two down there who'd go pretty . . . far . . . out of his way to accommodate Curt Broomhead."

I automatically dismissed the assertion as bluster, until his secretary phoned me a month later. A certain Mr. X, whom it was inadvisable to identify, in an equally mysterious government bureau, was laid up with croup. On his recovery, he would promptly expedite the item requested by Mr. Tuftola, which, she whispered, was the pseudonym her boss had adopted for the transaction. While elated at the news, I experienced a vague malaise. It bothered me that some fine old lawgiver, a chivalrous Southerner out of George Cable, with a white imperial and arthritis, might be unceremoniously deposed from his chair because of my whim. I was also positive that I had heard a muffled click during our phone conversation, as though the line were bugged. Before I could cry peccavi and tout Broomhead off, however, the affair took on juggernaut momentum. Telegrams and messages proliferated, warning me that Mr. X's favor was in transit, and I received

unmistakable assurance from a Chinese fortune cookie that destiny was arranging a surprise. A fortnight thence, two orangutans in expressmen's aprons dumped a formidable crate on the sidewalk outside our New York brownstone. After an ugly jurisdictional squabble, they departed, leaving the handyman and me to wrestle the shipment up three flights; after an uglier one, we did so, and he departed, leaving me to open it. I was ablaze with fever and salivating freely as I hacked through the excelsior wrappings, but I cooled off fast enough. Inside was a stiff and dismal board-room chair, welted with tacks, that belonged in a third-rate loan shark's office. The sticker on the reverse, however, implied otherwise. It read, "Property of U. S. State Dept."

To adduce proof that the husky, straw-hatted young man in gabardine who tailed me the whole next month was an F.B.I. operative is impossible, nor can I swear that my mail was fluoroscoped during that period. I do know that for a while I underwent all the tremors of a Graham Greene character on the run, even if it had no purificatory effect on my religious views. When my funk abated sufficiently to donate the chair to a charity bazaar, I arrived at a decision. The only way I could possibly attain my ideal was to have it custom made, and to that end I



## LISTENING TO FOXHOUNDS

When in that gold  
Of fires, quietly sitting  
With the men whose brothers are hounds,

You hear the first tone  
Of a dog on scent, you look from face  
To face, to see whose will light up.

When that light comes  
Inside the dark light of the fire,  
You know which chosen man has heard

A thing like his own dead  
Speak out in a marvellous, helpless voice  
That he has been straining to hear.

Miles away in the dark,  
His enchanted dog can sense  
How his features glow like a savior's,

And begins to hunt  
In a frenzy of desperate pride.  
Among us, no one's eyes give off a light

For the red fox  
Playing in and out of his scent,  
Leaping stones, doubling back over water.

Who runs with the fox  
Must sit here like his own image,  
Giving nothing of himself

To the sensitive flames,  
With no human joy rising up,  
Coming out of his face to be seen.

And it is hard,  
When the fox leaps into his burrow,  
To keep that singing down,

To sit with the fire  
Drawn into one's secret features,  
And all eyes turning around

From the dark wood  
Until they come, amazed, upon  
A face that does not shine

Back from itself,  
That holds its own light and takes more,  
Like the face of the dead, sitting still,

Giving no sign,  
Making no outcry, no matter  
Who may be straining to hear.

—JAMES DICKEY

embarked on a secret layaway plan at the Coiners' and Purloiners' National. Early last summer, I took the accrual to a wholesaler friend in the Furniture Design Center, along with a steel engraving that embodied every curlicue I lusted for. He examined it tolerantly.

"It's your money, Sidney," he said, "but if I were you, I'd look around the auction rooms—"

I flung my hat on his showroom floor and stamped on it like Edgar Kennedy. "Stop!" I screamed. "Duplicate that chair and keep your goddam advice to yourself! If I need advice, I'll go to a shrinker!"

"You're overdue now," he observed, picking up a hassock to ward me off. "Okay-doke. It'll take six weeks. And don't call for it," he added quickly. "We'll deliver."

The result was not a masterpiece, as one applies the term to a floral group by Odilon Redon or the Khmer sculptures in the Musée Guimet, but it ran a close second. It was a paragon of cozy chairs, a marvel of the most intricate tufting, a monument to the upholsterer's art. You sank into its refulgent black bosom and were instantly permeated with *douceur de vivre* such as you had never known. Apothegms worthy of La Rochefoucauld tumbled from your lips, full-fashioned epigrams pleading to be encased in boxes in *McCall's* and *Reader's Digest*. True, it was a

difficult chair to slumber in; at the beginning, its magnificence overawed me and I sat gingerly in it, holding at eye level a copy of Sir Samuel Baker's "The Albert Nyanza" in crushed levant. I then tried browsing through the latest English review, but somehow couldn't get past the adverts for Ovomalt and thermal underwear. At last, I found the key in Max Lerner's windy periods, and, lapped in his peristaltic rhetoric, slept like a baby. Once inside that chair, Lerner in hand, I was as remote from hypertension as from the Asiatic capitals where he bombinated.

When Buddha smiles and all is cotton candy, though, it is axiomatic that one edges toward the nearest cyclone cellar. Following a blissful week, my wife and I motored off to Willimantic to pick up a few spools of vintage thread. En route, she informed me that in our absence a new domestic had been instructed to give the flat a thorough cleaning. The place fairly gleamed when we tottered in the door; the rugs had been shampooed, the silver was burnished to diamond brilliance, and the furniture sparkled with a million high-

lights. As I stood openmouthed, like one of the carp at Fontainebleau, my wife issued from the kitchen, brandishing a note and a clotted paintbrush.

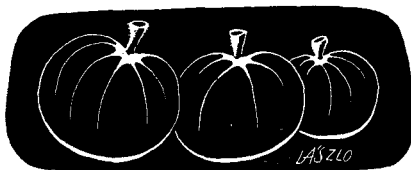
"A treasure! A dreamboat!" she chortled. "Guess what that girl did! She shellacked all the tables, even the breadboard and the stepladder! She worked two whole nights—"

"W-why is that sheet draped over my comfy chair?" I quavered.

"To protect it, stupid," she said impatiently. "I'm going to double her salary tomorrow, sign her to a lifetime contract—"

I leaped past her, whisked away the sheet, and was presented with a spectacle beyond description, beyond contemplation. The leather was piebald, marbled with a scaly armor plate of orange-and-gray shellac bonded onto its surface for eternity. Never, even among the tortured vinyl-and-zebra abominations in the lowest borax showroom on East Eighth Street, had I beheld anything so loathsome. With a great cry, I sank to my knees, and, nuzzling one bulbous armrest, burst into racking sobs. Half an hour afterward, I slung a five-gallon can of kerosene into the rear of our wagon, unmindful that it splattered the aspiration of a lifetime. Then I slammed up the tailgate and headed grimly downtown toward the Holland Tunnel.

—S. J. PERELMAN







*"Don't forget to compliment him on his green thumb."*



## IT'S MENTAL WORK

IT was nearly half past four and the last customer had been let out the side door. The barroom was dark except for the weak night light over the cash register. For early risers it was Tuesday morning, but here it was still Monday night. Rich Hickman, the bartender, had his street clothes on, very dapper, and seeming not at all tired as he came in the back room.

"You all through, Rich?" said Wigman, the owner.

"All through *here*," said Rich, with a smile.

"Yeah, you look as if you had someplace to go," said Wigman. "One for the road, as they say?" Wigman pointed to the bottle of bourbon on the table.

"I don't know. Sure," said Rich. He looked at his wristwatch, a hexagonal shape with square hollow links of stainless steel. "You want company a little while?"

"Get yourself a glass and sit down," said Wigman. "I don't know whether I got a date or not. It all depends."

"Yeah, I know," said Rich, speaking while he fetched a shot glass from the bar. "Those all-depends dates. I give that up for a coupla years, but now I'm back playing the field. All depends, all depends. They give you that all-depends chowder, but it's still better than being tied down."

"I don't know," said Wigman. "I don't know which is better, to tell you the truth. I'm forty-four years of age

and twice in my life I thought I was settled down. *Settled* down. But it got to be *tied* down, and I was too young for that. I still feel pretty young, but I know what I am. I'm forty-four going on forty-five, and if I'm gonna be ninety years old, I'm half way there. Half way to ninety. Cheers, Rich."

"Cheers," said Rich. They raised glasses and drank.

"What did we do tonight?" said Wigman.

"Around three and a quarter."

"Yeah, quiet. Well, a Monday," said Wigman.

"You don't even figure to break even on a Monday," said Rich.

"That reminds me. How is it you never owned a joint of your own?"

"Oh, I don't know. I got offered the chance to, to go partners with a guy in Fort Lauderdale, but I didn't. I didn't like the fellow. And I had a rich dame in Miami Beach used to give me the big talk, but for two years straight as soon as it was April she went back to New York, and I was still on the duckboards. I guess she didn't have the money. The cash, I mean. She had a forty-dollar-a-day room all season, and she had a coupla rings there that shoulda been good for fifteen, twenty thousand apiece. But I know for a fact she was a two-dollar better at the track. Her husband wouldn't let her have any cash."

"Were you in?"

"Oh, sure, I was in. I had the use of a

big Chrysler and she give me like all my slacks and sports shirts she used to put on the tab at the hotel. They had a woman's shop there that carried men's shirts and slacks and a couple times special orders for an Italian silk suit, sports jackets. And you know, that husband never got wise, because it was a woman's shop. It all went on the tab at the hotel. But cash, no. She was a two-dollar better. Didn't cash ten bets all season, all long shots. Every race she had the long shot. That many long shots don't come in."

"That many favorites don't come in either," said Wigman.

"No. Not when I have them at least. So anyway, I stop going steady with her and ever since I been playing the field."

"How old are you, Rich?"

"How old am I? I'm thirty-seven. I'm not so much younger than you."

"You look it though. I got too much weight on me."

"Well, you think about it and it's very seldom you see a bartender overweight. If he's just a working stiff. An owner that tends bar, he'll put on the weight. But just an ordinary bartender, he's on his feet, moving around. Like a cashier in a bank. A paying teller. How many of them do you see fat? I figured it out why. You're on your feet all day and the lard don't get a chance to grow on you. Furthermore, you don't think of a bartender as using up mental energy, but we do. You carry on these conversations with the customers, you got maybe twenty-thirty customers at one time, and they all say 'Hey, Rich, will you do this again, please?' and you're supposed to know what every one of them wants. Then the cash register, the prices. And the guys that want the bottle on the bar, you gotta keep an eye on them. It's mental work, and that uses up energy. We're not very different than a paying teller. Except the respectability."

"And the wages, Rich. You get better wages."

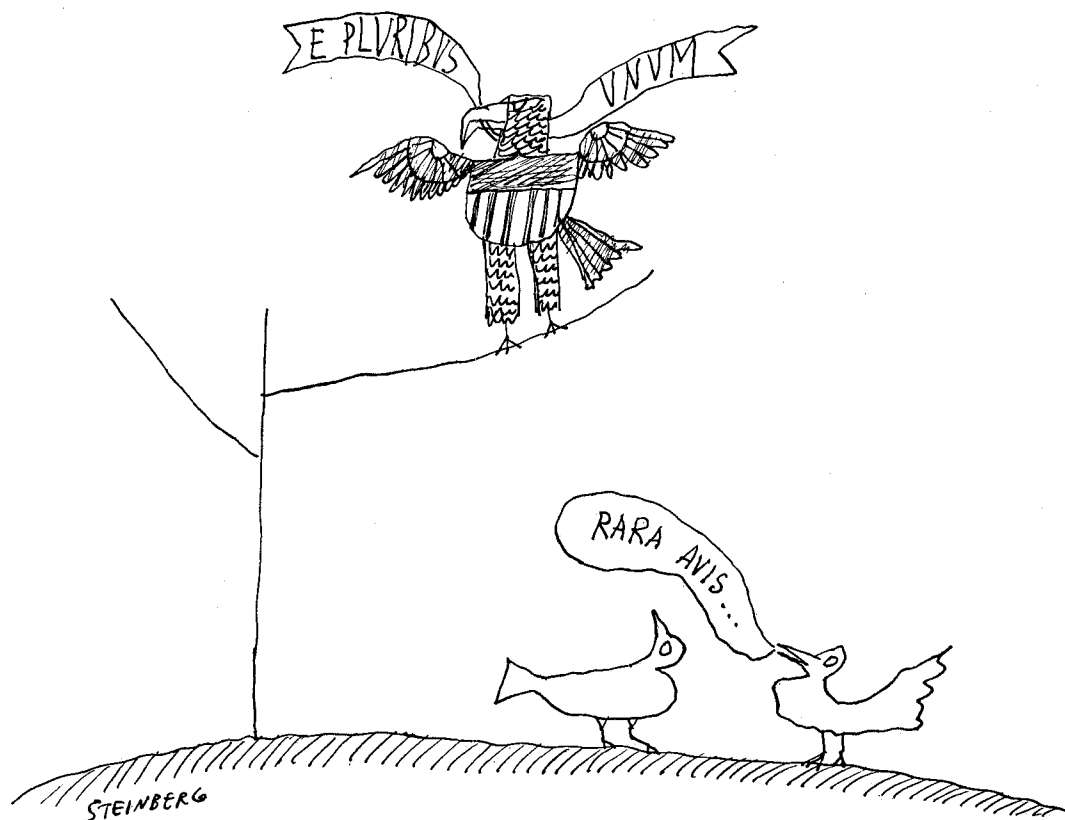
"That we do."

"And you're not stuck in the one place all your life."

"No. Oh, I'm not complaining. How long would a teller in a bank last if they found out he was driving some broad's Chrysler and living it up in a forty-dollar-a-day room? I had a room over in Miami, a fleabag over there, but most of the time I was in Miami Beach."

"A good tan goes well with your white hair."

"Oh, I used to pass for ten





years younger. This broad thought I was around twenty-six, twenty-seven. Gave her a little priority over the other broads. Priority? You know what I mean. Not priority."

"Superiority."

"That's it."

There was a metallic rap on the window. "I guess I got a date after all," said Wigman.

"I'll get it," said Rich, going to the door. "Howdy do?"

The woman said: "Hello. Is Ernie here?"

"Come on in," called Wigman. "That's Rich Hickman, my bartender. Come on in, June."

"Hello," said June to Rich, acknowledging the introduction.

"Nice to meet you," said Rich. "I'll be going."

"Stick around, don't go," said Wigman.

"I better go," said Rich, looking at his watch.

"Time you meeting your date?" said Wigman.

"Well, I don't know. She was gonna be here or give me a buzz."

"Well, stick around a while," said Wigman. "So she's a little late. They're always late. Hello, Junie."

"I wasn't so very late," said the woman. "I told you between four and five, so I'm early."

"What'll you drink?" said Wigman.

"Oh—I don't know," said June. She looked at the bottle on the table. "Not bourbon."

"Well, you can have anything you want, and if you want a mixed drink, this is the guy to do it for you. This guy is only the best. Take my word for it."

"You know what I think I'll have is a Rob Roy. I had a Scotch earlier."

"That's easy," said Rich.

"Live up to your reputation now, Rich. Give her the best Rob Roy she ever hung a lip over."

"What an expression!" said June. She lit a cigarette and Rich went to the barroom. "What happened to the other fellow you used to have?"

"He quit, and I got this fellow. This fellow's twice as good. No spillage. No getting out of hand with the customers. And pretty, too, isn't he?"

"He's almost too pretty. He dyes his hair. Is he queer?"

"If he is, I should be as queer. The women go big for this guy."

"Does he go big for them is the question," said June.

"I got an idea that it's mutual. How was your business tonight?"

"Off. Way off. They're talking about closing Monday nights entirely.



*"Finished with the papers, honey-bun?"*

I heard they're trying to make a deal with the unions. It may pick up though, towards the end of the week. They moan and groan every Monday, but as soon as it begins to pick up towards the end of the week you don't hear any more about it."

"I know," said Wigman. "We were way off tonight."

"It starda rain out," said June. "I just got a few drops on me, getting out of the cab."

"I owe you for the cab," said Wigman. He took a bill out of a money clip.

She looked at the bill and then at Wigman. She shook her head. "This five has an O behind it," she said.

"I don't need glasses," said Wigman.

"You want to give me fifty dollars?"

"Why are you acting surprised? It isn't the first time I gave you fifty dollars."

"You don't have to give me fifty dollars," she said. "I don't mind when

business is good, but you said you were way off tonight."

"We were very good Saturday and Sunday."

"Ernie, you don't *have* to do this," she said.

"But I'd rather," he said. "Here's your Rob Roy. A good way to unload the cheap Scotch."

"I didn't use the cheap Scotch," said Rich. "That's as good as we have in the house."

"Well, that's all right, considering," said Wigman.

Hickman looked at the rain-streaked window. "Hey, you know it's starting to come down."

"You might as well wait here till it stops."

The fifty-dollar bill disappeared into June's purse and she sipped the cocktail, moving her eyes from right to left, left to right as she judged the taste. "Good," she said. "Just right."

"Thanks," said Rich.

"I told you, this guy is only the best,"



said Wigman. "You better stick around in case she wants another one."

"Well, if it's all right with all concerned," said Rich. "My friend should be along any minute, or phone."

"There's the bottle," said Wigman. "Help yourself. You know the combination."

"Do you mind if I ask you something?" said June.

"Go ahead," said Rich.

"Did you used to be in Miami Beach, driving a big kind of a Cadillac or one of those?"

"A Chrysler, yeah," said Rich.

"Last season. You know you almost knocked me down?"

"Me? I don't even remember coming close. Seriously, are you sure it was me? I don't remember no accident."

"You wouldn't remember me, but I remember you. Corner of Thirty-first and Lincoln. You were so busy talking to your lady friend you never even saw me. Or heard me. I really gave it to you, but it was all wasted. I think you were having a little fight with the lady friend. A blonde with those big sunglasses?"

"That could fit forty-five thousand dames in Miami Beach, but I guess it all adds up. I apologize."

"I knew I seen you someplace before. That hair gives you away."

"Next question. Do I dye it? No, I don't. I stard getting gray hair when I was twenty-three years of age."

"I didn't ask you. That's none of my business."

"Well, then you're the exception, because they all ask me," said Rich.

"That's funny, because I wasn't," she said. "It's too bad you don't have that big car tonight. You could ride Ernie and I home."

"What is this, the needle? You know damn well it was never my car or I wouldn't be tending bar for a living."

"Ernie, I thought you said this man never got out of hand with the customers."

"You're not a customer, and let's face it, you got the needle in there pretty deep. But enjoy yourself, the both of you," said Wigman.

"Yeah, how much do I have to take when I'm not getting paid for it?" said Rich. "You know what I mean? I got the apron off now, a first-class citizen after 4 A.M. What do you do, June? Are you a hat-check chick?"

"What if I am?"

"Well, then, relax," said Rich. "You know what I mean? So you take it all night for a lousy buck, so do I. But here it is close on to five o'clock in the morning and we're people now. Not only you

## AGATHA CHRISTIE AND BEATRIX POTTER

Many-volumed authoresses  
In capacious country dresses,  
Full of cheerful art and nearly  
Perfect craft, we love you dearly.

You know the hedgerow, stile, and barrow,  
Have sniffed the cabbage, leek, and marrow,  
Have heard the prim postmistress snicker,  
And spied out murder in the vicar.

You've drawn the berry-beaded brambles  
Where Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle rambles,  
And mapped the attics in the village  
Where mice plot alibis and pillage.

God bless you, girls, for in these places  
You give us cozy scares and chases  
That end with innocence acquitted—  
Except for Cotton-tail, who did it.

—JOHN UPDIKE

but me. What'd somebody give you the big pitch tonight? Is that what's bugging you?"

"Nothing is bugging me, and nobody gave me any big pitch."

"Maybe that's what's bugging you, nobody give you the pitch. Did I strike oil there, June?"

"Easy does it there, Rich," said Wigman. "Don't get personal."

"You mean I shouldn't call her June? How's the cocktail, Ma'am?"

"I must say you're a sarcastic son of a bitch," said Wigman. "I never realized that before."

"Oh, I hold it in when I got my apron on, but this is after hours, Ernie."

"Ernie, huh?" said Wigman.

"All right. Mr. Wigman, if that's the way you like it. But I coulda been Mr. Hickman in Fort Lauderdale, and then maybe youda been one of my customers. Mr. Hickman and Mr. Wigman."

"You coulda been Mr. Hickman in Miami Beach if the broad had the cash, only her husband wouldn't let her get her hooks on any cash," said Wigman.

"Now who's sarcastic?" said Rich.

"I think you're making a fast load," said Wigman. "You only had three sitting here—"

"And one when I was mixing her drink, making four."

"Well, that's a half a pint in about fifteen minutes," said Wigman. "I think you better take a slow and easy powder out of here while we're all still friends. I see you tomorrow night."

"O.K., Ernie. O.K. Good night, Ernie, and good night, June. Watch out for reckless drivers." He got up and went out the side door.

"You go for that guy?" said Wigman.

"I don't go for anybody. I'm so sick of men. I wouldn't care if I never saw another man for the rest of my life, the way I feel now."

"Well, that won't last."

"But you're so *right* it won't last. I didn't say it would last. I was only telling you how I feel now, tonight."

"Well, you want to go home with me or don't you? Either way."

"Put me in a cab and I'll see you tomorrow night. Here," she said, and handed him the fifty-dollar bill.

"Forget it, forget it. It's only human nature. I'm kind of beat too, myself. Let me stash this bottle and I'll get you a cab."

They went out together and he hailed a cruising cab. "That's all I am, Ernie. I'm kind of beat, too. I'll see you tomorrow night, yeah?"

"Sure. Good night, kid."

"Kid. Thirty-six years old. Good night, Ernie."

Wigman hailed another cab, got in, had the driver stop for the morning papers, and proceeded to his hotel.

DURING the night, his night, he had a heart attack and died. His body was found by the waiter who had a standing order to bring his breakfast at one o'clock in the afternoon. Ernie Wigman's lawyer, Sanford Conn, was out of town and could not be reached, and the place ran itself that night, as it always did when Ernie did not show





up. But a policeman had been around, asking questions, and the news of Ernie's death was known to the bartenders and waiters and kitchen help, and to the regular customers. Rich Hickman took charge. "I'll close up," he told the others. They were agreeable; they did not want to have to account for the money in the till.

Rich got the last customer out a few minutes after four in the morning. In the back room was a cop named Edwards, the man on post, whom Rich had asked to be there. "I just want you here when I tot up what's in the till," said Rich.

"I'm not suppose to do that," said Edwards.

"Well, do it anyway as a favor."

"Who to?"

"To Ernie. I think he has a kid somewhere, and Ernie was always all right with you guys. That I happen to know. I just want you to witness that I'm not stealing off a dead man."

"I won't sign anything."

"Who asked you to sign, Edwards? I'll count it up in front of you, and lock it up in the register and give you the key. Is there anything in the book against that?"

"Nothing in the book against it, but—well, what the hell? All right. But I don't take any responsibility."

"You don't take any responsibility, but this way no son of a bitch is going to say I robbed a dead man."

"You could of been robbing him all night long, that's the way I gotta look at it, Hickman."

"I couldn't of been robbing him much. All you gotta do is compare tonight with last Tuesday or any Tuesday. If I was robbing him all night long I didn't get rich on it."

"I guess that makes sense," said Edwards. "Go ahead and count it up."

The cop sat bored on a bar stool while Rich made his count. "Cash on hand, \$528.87. O.K.?"

"That's what it looks like to me," said Edwards.

"You wouldn't do me a favor and initial this slip before I lock it up?"

"I guess I can do that," said Edwards. "There's somebody at the back door."



*"What a relief to tee off without a two-hour wait!"*

"Let him in, will you? No, you keep your eye on the money. I'll let him in. I hope it's his lawyer, a fellow named Conn."

"Conn is a good name for a lawyer," said Edwards.

Rich went to the back door, opened it, and admitted June. "Ernie here?" she said.

"No. Come on in," said Rich.

"What's with the cop?" said June.

"I'll tell you later."

"Trouble? I don't go for cops."

"Then wait here."

"I don't like this. Where's Ernie?"

"Ernie is dead."

"A stickup?"

"Nothing like that. He had a heart attack. If you'll sit down I'll take care of the cop and then I'll tell you all about it."

Rich returned to Edwards, put the money in the cash register, and gave Edwards the key. "All right, Edwards?"

"I guess so."

"Thanks a lot."

"All right. See you." Edwards left, and Rich mixed a Rob Roy, put it on

a tray, and took it to the back room. In his other hand he carried a bottle of bourbon with a shot glass inverted and resting on the cap.

"Ernie had a heart attack at the hotel. They found him around one o'clock yesterday."

"That's when he usually had breakfast," she said. "Are they having a service for him?"

"I don't have any idea. He had a kid, didn't he?"

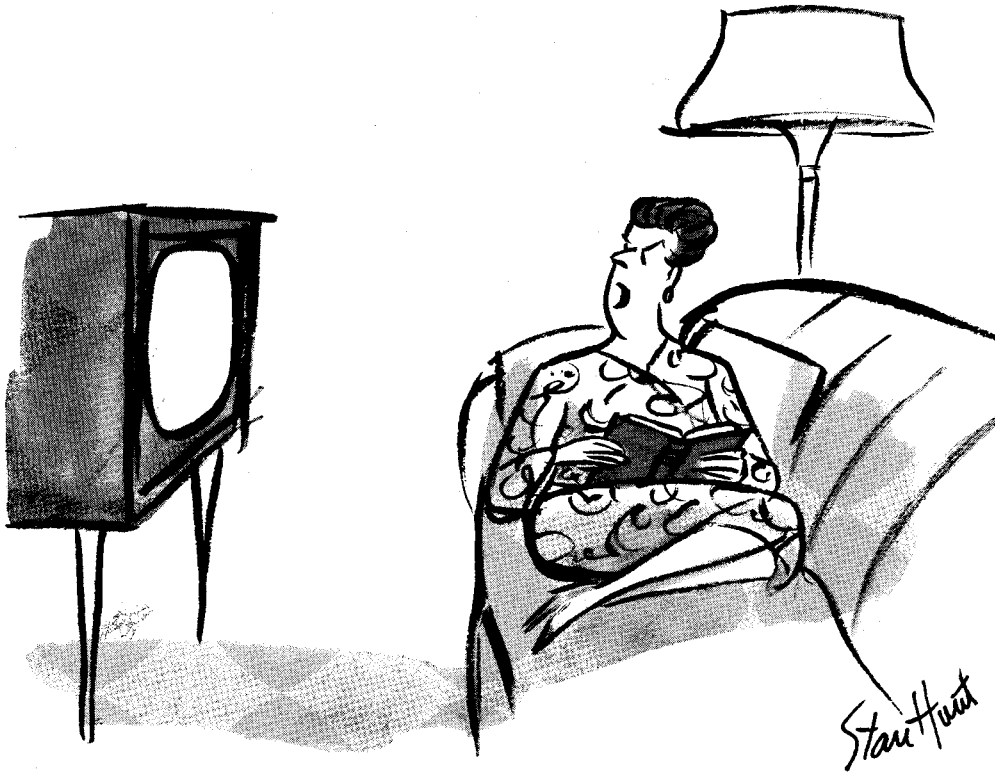
"He had two kids around eighteen and twenty years of age, but I don't know where they are or any of that. I guess they'll show up. He was divorced, that I know."

"I closed up tonight and I had the cop come in to see that I didn't steal anything out of the till. Do you know Ernie's lawyer?"

"Sanford Conn, his name is. He had a piece of the joint. I know him from him going out with Ernie and I a couple times."

"This joint could do a lot better, a lot better. Ernie was a nice guy, but I could of told him ways to save a little





*"You can stare at me all you want. I'm not going to turn you on!"*

here and make a little there. You know Conn, eh?"

"That well. Been out with him and his wife, with Ernie. A young fellow about thirty-five. He's the lawyer for four or five joints like this, and I think he's in for a piece of all of them."

"Then he's a guy I could go to with a proposition?"

"If there was a buck in it, he'd listen. . . . So Ernie cooled. You know I was almost with him last night."

"How do you mean, almost?"

"Almost is what I said, almost is what I mean. I didn't go home with him. He put me in a cab outside here. I wouldn't of liked that, waking up with a dead man."

"What stopped you from going home with him?"

"Didn't feel like it. I guess I got so burned up with you that I was sick and tired of men. Now I think of it, Ernie said he was tired, too. I wonder if he knew anything beforehand. He *said* he was *tired*."

"He often said he was tired. I used to say to him, not come right out with it, but he'd sit and put away a quart of bourbon and eat a steak and a whole meal and sometimes he was here for ten-twelve hours, eating and drinking and never get up and walk around. I said to him about a month ago, I said—well, I didn't say anything, if you want the straight of it. But I thought, This guy he never moves out of his chair,

and all that booze and rich food. Ten-twelve hours he'd sit here. They get that way, some of them. I worked for guys that did the very same thing. And they kid themselves that they're working, just because they're sitting in their own joint. Work? What work? Why, one of the day men was stealing from him right in front of his very eyes, that's how much work he was doing."

"Stealing how?"

"Oh, there's ways of working with a waiter. There's plenty of ways you can steal. *You* steal a little, don't you? The concession don't get it all."

"Most of it. You know, I'd like to have the concession here."

"Yeah, but would Conn give it to you?"

"Maybe not Conn, but maybe a new owner would. Or a new partner."

"You mean like if I got to be partners with Conn?"

"You must of attended a mind-reading school," said June.

"Graduated," said Rich. "You wouldn't mind working for me? I got the impression last night you wouldn't spit in my eye."

"I wouldn't be working for you, exactly. I'd have the concession, so I'd be working for myself."

Rich thought a moment. "Usually the syndicate owns the concession, and they pay so much for it. You know that."

"I ought to know it after—I been in

this business. But here they never had a checkroom. Ernie didn't want one."

"I know. But you were softening him up."

"It's a lot of money going to waste," said June. "I could do a hundred and fifty a week here."

"You could do two hundred, two and a quarter."

"So?"

"Well, that's what I think it's worth, not a hundred and fifty. So if you got it it wouldn't be on a basis of a hundred and fifty. Don't play games with me, June."

"I want to make a little for myself. It's not all clear profit. All right, so you're bighearted and you give me a concession worth maybe two hundred a week. But first you gotta convince Sanford Conn, and who knows Sanford Conn? I do."

"Yeah, we were coming to that," said Rich.

"One word from me, either way."

"Honey, I'm with you. How much money you got, and how much can you raise?"

"Ha ha ha. Would I tell you? How much do *you* have, and how much can *you* raise?"

"This is serious. If you could get your hands on fi-thousand dollars, I think I could raise twenty-five. With thirty Gs I could talk to Conn. Conn don't have to know you got the checkroom till him and I make a deal."

"You want me to put up five thousand dollars for the concession?"

"The way you say that I know you got it."

"Where is your end coming from?"

"What do you care, or what does Conn care, as long as I get it? I don't have that kind of money myself, but I can come pretty close to raising it."

"That dame that you almost killed me with in her car."

"Good for a little, but not much. She don't have any cash, only some jewelry."

"No heist. I don't want any part of a heist. Don't even talk about it. I got no record downtown and I want to keep it that way."

"If I had a record I couldn't work either. And I'm not talking about a heist. But her and a couple others I know, and a couple liquor salesmen. Plus your five, I could go to Conn with a proposition. This is a very good chance for the both of us, June. And me and you could save rent."

"Yeah, that was coming, too. You move in with me or I move in with you. Which?"

"You got an apartment, I'd move in



with you. I only got a room way the hell up on West Eighty-fourth Street."

"Where do you think I live? In the Waldorf Towers? I got an apartment but it's only one room."

"By the month?"

"What else?"

"We could save money on a lease. Wuddia say?"

"I don't know. I'd have to think it over. How would I get rid of you if I didn't like you around?"

"How would you get rid of me? Start leaving your stuff on the floor, your hair curlers all over the can."

"I'm tidy."

"I noticed that, or I wouldn't broach the proposition."

"I take a bath twice a day, sometimes more," she said. She snickered.

"What?"

"Where will you hide your hair dye?" she said.

"You wanta know something, I touch it. It's nearly all gray, but I touch it."

"I like it."

"Thanks."

"Well, we didn't talk much about Ernie," she said.

"No, but we didn't say anything against him," said Rich.

"That's true. We didn't say anything against him. I guess he was that kind of a guy, Ernie. He checks out and you start forgetting him right away, but at least you don't say anything against him."

"Well, he done us a favor," said Rich.

"You mean you and I getting together? Yeah, if that's a favor. It's too soon to tell."

"I think we'll work out all right, June."

"Maybe we will. And if we don't—"

"You can start leaving hair curlers around."

She smiled. "Yes," she said. "If they all would of been that easy to get rid of."

"What are you, divorced?"

"Twice. What about you? Are you divorced?"

"No, I never got married. I came close a couple times, but something always happened, so I never had it legal. You know, I go South in the winter, and when the season's over I come North or I been

to the Coast a couple times, working."

"This'd be the first time you ever settled down? I mean with a place. I don't know, Rich."

"You worried about your five Gs?"

"Wouldn't you be?"

"Don't worry about it. I like you. I knew that right away last night. I would of gone after you, Ernie or no Ernie."

"Yeah, and I wouldn't of run away from you. I didn't have anything permanent with Ernie."

There was a banging on the side door, and Rich went to the door and peered out at two men. "I don't know these guys," he said. There was a roller shade on the door and similar shades on the windows of the back room. "We're closed," he shouted, and let the shade fall back in place. The banging resumed.

"Maybe you better see what they want," said June.

"I think I heard one of them say Hickman," said Rich. "Will I take a chance?"

"Talk to them through the door," said June.

Rich opened the door a few inches, and immediately it was pushed against him and he was driven out of the way.

"What's the idea?" said Rich.

"What's the idea? What's *your* idea?" said one of the men. Then he saw June at the table. "Hello, June."

"Hello, Sandy. It's all right, Rich. This is Sandy Conn."

"You're kinda rough, Mr. Conn," said Rich.

"Maybe, and you're kind of stupid. Close the door, Jack," Conn commanded his companion. Jack was obviously a hoodlum, a muscle man.

"I heard you were out of town," said Rich.

"You're Hickman, the bartender?" said Conn.

"Yes. I heard you were out of town and I decided to take care of everything till you got back."

"Yeah, yeah. All right, what's in the till?"

"Five hundred and twenty-eight dollars and some cents," said Rich. "In the register."

"A good thing it isn't in your pocket. Give me the key," said Conn, extending his hand.

"I don't have it. I gave it to Edwards, the cop on the beat."

"You what?"

"I can vouch for that," said June.

"You? I wouldn't ask you to vouch. You're in with this fellow now. Give me the key or do I get Jack here to take it away from you? Whichever one of you has the key, hand it over. I don't care which one Jack has to take it away from. Do you, Jack? You have any



"I'm afraid of it, Barker. It's a little strong, and it could be misinterpreted."





*"Oh, nothing special, Agnes. I was just passing one of those booths and thought I'd call."*

objection to wrestling with a woman?"

Jack laughed.

"I guess not," said Conn.

"Call the precinct, if you don't believe me," said Rich. "But if this goon gets any closer to me or her, I break this bottle over his head. Then I take care of you, Mr. Conn. You I could handle easily."

"I could almost handle you myself, Sandy," said June. "This man is telling the truth, you silly son of a bitch. He was protecting your interest."

"I ain't worried about the bottle, Mr. Conn," said Jack.

"I'm thinking," said Conn. "What'd you say the name of this cop was?"

"Edwards. He's a patrolman."

"You don't have to tell me. If he was a sergeant I'd know him." Conn went to the telephone booth and was gone about five minutes. "I guess I owe you an apology," he said, when he returned. "Edwards has the key." He turned to Jack. "O.K., Jack. Thanks."

"That's all?" said Jack.

"Come around the office tomorrow and I'll give you a check."

"You wouldn't have five or ten on you?" said Jack.

"Here," said Conn, handing him a bill. "Good night, Jack."

"Thanks, Mr. Conn. Good night all," said Jack, leaving.

Conn sat down, across the table from June. "Too bad about Ernie, but the amount of liquor he consumed. Where you from, Hickman?"

"Why?"

"Well, I liked the way you took charge tonight. I like a take-charge guy. Bill Dickey, you remember used to catch for the Yanks? A real take-charge guy. You ever owned a joint, or managed one?"

"No."

"I know you got no police record, but give me the names of some places where you worked before."

"Why?"

"Well, June here will tell you, I got an interest in five other saloons. I kind of specialize in cafés."

"That's what you specialize in?" said Rich.

"I got other clients, naturally, but I been building up a café-owner practice."

"I thought there for a minute you specialized in something else."

"Like what? Explain."

"Like hiring some goon to beat up a woman," said Rich.

Conn tapped his fingernails on the table and watched Rich in silence. "Don't start anything, Hickman," he said presently.

"Jack ought to be a long way off by this time," said Rich.

"You lay a hand on me and it goes on your record downtown."

"Then I better make it good, huh?" said Rich.

Conn pointed to June. "She don't work, either."

"I'd of been in great shape after Jack got through with me, too," said June.

"What'll we do with him, June?" said Rich.

"If it was me, I'd kill him."

"What'd be the best way?" said Rich.

"Knock him out and dump him in the river. You got a car," said June.

"I told you the car don't belong to me, June."

"Oh, yeah, that's right. You got any other suggestions?"

"They got a walk-in icebox back in the kitchen. We could leave him there."

"I know you're kidding, you two," said Conn. "I tell you—"

"Shut up," said Rich, and slapped him hard on both cheeks. "I got a better idea." He got a hammerlock on Conn's left arm and forced him to his feet. He pushed him forward and kept pushing him, through the cellar door, down the steps, and into a closet that was lined on both walls with wine bins and case goods. He closed the door and locked it.

"Will he suffocate?" said June.

"No. But I'll bet he has a headache by the time they find him. He can holler his head off and nobody'll hear him."

"How long'll he be there?"

"Oh, the day man comes on around ten o'clock. That gives him around five hours. In the dark. It's gonna seem longer."

"I hope," said June.

They went upstairs, and in the back room he said, "Well, have a good look at the joint. You won't be seeing it again."

"No," she said.

They went out the side door, and as they headed west she took his arm. "You," she said.

"That's right," he said. "Me."

—JOHN O'HARA

There is also a failure, as anyone really familiar with the scene should recognize, to translate with any degree of accuracy the nuisances of hill country speech.

—Binghamton (N.Y.) Press.

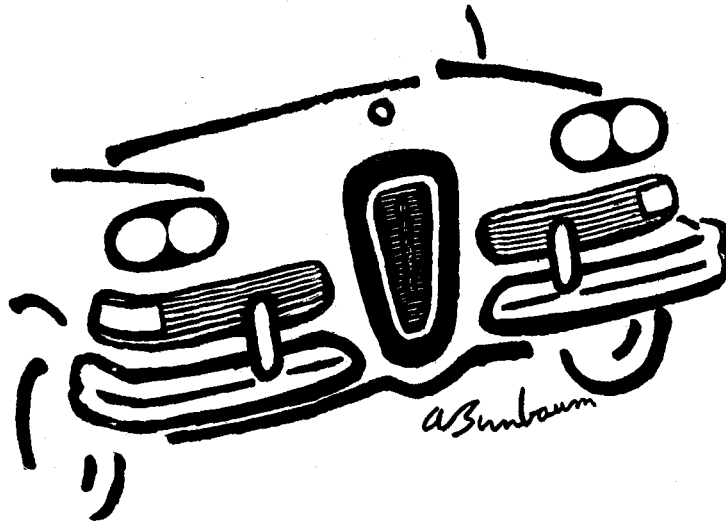
And, believe us, they are very great.



# ANNALS OF BUSINESS

## THE EDESEL

I-~THE E-CAR HAS FAITH IN YOU, SON



IN the calendar of American economic life, 1955 was the Year of the Automobile. That year, American automobile makers sold over seven million passenger cars, or almost a million more than they have sold in any other year. That year, General Motors easily sold the public three hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of new common stock, and the stock market as a whole, led by the motors, gyrated upward so frantically that Congress investigated it. And that year, too, the Ford Motor Company decided to produce a new automobile in what was quaintly called the medium-price range—roughly, from twenty-four hundred to four thousand dollars—and went ahead and designed it more or less in conformity with the fashion of the day, which was for cars that were long, wide, low, lavishly decorated with chrome, liberally supplied with gadgets, and equipped with engines of a power just barely insufficient to send them into orbit. Two years later, in September, 1957, the Ford company put its new car, the Edsel, on the market, to the accompaniment of more fanfare than had attended the arrival of any other new car since the same company's Model A, brought out thirty years earlier. The total amount spent on the Edsel before the first specimen went on sale was announced as a quarter of a billion dollars; its launching—as *Business Week* declared and nobody cared to deny—was more costly than that of any other commercial product in history. As a starter toward getting its investment back, Ford counted on selling at least two hundred thousand Edsels the first year.

There may be an aborigine somewhere in a remote rain forest who hasn't yet heard that things failed to turn out that way. To be precise, two years two months and fifteen days later Ford had sold only 109,466 Edsels, and, beyond a doubt, many hundreds, if not several thousands, of those were bought by Ford executives, dealers, salesmen, advertising men, assembly-line workers, and others who had a personal interest

in seeing the car succeed. The 109,466 amounted to considerably less than one per cent of the passenger cars sold in the United States during that period, and on November 19, 1959, having lost, according to some outside estimates, around three hundred and fifty million dollars on the Edsel, the Ford company permanently discontinued its production.

How could this have happened? How could a company so mightily endowed with money, experience, and, presumably, brains have been guilty of such a monumental mistake? Even before the Edsel was dropped, some of the more articulate members of the car-minded public had come forward with an answer—an answer so simple and so seemingly reasonable that, though it was not the only one advanced, it became widely accepted as the truth. The Edsel, these people argued, was designed, named, advertised, and promoted with a slavish adherence to the results of public-opinion polls and of their younger cousin, motivational research, and they concluded that when the public is wooed in an excessively calculated manner, it tends to turn away in favor of some gruffer but more spontaneously attentive suitor. A while back, in the face of an understandable reticence on the part of the Ford Motor Company, which enjoys documenting its boners no more than anyone else, I set out to learn what I could about the Edsel debacle, and my investigations have led me to believe that what we have here is less than the whole truth.

For, although the Edsel was *supposed* to be advertised, and otherwise promoted, strictly on the basis of preferences

expressed in polls, some old-fashioned snake-oil-selling methods, intuitive rather than scientific, crept in. Although it was *supposed* to have been named in much the same way, science was curtly discarded at the last minute and the Edsel was named for the father of the company's president, like a nineteenth-century brand of cough drops or saddle soap. As for the design, it was arrived at without even a pretense of consulting the polls,

and by the method that has been standard for years in the designing of automobiles—that of simply pooling the hunches of sundry company committees. The common explanation of the Edsel's downfall, then, under scrutiny, turns out to be largely a myth, in the colloquial sense of that term. But the facts of the case may live to become a myth of a symbolic sort—a modern American anti-success story.

THE origins of the Edsel go back to the fall of 1948, seven years before the year of decision, when Henry Ford II, who had been president and undisputed boss of the company since the death of his grandfather, the original Henry, a year earlier, proposed to the company's executive committee, which included Ernest R. Breech, the executive vice-president, that studies be undertaken concerning the wisdom of putting on the market a new and wholly different medium-priced car. The studies were undertaken. There appeared to be good reason for them. It was a well-known practice at the time for low-income owners of Fords, Plymouths, and Chevrolets to turn in their symbols of inferior caste as soon as their earnings rose above five thousand dollars a year, and "trade up" to a medium-priced car. From Ford's point of view, this would have been all well and good except that, for some reason, Ford owners usually traded up not to Mercury, the company's only medium-priced car, but to one or another of the medium-priced cars put out by its big rivals—Oldsmobile, Buick, and Pontiac, among the General Motors products, and Dodge





*"Winifred is a wonderful wife, Mother, but I miss the way you used to do Thanksgiving."*

and De Soto, the Chrysler candidates. Lewis D. Crusoe, then a vice-president of the Ford Motor Company, was not overstating the case when he said, "We have been growing customers for General Motors."

The outbreak of the Korean War, in 1950, meant that Ford had no choice but to go on growing customers for its competitors, since introducing a new car at such a time was out of the question. The company's executive committee put aside the studies proposed by President Ford, and there matters rested for two years. Late in 1952, however, the end of the war appeared sufficiently imminent for the company to pick up where it had left off, and the studies were energetically resumed by something called the Forward Product Planning Committee, which turned over much of the detailed work to the Lincoln-Mercury Division, under the direction of Richard Krafve (pronounced Krafvy), the division's assistant general manager. Krafve, a forceful, rather saturnine man with a habitually puzzled look, was then in his middle

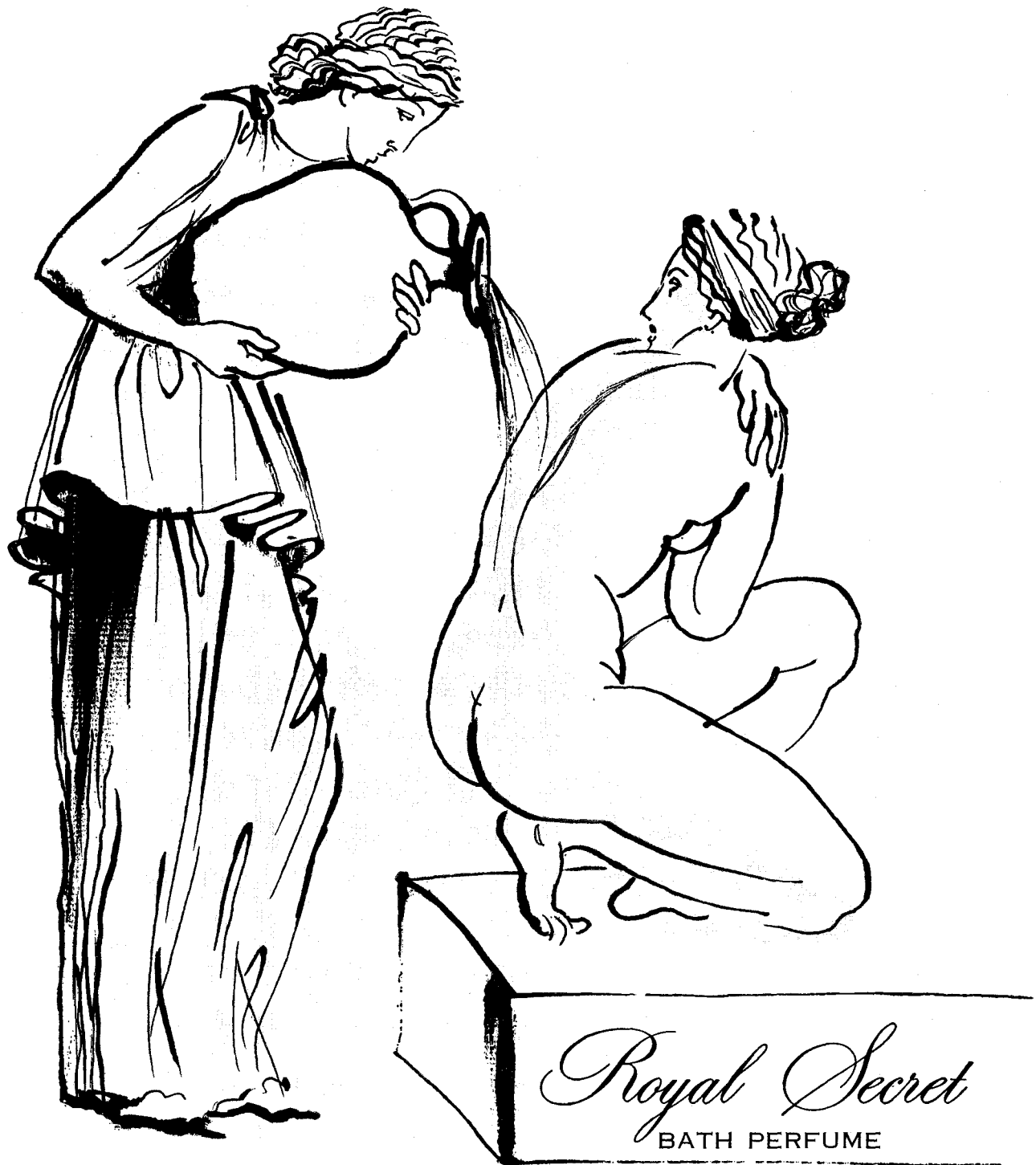
forties. The son of a printer on a small farm journal in Minnesota, he had been a sales engineer and management consultant before joining Ford, in 1947, and although he could not have known it in 1952, he was to have reason to look puzzled. As the man directly responsible for the Edsel and its fortunes, enjoying its brief glory and attending it in its mortal agonies, he had a rendezvous with destiny.

In December, 1954, after two years' work, the Forward Product Planning Committee submitted to the executive committee a six-volume blockbuster of a report summarizing its findings. Supported by copious statistics, the report predicted the arrival of the American millennium, or something a lot like it, in 1965. By that time, the Forward Product Planning Committee estimated, the gross national product would be five hundred and thirty-five billion dollars a year—up more than a hundred and thirty-five billion in a decade. (It was four hundred and eighty-two billion in 1959.) The number of cars in operation would be seventy million—

up twenty million. More than half the families in the nation would have incomes of over five thousand dollars a year, and more than forty per cent of all the cars sold would be in the medium-price range or better. The report's picture of America in 1965, presented in crushing detail, was of a country after Detroit's own heart—its banks oozing money, its streets and highways choked with huge, dazzling medium-priced cars, its newly rich, "upwardly mobile" citizens racked with longings for more of them. The moral was clear. If by that time Ford had not come out with a second medium-priced car—not just a new model, but a new make—and made it a favorite in its field, the company would miss out on its share of the national boodle.

On the other hand, the Ford bosses were well aware of the enormous risks connected with putting a new car on the market. They knew, for example, that of the twenty-nine hundred American makes that had been introduced since the beginning of the Automobile Age—the Black Crow (1905), the Average-





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man's Car (1906), the Bugmobile (1907), the Dan Patch (1911), and the Lone Star (1920) among them—only about twenty were still around. They knew all about the automotive casualties that had followed the Second World War—among them Crosley, which had given up altogether, and Kaiser Motors, which, though still alive in 1954, was breathing its last. (The members of the Forward Product Planning Committee must have glanced at each other uneasily when, a year later, Henry J. Kaiser wrote, in a valediction to his car business, "We expected to toss fifty million dollars into the automobile pond, but we didn't expect it to disappear without a ripple.") The Ford men also knew that neither of the other members of the industry's powerful and well-heeled Big Three—General Motors and Chrysler—had ventured to bring out a new standard-size make since the former's La Salle, in 1927, and the latter's Plymouth, in 1928, and that Ford itself had not attempted to turn the trick since 1938, when it launched the Mercury.

Nevertheless, the Ford men felt bullish—so remarkably bullish that they resolved to toss into the automobile pond five times the sum that Kaiser had. In April, 1955, Henry Ford II, Breech, and the other members of the executive committee officially approved the Forward Product Planning Committee's findings, and, to implement them, set up another agency, called the Special Products Division, with the star-crossed Krafve as its head. Thus the company gave its formal sanction to the efforts of its designers, who, having divined the trend of events, had already been doodling for several months on plans for a new car. Since neither they nor the newly organized Krafve outfit, when it took over, had an inkling of what the thing on their drawing boards might be called, it became known to everybody at Ford, and even in the company's press releases, as the E-Car—the "E," it was explained, standing for "Experimental."

The man directly in charge of the E-Car's design—or, to use the gruesome trade word, "styling"—was a Canadian, then not yet forty, named Roy A. Brown, who, before taking on the E-Car (and after studying industrial design at the Detroit Art Academy), had had a hand in the designing of radios, motor cruisers, colored-glass products, Cadillacs, Oldsmobiles, and Lincolns. Brown recently recalled his aspirations as he went to work on the new project. "Our goal was to create





## Gorham translates from the Italian

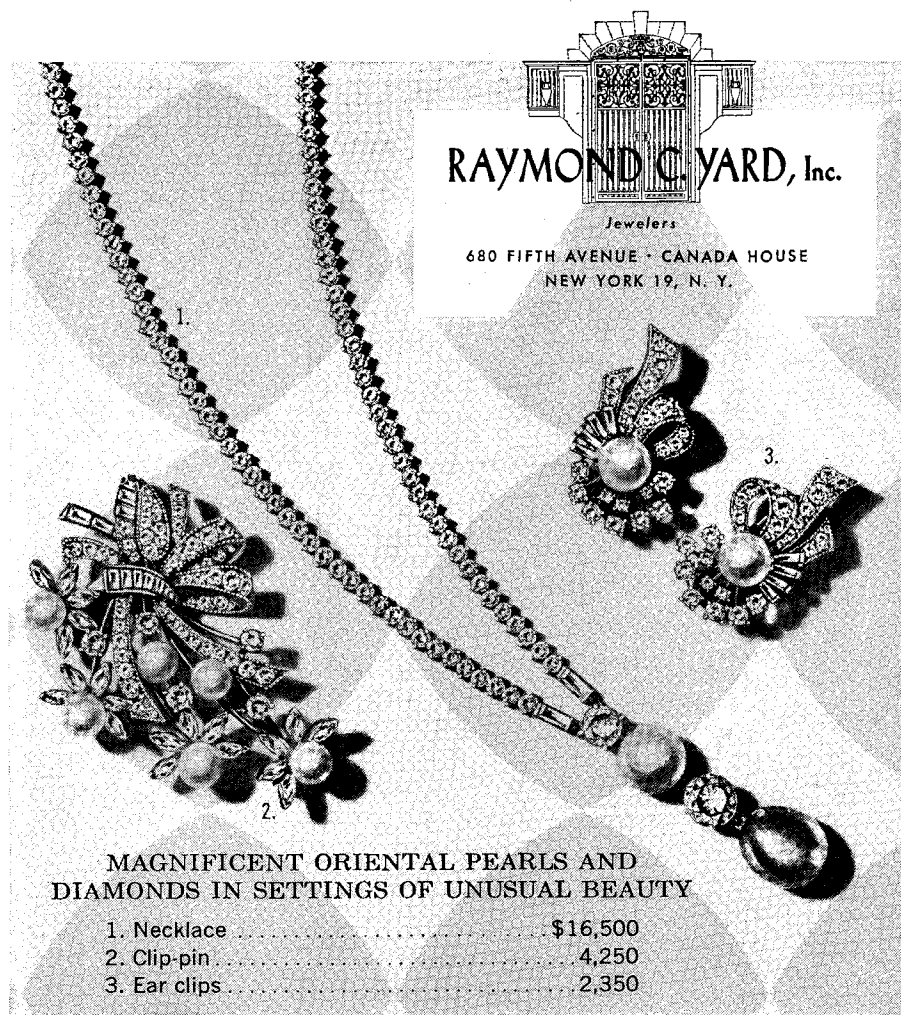
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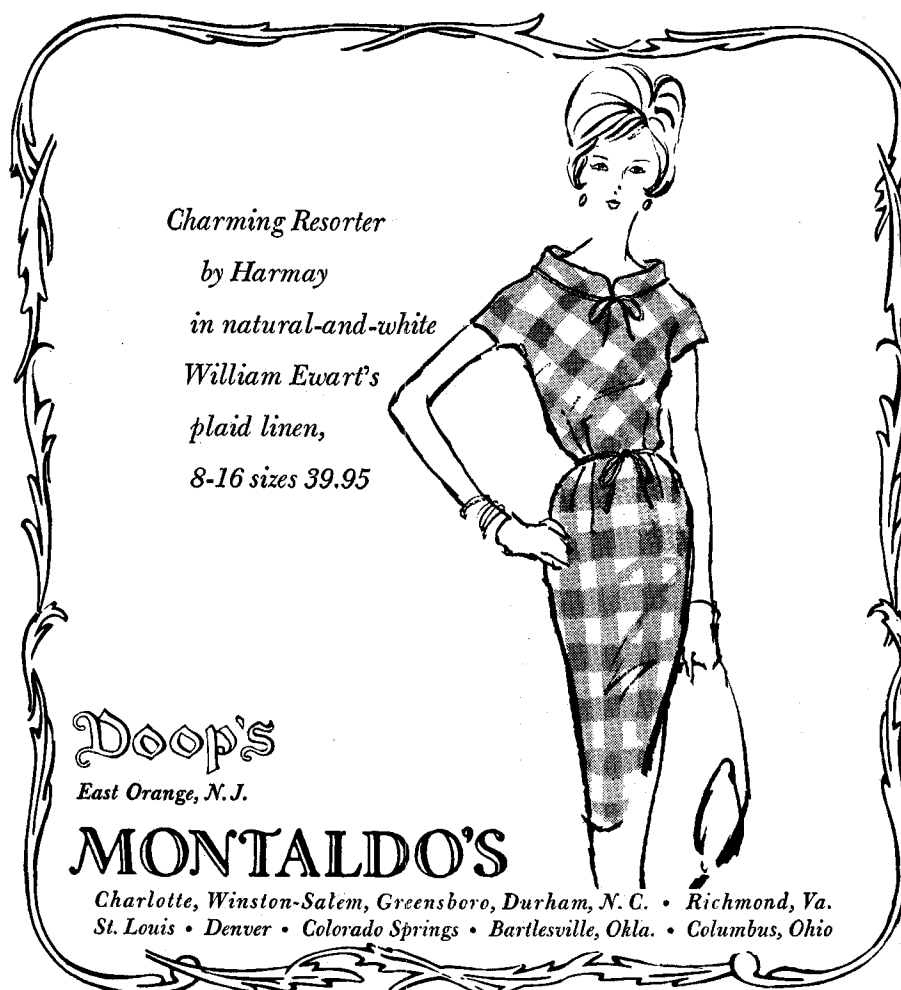




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a vehicle which would be unique in the sense that it would be readily recognizable in styling theme from the nineteen other makes of cars on the road at that time," he wrote from England, where he is currently employed as chief stylist for the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., manufacturers of trucks, tractors, and small cars. "We went to the extent of making photographic studies from some distance of all nineteen of these cars, and it became obvious that at a distance of a few hundred feet the similarity was so great that it was practically impossible to distinguish one make from the others. . . . They were all 'peas in a pod.' We decided to select [a style that] would be 'new' in the sense that it was unique, and yet at the same time be familiar."

While the E-Car was on the drawing boards in Ford's styling studio—situated, like its administrative offices, in the company's barony of Dearborn, just outside Detroit—work on it progressed under the conditions of melodramatic, if ineffectual, secrecy that invariably attend such operations in the automobile business: locks on the studio doors that could be changed in fifteen minutes if a key should fall into enemy hands; a security force standing round-the-clock guard over the establishment; and a telescope to be trained at intervals on nearby high points of the terrain where peekers might be roosting. (All such precautions, however inspired, are doomed to fail, because none of them provide a defense against Detroit's version of the Trojan horse—the job-jumping stylist, whose cheerful treachery makes it relatively easy for the rival companies to keep tabs on what the competition is up to. No one, of course, is better aware of this than the rivals themselves, but the cloak-and-dagger stuff is thought to pay for itself in publicity value.) Twice a week or so, Krafve—head down, and sticking to low ground—made the journey to the styling studio, where he would confer with Brown, check up on the work as it proceeded, and offer advice and encouragement. Krafve was not the kind of man to envision his objective in a single revelatory flash; instead, he anatomized the styling of the E-Car into a series of laboriously minute decisions—how to shape the fenders, what pattern to use with the chrome, what kind of door handles to put on, and so on and on. If Michelangelo ever added up the number of decisions that went into the execution of, say, his "David," he kept it to himself, but Krafve, who takes pride in being an orderly man, has calculated





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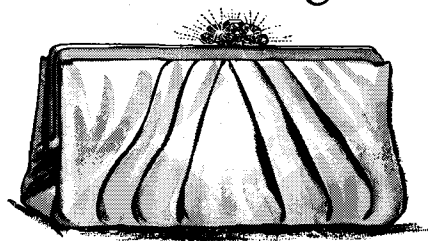
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that in styling the E-Car he and his associates had to make up their minds on no fewer than four thousand occasions. He reasoned at the time that if they arrived at the right decision on every one of those occasions, they ought, in the end, to come up with a stylistically perfect car—or at least a car that would be unique and at the same time familiar. But Krafve concedes today that he found it difficult thus to bend the creative process to the yoke of system, principally because many of the four thousand decisions he made wouldn't stay put. "Once you get a general theme, you begin narrowing down," he says. "You keep modifying, and then modifying your modifications. Finally, you have to settle on something, because there isn't any more time. If it weren't for the deadline, you'd probably go on modifying indefinitely."

Except for later, minor modifications of the modified modifications, the E-Car had been fully styled by midsummer of 1955. As the world was to learn two years later, its most striking aspect was a novel, horse-collar-shaped radiator grille, set vertically in the center of a conventionally low, wide front end—a blend of the unique and the familiar that was there for all to see, though certainly not for all to admire. In two prominent respects, however, Brown or Krafve, or both, lost sight entirely of the familiar, specifying a unique rear end, marked by widespread horizontal wings that were in bold contrast to the huge longitudinal tail fins then captivating the market, and a unique cluster of automatic-transmission push buttons on the hub of the steering wheel. In a speech to the public delivered a while before the public had its first look at the car, Krafve let fall a hint or two about its styling, which, he said, made it so "distinctive" that, externally, it was "immediately recognizable from front, side, and rear," and, internally, it was "the epitome of the push-button era without wild-blue-yonder Buck Rogers concepts." At last came the day when the men in the highest stratum of the Ford hierarchy were given their first glimpse of the car. It produced an effect that was little short of apocalyptic. On August 15, 1955, in the ceremonial secrecy of the styling center, while Krafve, Brown, and their aides stood by smiling nervously and washing their hands in air, the members of the Forward Product Planning Committee, including Henry Ford II and Breech, watched critically as a curtain was lifted to reveal the first full-size model of the E-Car—a clay one, with tinfoil simulating alu-





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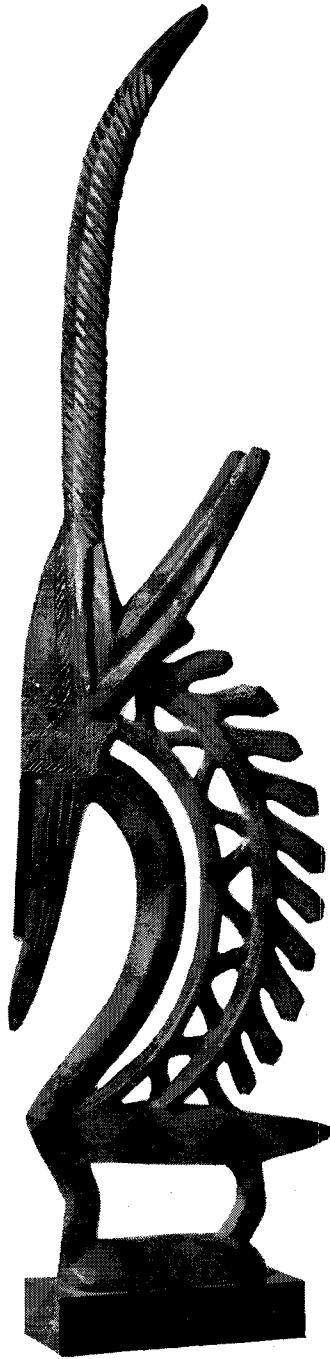
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minum and chrome. According to eyewitnesses, the audience sat in utter silence for what seemed like a full minute, and then, as one man, burst into a round of applause. To the more ebullient on-lookers, the moment seemed to hold a hope for the future unmatched at Ford since 1896, when old Henry bolted together his first horseless carriage.

ONE of the most persuasive and most frequently cited explanations of the Edsel's failure is that it was a victim of the time lag between the decision to produce it and the act of putting it on the market. It is easy to see now, when smaller and less powerful cars, euphemistically called "compacts," have become so popular as to turn the old automobile status-ladder upside down, that the Edsel was a giant step in the wrong direction, but it was far from easy to see that in fat, tail-finny 1955. American ingenuity—which has produced the electric light, the flying machine, the tin Lizzie, the atomic bomb, and even a tax system that permits a man, under certain circumstances, to clear a profit by making a charitable donation—has not yet found a way of getting an automobile on the market within a reasonable time after it comes off the drawing board; the making of steel dies, the alerting of retail dealers, the preparation of advertising and promotion campaigns, the gaining of executive approval for each successive move, and the various other gavotte-like routines that are considered as vital as breathing in Detroit and its environs usually consume about two years. Guessing future tastes is hard enough for those charged with planning the customary annual changes in models of established makes; it is far harder to bring out an altogether new creation, like the E-Car, for which several intricate new steps must be worked into the dance pattern, such as endowing the product with a personality and selecting a suitable name for it, to say nothing of consulting various oracles in an effort to determine whether, by the time of the unveiling, the state of the national economy will make bringing out any new car seem like a good idea.

Faithfully executing the prescribed routine, the Special Products Division called upon its director of planning for market research, David Wallace, to see what he could do about imparting a personality to the E-Car and giving it a name. Wallace, a lean, craggy-jawed pipe puffer with a soft, slow, thoughtful way of speaking, gives the impression

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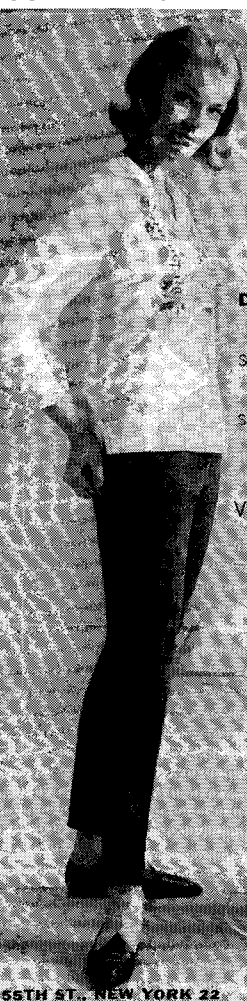
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of being the Platonic idea of the college professor—the very steel die from which the breed is cut—although, in point of fact, his background is not strongly academic. Before going to Ford, in 1955, he had worked his way through Westminster College, in Pennsylvania, ridden out the depression as a construction laborer in New York City, and then spent ten years in market research at *Time*. Still, impressions are what count, and Wallace admits that during his tenure with Ford he consciously stressed his professorial air for the sake of the advantage it gave him in dealing with the bluff, practical men of Dearborn. “Our department came to be regarded as a semi-Brain Trust,” he says. He insisted, typically, on living in Ann Arbor, where he could bask in the scholarly aura of the University of Michigan, rather than in Dearborn or Detroit, both of which he declared were intolerable after business hours. Whatever the degree of his success in projecting the image of the E-Car, he seems, by his small eccentricities, to have done splendidly at projecting the image of Wallace. “I don’t think Dave’s motivation for being at Ford was basically economic,” his old boss, Krafve, says. “Dave is the scholarly type, and I think he considered the job an interesting challenge.”

Wallace clearly recalls the reasoning—candid enough—that guided him and his assistants as they sought just the right personality for the E-Car. “We said to ourselves, ‘Let’s face it—there is no great difference in basic mechanism between a two-thousand-dollar Chevrolet and a six-thousand-dollar Cadillac,’” he says. “‘Forget about all the ballyhoo,’ we said, ‘and you’ll see that they are really pretty much the same thing. Nevertheless, there’s something—there’s got to be something—in the makeup of a certain number of people that gives them a yen for a Cadillac, in spite of its high price, or maybe because of it.’ We concluded that cars are the means to a sort of dream fulfillment. There’s some irrational factor in people that makes them want one kind of car rather than another—something that has nothing to do with the mechanism at all but with the car’s personality, as the customer imagines it. What we wanted to do, naturally, was to give the E-Car the personality that would make the greatest number of people want it. We figured we had a big advantage over the other manufacturers of medium-priced cars, because we didn’t have to worry about changing a preëxistent, perhaps somewhat obnoxious personality. All we





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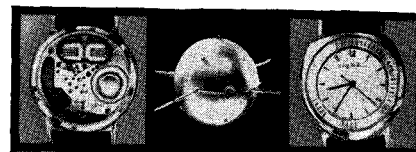
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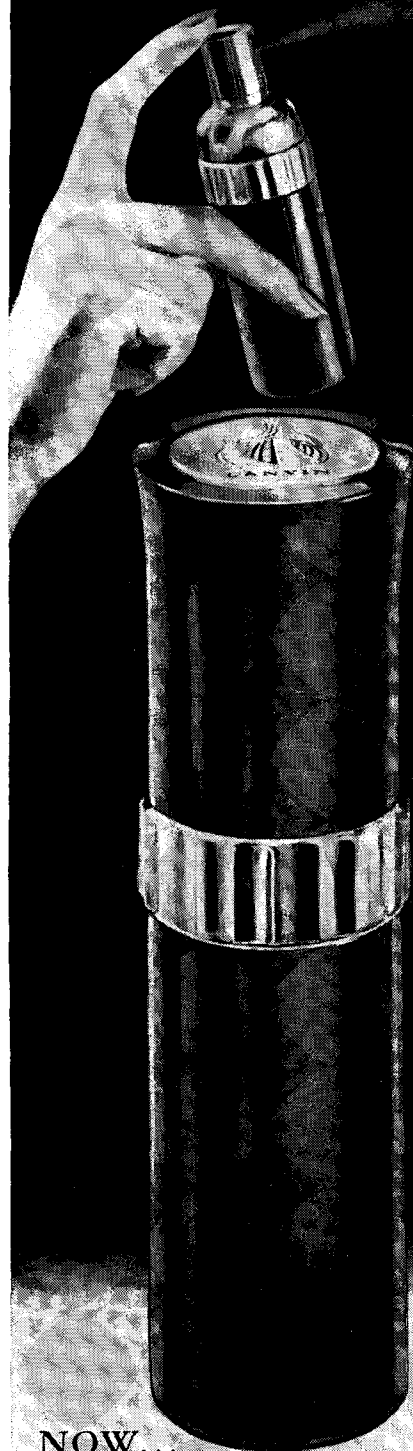


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## LANVIN

had to do was create the exact one we wanted—from scratch."

As the first step in determining what the E-Car's exact personality should be, Wallace decided to assess the personalities of the medium-priced cars already on the market, and those of the so-called low-priced cars as well, since the cost of some of the cheap cars' 1955 models had risen well up into the medium-price range. To this end, he engaged the Columbia University Bureau of Applied Social Research to interview eight hundred recent car buyers in Peoria, Illinois, and another eight hundred in San Bernardino, California, on the mental images they had of the various automobile makes concerned. (In undertaking this commercial enterprise, Columbia maintained its academic independence by reserving the right to publish its findings. It hasn't published them yet, but has made them available to researchers.) "Our idea was to get the reaction in cities, among clusters of people," Wallace says. "We didn't want a cross-section. What we wanted was something that would show interpersonal factors. We picked Peoria as a place that is Midwestern, stereotyped, and not loaded with extraneous factors—like a General Motors glass plant, say. We picked San Bernardino because the West Coast is very important in the automobile business, and because the market there is quite different—people tend to buy flashier cars."

The questions that the Columbia researchers fared forth to ask in Peoria and San Bernardino dealt exhaustively with practically everything having to do with automobiles except such matters as how much they cost, how safe they were, and whether they ran. In particular, Wallace wanted to know the respondents' impressions of each of the existing makes. Who, in their opinion, would naturally own a Chevrolet or a Buick or whatever? People of what age? Of which sex? Of what social status? From the answers, Wallace found it easy to put together a personality portrait of each make. The image of the Ford came into focus as that of a very fast, strongly masculine car, of no particular social pretensions, that might characteristically be driven by a rancher or an automobile mechanic. In contrast, Chevrolet emerged as older, wiser, slower, a bit less rampantly masculine, and slightly more distinguished—a clergyman's car. Buick jelled into a middle-

aged lady—or, at least, more of a lady than Ford, sex in cars having proved to be relative—with a bit of the devil still in her, whose most felicitous mate would be a lawyer, a doctor, or a dance-band leader. As for the Mercury, it came out as virtually a hot rod, best suited to a young-buck racing driver; thus, despite its higher price tag, it was associated with persons having incomes no higher than the average Ford owner's, so no wonder Ford owners had not been trading up to it. This odd discrepancy between image and fact, coupled with the circumstance that, in sober truth, all four makes looked very much alike and had almost the same horsepower under their hoods, only served

to bear out Wallace's premise that the automobile fancier, like a young man in love, is incapable of sizing up the object of his affections in anything resembling a rational manner.

By the time the researchers closed the

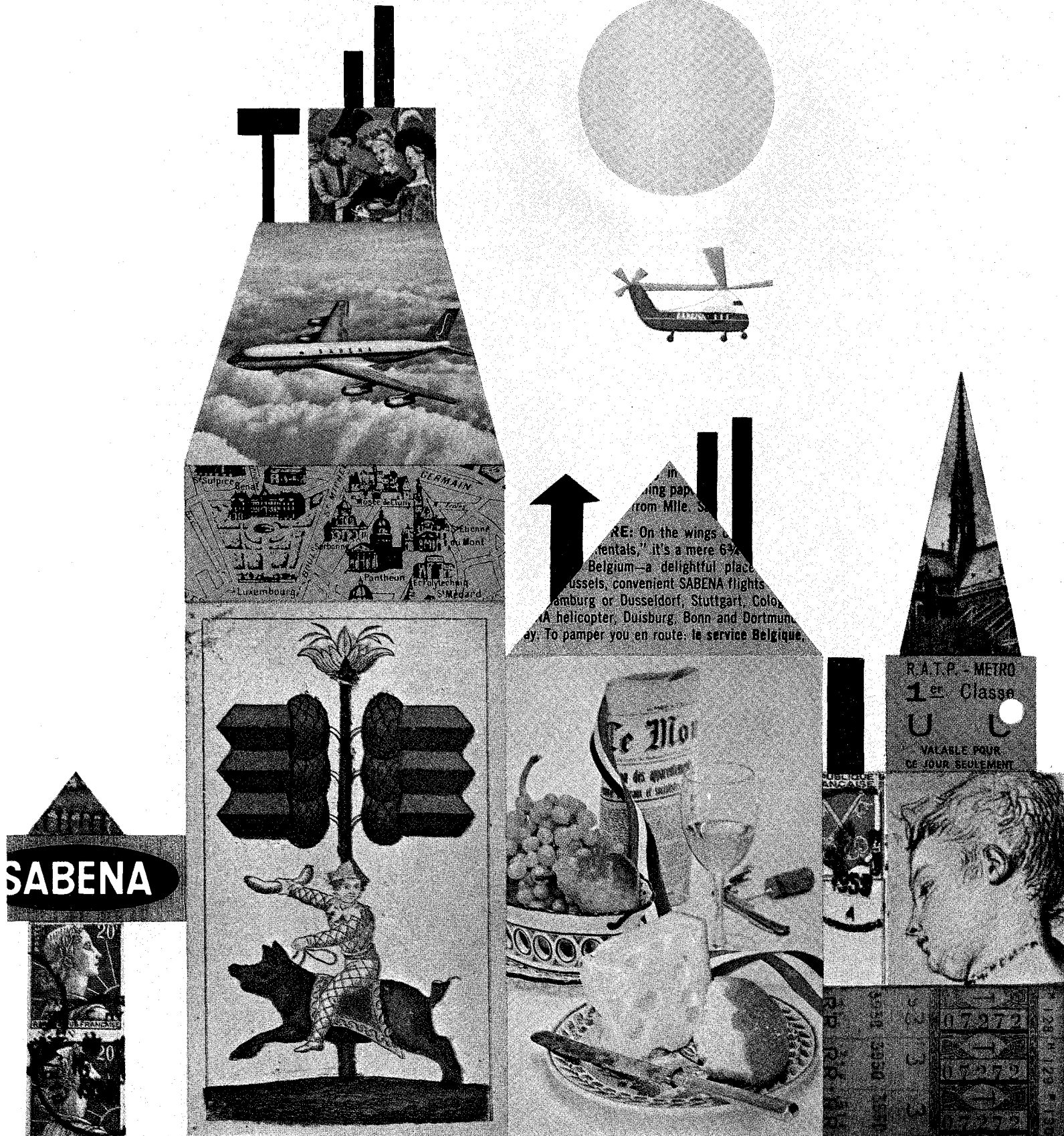
books on Peoria and San Bernardino, they had elicited replies not only to these questions but to others, several of which, it would appear, only the most abstruse sociological thinker could relate to medium-priced cars. "Frankly, we dabbled," Wallace says. "It was a dragnet operation." Among the odds and ends that the dragnet dredged up were some that, when pieced together, led the researchers to report:

By looking at those respondents whose annual incomes range from \$4,000 to \$11,000, we can make an . . . observation. A considerable percentage of these respondents [to a question about their ability to mix cocktails] are in the "somewhat" category on ability to mix cocktails. . . . Evidently, they do not have much confidence in their cocktail-mixing ability. We may infer that these respondents are aware of the fact that they are in the learning process. They may be able to mix Martinis or Manhattans, but beyond these popular drinks they don't have much of a repertoire.

Wallace, dreaming of an ideally lovable E-Car, was delighted as returns like these came pouring into his Dearborn office. But when the time for a final decision drew near, it became clear to him that he must put aside peripheral issues like cocktail-mixing prowess and address himself once more to the old problem of the image. And here, it seemed to him, the greatest pitfall was the temptation to aim, in accordance with what he took to be the trend of the times, for extremes of masculinity,







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youthfulness, and speed; indeed, the following passage from one of the Columbia reports, as he interpreted it, contained a specific warning against such folly:

Offhand we might conjecture that women who drive cars probably work, and are more mobile than non-owners, and get gratifications out of mastering a traditionally male role. But . . . there is no doubt that whatever gratifications women get out of their cars, and whatever social imagery they attach to their automobiles, they do want to appear as women. Perhaps more worldly women, but women.

Early in 1956, Wallace set about summing up all of his department's findings in a report to his superiors in the Special Products Division. Entitled "The Market and Personality Objectives of the E-Car" and weighty with facts and statistics—though generously interspersed with terse sections in italics or capitals from which a hard-pressed executive could get the gist of the thing in a matter of seconds—the report first indulged in some airy, skippable philosophizing and then got down to conclusions:

What happens when an owner sees his make as a car which a *woman* might buy, but is himself a *man*? Does this apparent inconsistency of car image and the buyer's own characteristics affect his trading plans? The answer quite definitely is *Yes*. When there is a conflict between owner characteristics and make image, there is greater planning to switch to another make. In other words, when the buyer is a different kind of person from the person he thinks would own his make, he wants to change to a make in which he, inwardly, will be more comfortable.

It should be noted that "conflict," as used here, can be of two kinds. Should a make have a strong and well-defined image, it is obvious that an owner with strong opposing characteristics would be in conflict. But conflict also can occur when the make image is diffuse or weakly defined. In this case, the owner is in an equally frustrating position of not being able to get a satisfactory identification from his make.

The question, then, was how to steer between the Scylla of a too definite car personality and the Charybdis of a too weak personality. To this the report replied, "Capitalize on imagery weakness of competition," and went on to urge that in the matter of age the E-Car should take an imagery position neither too young nor too old but right alongside that of the middling Oldsmobile; that in the matter of social class, not to mince matters, "the E-Car might well take a status position just below Buick and Oldsmobile;" and that in the delicate matter of sex it should try to straddle the fence, again along with the

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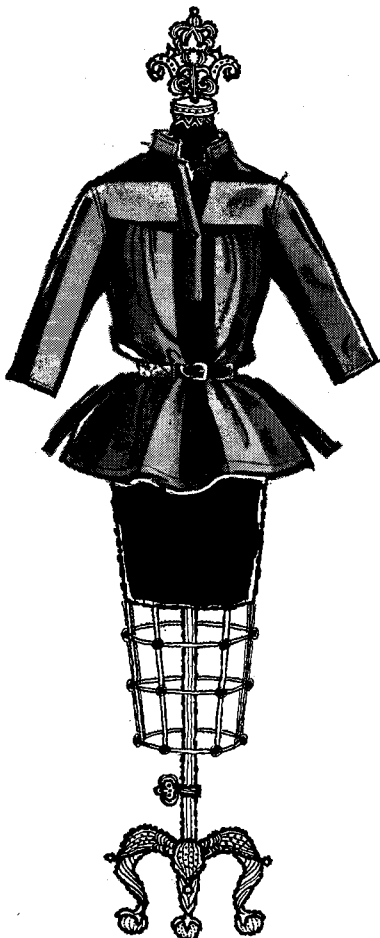
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protean Olds. In sum (and in Wallace typography):

The most advantageous personality for the E-Car might well be THE SMART CAR FOR THE YOUNGER EXECUTIVE OR PROFESSIONAL FAMILY ON ITS WAY UP.

Smart car: recognition by others of the owner's good style and taste.

Younger: appealing to spirited but responsible adventurers.

Executive or professional: millions pretend to this status, whether they can attain it or not.

Family: not exclusively masculine; a wholesome "good" role.

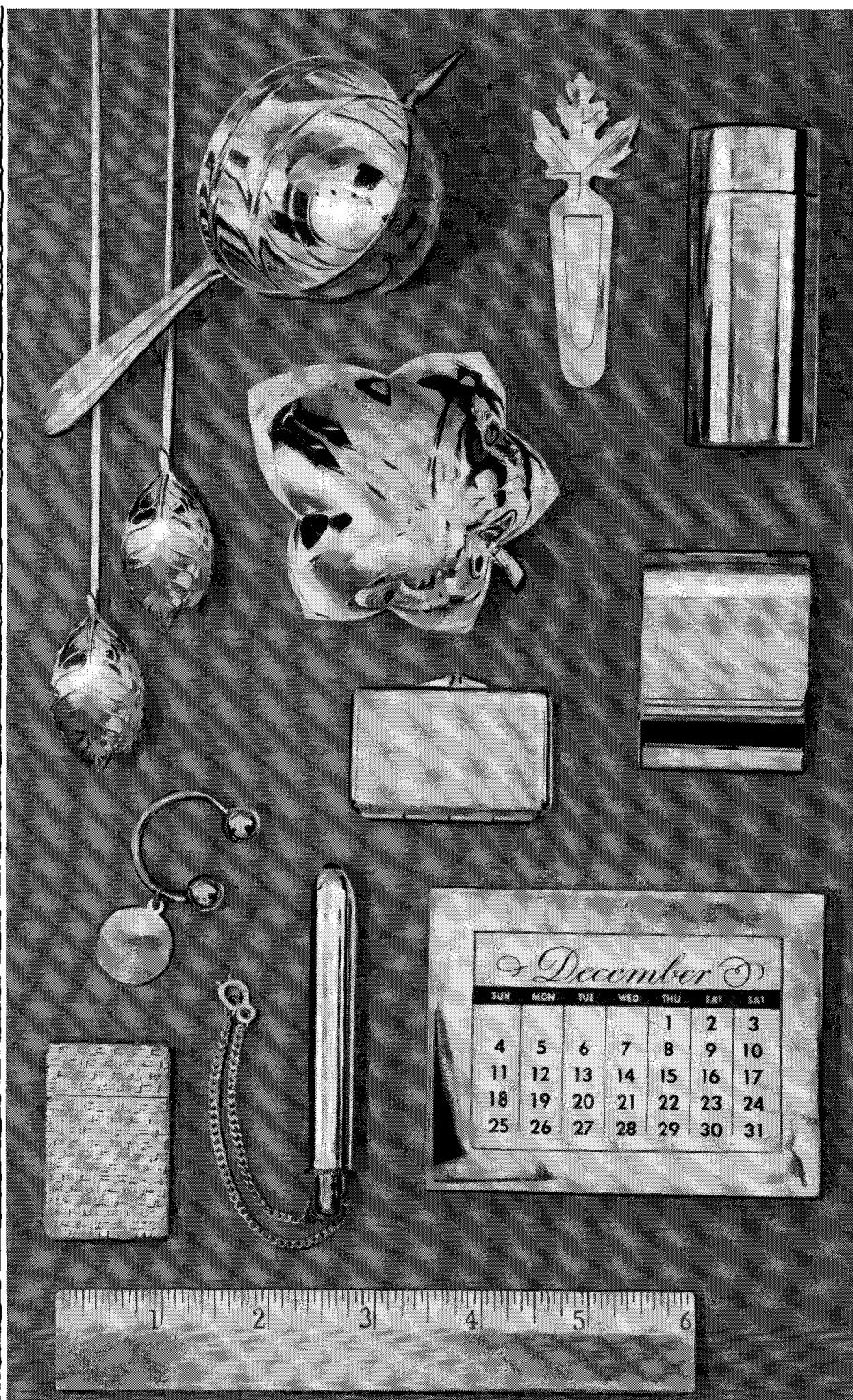
On Its Way Up: "The E-Car has faith in you, son; we'll help you make it!"

Before spirited but responsible adventurers could have faith in the E-Car, however, it had to have a name. Very early in its history, Krafve had suggested to members of the Ford family that the new car be named for Edsel Ford, who was the only son of old Henry; the president of the Ford Motor Company from 1918 until his death, in 1943; and the father of the new generation of Fords—Henry II, Benson, and William Clay. The three brothers had let Krafve know that their father might not have cared to have his name spinning on a million hubcaps, and they had consequently suggested that the Special Products Division start looking around for a substitute. This it did, with a zeal no less emphatic than it displayed in the personality crusade. In the late summer and early fall of 1955, Wallace hired the services of several research outfits, which sent interviewers, armed with a list of two thousand possible names, to canvass sidewalk crowds in New York, Chicago, Willow Run, and Ann Arbor. The interviewers did not ask simply what the respondent thought of some such name as Mars, Jupiter, Rover, Ariel, Arrow, Dart, or Ovation. They asked what free associations each name brought to mind, and having got an answer to this one, they asked what word or words was considered the opposite of each name, on the theory that, subliminally speaking, the opposite is as much a part of a name as the tail is of a penny. The results of all this, the Special Products Division eventually decided, were inconclusive. Meanwhile, Krafve and his men held repeated sessions in a darkened room, staring, with the aid of a spotlight, at a series of cardboard signs, each bearing a name, as, one after another, they were flipped over for their consideration. One of the men thus engaged spoke up for the name Phoenix, because of its connotations of ascendancy, and another favored Altair, on the ground that it



would lead practically all alphabetical lists of cars and thus enjoy an advantage analogous to that of the aardvark. At a certain drowsy point in one session, somebody suddenly called a halt to the card-flipping and asked, in an incredulous tone, "Didn't I see 'Buick' go by two or three cards back?" Everybody looked at Wallace, the impresario of the sessions. He puffed on his pipe, smiled an academic smile, and nodded.

The card-flipping sessions proved to be as fruitless as the sidewalk interviews, and it was at this stage of the game that Wallace, resolving to try and wring from genius what the common mind had failed to yield, entered into a car-naming correspondence with the poet Marianne Moore, which was later published in this magazine and still later, in book form, by the Morgan Library. "We should like this name . . . to convey, through association or other conjuration, some visceral feeling of elegance, fleetness, advanced features and design," Wallace wrote to Miss Moore, achieving a certain feeling of elegance himself. If it is asked who among the gods of Dearborn had the inspired and inspiring idea of enlisting Miss Moore's services in this cause, the answer, according to Wallace, is that it was no god but the wife of one of his junior assistants—a young lady who had recently graduated from Mount Holyoke, where she had heard Miss Moore lecture. Had her husband's superiors gone a step further and actually adopted one of Miss Moore's many suggestions—Intelligent Bullet, for instance, or Utopian Turtle-top, or Bullet Cloisonné, or Pastelogram, or Mongoose Civique, or Andante con Moto ("Description of a good motor?" Miss Moore queried in regard to this last)—there is no telling to what heights the E-Car might have risen, but the fact is that they didn't. Dissatisfied with both the poet's ideas and their own, the executives in the Special Products Division next called in Foote, Cone & Belding, the advertising agency that had lately been signed up to handle the E-Car account. With characteristic Madison Avenue vigor, Foote, Cone & Belding organized a competition among the employees of its New York, London, and Chicago offices, offering nothing less than one of the brand-new cars as a prize to whoever thought up an acceptable name. In no time at all, Foote, Cone & Belding had eighteen thousand names in hand, including Zoom, Zip, Benson, Henry, and Drof (if in doubt, spell it backward). Suspecting that the bosses of the Special Products Division might regard this list as a trifle unwieldy, the



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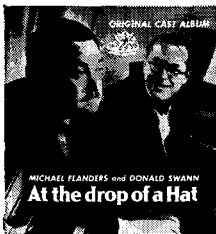
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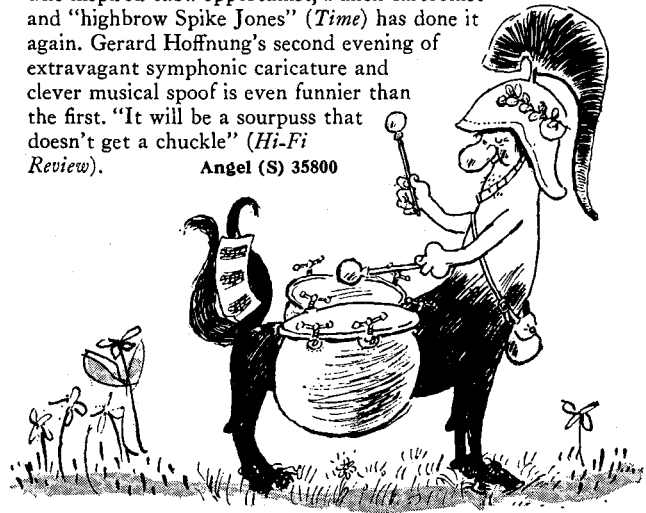
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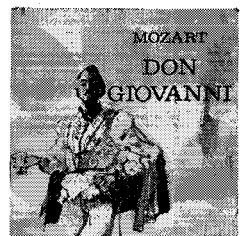
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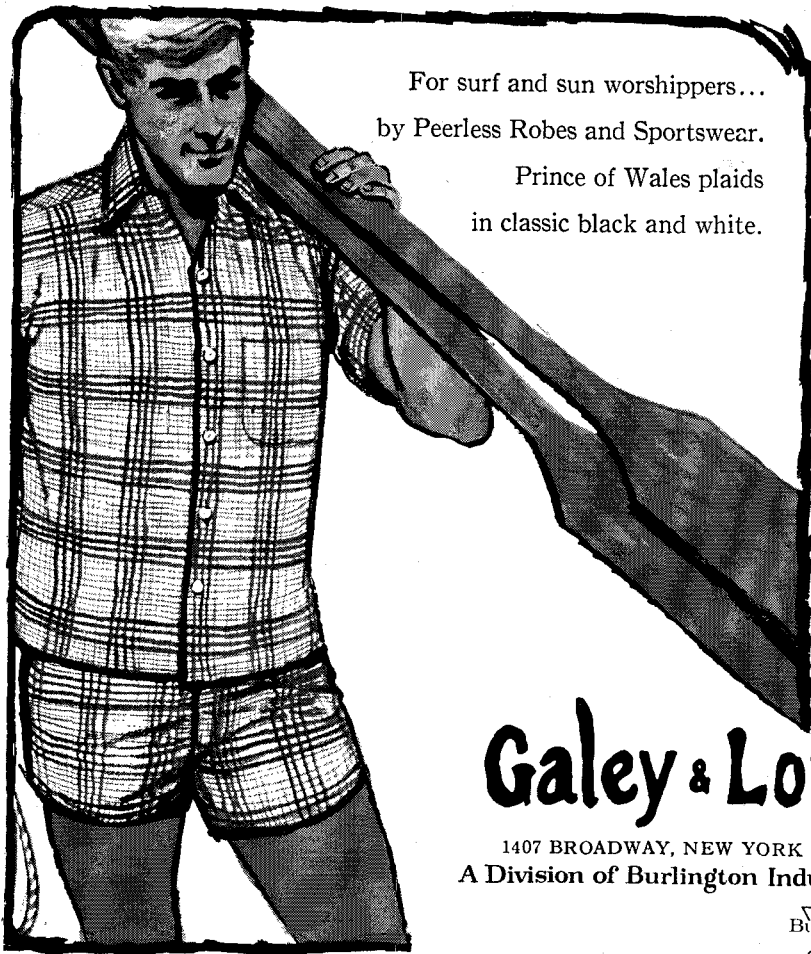


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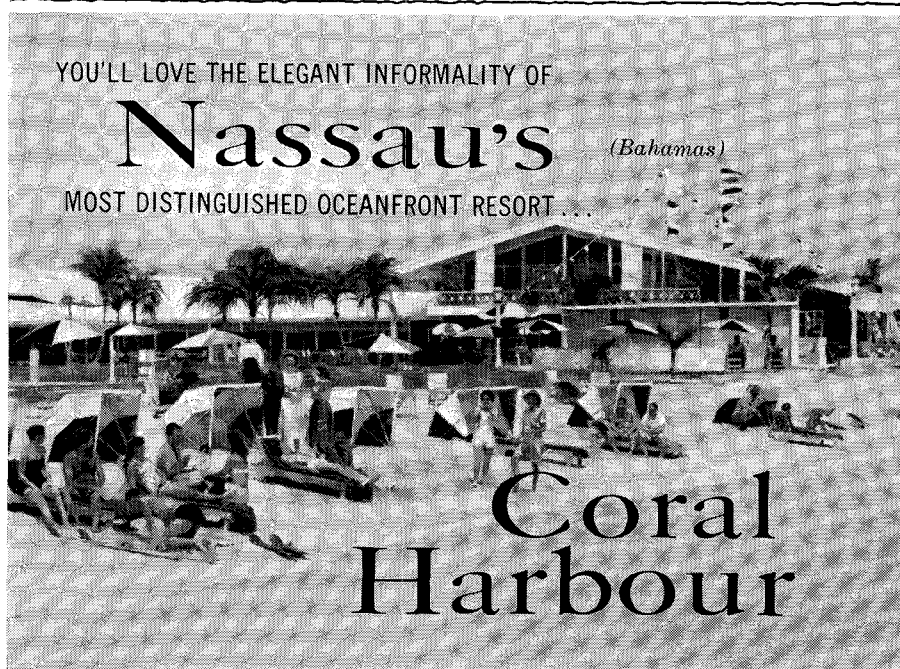
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agency got to work and cut it down to six thousand names, which it presented to them in executive session. "There you are," a Foote, Cone man said triumphantly, flopping a sheaf of papers on the table. "Six thousand names, all alphabetized and cross-referenced."

A gasp escaped Krafve. "But we don't want six thousand names," he said. "We only want one."

The situation was critical, because the making of dies for the new car was about to begin and some of them would have to bear its name. On a Thursday, Foote, Cone & Belding cancelled all leaves and instituted what it called a crash program, instructing its New York and Chicago offices to set about independently cutting down the list of six thousand names to ten and to have the job done by the end of the weekend. Before the weekend was over, the two Foote, Cone offices presented their separate lists of ten to the Special Products Division, and by an almost incredible coincidence, which all hands insist was no more than that, four of the names on the two lists were the same; Corsair, Citation, Pacer, and Ranger had miraculously survived the dual scrutiny. "Corsair seemed to be head and shoulders above everything else," Wallace says. "Along with other factors in its favor, it had done splendidly in the sidewalk interviews. The free associations with Corsair were rather romantic—'pirate,' 'swashbuckler,' things like that. For its opposite, we got 'princess,' or something else attractive on that order. Just what we wanted."

Corsair or no Corsair, the E-Car was named the Edsel in the early spring of 1956, though the public was not informed until the following autumn. The epochal decision was reached at a meeting of the Ford executive committee held at a time when, as it happened, all three Ford brothers were away. In President Ford's absence, the meeting was conducted by Breech, who had become chairman of the board in 1955, and his mood that day was brusque, and not one to linger long over swashbucklers and princesses. After hearing the final choices, he said, "I don't like any of them. Let's take another look at some of the others." So they took another look at the favored rejects, among them the name Edsel, which, in spite of the three Ford brothers' expressed interpretation of their father's probable wishes, had been retained as a sort of anchor to windward. Breech led his associates in a patient scrutiny of the list until they came to "Edsel." "Let's call it that," Breech said with



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calm finality. There were to be four main models of the E-Car, with variations on each one, and Breech soothed some of his colleagues by adding that the magic four—Corsair, Citation, Pacer, and Ranger—might be used, if anybody felt so inclined, as the sub-names for the models. A telephone call was put through to Henry II, who was vacationing in Nassau. He said that if Edsel was the choice of the executive committee, he would abide by its decision, provided he could get the approval of the rest of his family. Within a few days, he got it.

IT may be assumed that word of the naming of the E-Car spread a certain amount of despair among the Foote, Cone & Belding backers of more metaphorical names, none of whom won a free car—a despair heightened by the fact that the name “Edsel” had been ruled out of the competition from the first. But their sense of disappointment was as nothing compared to the gloom that enveloped many employees of the Special Products Division. Some felt that the name of a former president of the company, who had sired its current president, bore dynastic connotations that were alien to the American temper; others, who, with Wallace, had put their trust in the quirks of the mass unconscious, believed that “Edsel” was a disastrously unfortunate combination of syllables. What were its free associations? Pretzel, diesel, hard sell. What was its opposite? It didn't seem to have any. Still, the matter was settled, and there was nothing to do but put the best possible face on it. Besides, the anguish in the Special Products Division was by no means unanimous, and Krafve himself, of course, was among those who had no objection to the name. He still has none, declining to go along with those who contend that the decline and fall of the Edsel may be dated from the moment of its christening.

Krafve, in fact, was so well pleased with the way matters had turned out that when, at eleven o'clock on the morning of November 19, 1956, after a long summer of thoughtful silence, the Ford company released to the world the glad tidings that the E-Car had been named the Edsel, he accompanied the announcement with a few dramatic flourishes of his own. On the very stroke of that hour on that day, the telephone operators in Krafve's domain began greeting callers with “Edsel Division” instead of “Special Products Division;” all stationery bearing the ob-





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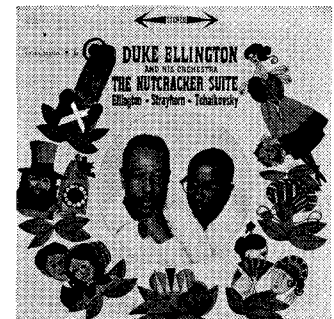


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solete letterhead of the division vanished and was replaced by sheaves of paper headed "Edsel Division;" and outside the building a huge stainless-steel sign reading "Edsel Division" rose ceremoniously to the rooftop. Krafve himself managed to remain earth-bound, though he had his own reasons for feeling buoyant; in recognition of his leadership of the E-Car project up to that point, he was given the august title of Vice-President of the Ford Motor Company and General Manager, Edsel Division.

From the administrative point of view, this off-with-the-old-on-with-the-new effect was merely harmless window dressing. In the strict secrecy of the Dearborn test track, vibrant, almost full-fledged Edsels, with their name graven on their superstructures, were already being road-tested; Brown and his fellow-stylists were already well along with their designs for the *next* year's Edsel; recruits were already being signed up for an entirely new organization of retail dealers to sell the Edsel to the public; and Foote, Cone & Belding, having been relieved of the burden of staging crash programs to collect names and crash programs to get rid of them again, was already deep in schemes for advertising the Edsel, under the personal direction of a no less substantial pillar of his trade than Fairfax M. Cone, the agency's head man. In planning his campaign, Cone relied heavily on what had come to be called the "Wallace prescription;" that is, the formula for the Edsel's personality as set forth by Wallace back in the days before the big naming bee—"The smart car for the younger executive or professional family on its way up." So enthusiastic was Cone about the prescription that he accepted it with only one revision—the substitution of "middle-income" family for "younger executive," his hunch being that there were more middle-income families around than young executives, or even people who *thought* they were young executives. In an expansive mood, possibly induced by his having landed an account that was expected to bring billings of well over ten million dollars a year, Cone described to reporters on several occasions the kind of campaign he was plotting for the Edsel—quiet, self-assured, and avoiding as much as possible the use of the adjective "new," which, though it had an obvious application to the product, he considered rather lacking in cachet. Above all, the campaign was to be classic in its calmness. "We think it would be awful for

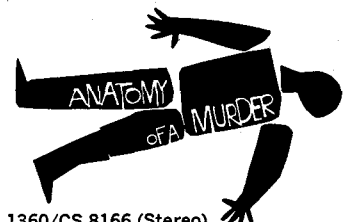
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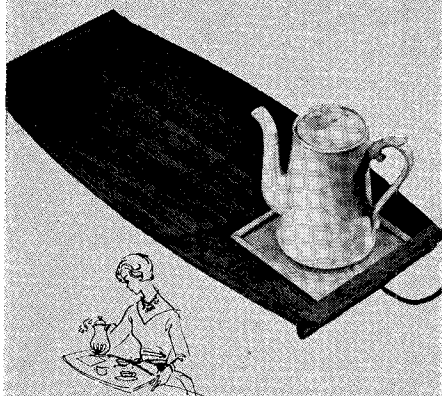
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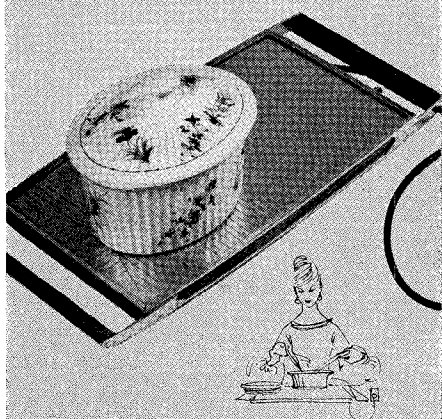


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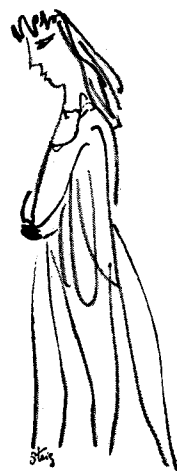
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the advertising to compete with the car," Cone told the press. "We hope that no one will ever ask 'Say, did you see that Edsel ad?' in any newspaper or magazine or on television, but, instead, that hundreds of thousands of people will say, and say again, 'Man, did you read about that Edsel?' or 'Did you see that car?' This is the difference between advertising and selling."

Automobile men still talk, with admiration for the virtuosity displayed and a shudder at the ultimate outcome, of the Edsel Division's drive to round up retail dealers. Ordinarily, an established manufacturer launches a new car through dealers who are already handling his other makes and who, to begin with, take on the upstart as a sort of sideline. Not so in the case of the Edsel; Krafve received authorization from on high to go all out and build up a retail-dealer organization by making raids on dealers who had contracts with other manufacturers, or even with the other Ford-company divisions—Ford and Lincoln-Mercury. (Although the Ford dealers thus corralled were not obliged to cancel their old contracts, all the emphasis was on signing up retail outlets exclusively dedicated to the selling of Edsels.) The goal set for Introduction Day—which, after a great deal of soul-searching, was finally established as September 4, 1957—was twelve hundred Edsel dealers from coast to coast. They were not to be just any dealers, either; Krafve made it clear that Edsel was interested in signing up only dealers whose records showed that they had a marked ability to sell cars without resorting to the high-pressure tricks of borderline legality that had lately been giving the automobile business a bad name. "We simply have to have quality dealers with quality service facilities," Krafve said. "A customer who gets poor service on an established brand blames the dealer. On an Edsel, he will blame the car." The goal of twelve hundred was a high one, for no dealer, quality or not, can afford to switch makes lightly. The average dealer has at least a hundred thousand dollars tied up in his agency, and in large cities the investment is much higher. He must hire salesmen, mechanics, and office help; buy his own tools, technical literature, and signs, the latter costing as much as five thousand dollars a set; and pay the

factory spot cash for the cars he receives from it.

The man charged with mobilizing an Edsel sales force along these exacting lines was J. C. (Larry) Doyle, who, as general sales-and-marketing manager of the division, ranked second to Krafve himself. A veteran of forty years with the Ford company, who had started with it as an office boy in Kansas City and had spent the intervening time mainly selling, Doyle was a maverick in his field. On the one hand, he had an air of kindness and consideration that made him the very antithesis of the glib, brash denizens of a thousand automobile rows across the continent, and, on the other, he did not trouble to conceal an old-time salesman's skepticism about such things as analyzing the sex and status of automobiles, a pursuit he characterized by saying, "When I play pool, I like to keep one foot on the floor." Still, he knew how to sell cars, and that was what the Edsel Division needed. Recalling how he and his sales staff brought off the unlikely trick of persuading substantial and reputable men who had already achieved success in one of the toughest of all businesses to tear up profitable franchises in favor of a risky new one, Doyle said not long ago, "As soon as the first few new Ed-



sels came through, early in 1957, we put a couple of them in each of our five regional sales offices. Needless to say, we kept those offices locked and the blinds drawn. Dealers in every make for miles around wanted to see the car, if only out of curiosity, and that gave us the leverage we needed. We let it be known that we would show the car only to dealers who were really interested in coming with us, and then we sent our regional field managers out to surround-

ing towns to try to line up the No. 1 dealer in each to see the cars. If we couldn't get No. 1, we'd try for No. 2. Anyway, we set things up so that no one got in to see the Edsel without listening to a complete one-hour pitch on the whole situation by a member of our sales force. It worked very well." It worked so well that by midsummer, 1957, it was clear that Edsel was going to have a lot of quality dealers on Introduction Day. (In fact, it missed the goal of twelve hundred by a couple of dozen.) Indeed, some dealers in other makes were apparently so confident of the Edsel's success, or so be-





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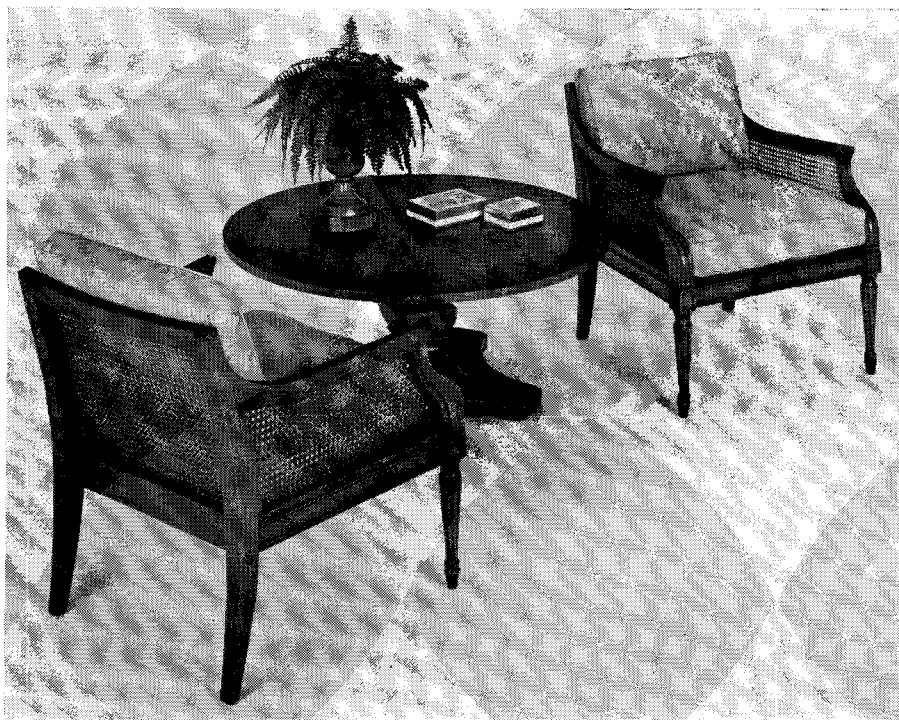
53 Proof **KAHLÚA** coffee liqueur

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mused by the Doyle staff's pitch, that they were entirely willing to sign up after hardly more than a glance at the Edsel itself. Doyle's people urged them to study the car closely, and kept reciting the litany of its virtues, but the prospective Edsel dealers would wave such protestations aside and demand a contract without further ado. In retrospect, it would seem that Doyle could have given lessons to the Pied Piper.

**N**OW that the Edsel was no longer the exclusive concern of Dearborn, the Ford company was irrevocably committed to going ahead. "Until Doyle went into action, the whole program could have been quietly dropped at any time at a word from top management, but once the dealers had been signed up, there was the matter of honoring your contract to put out a car," Krafve has explained. The matter was attended to with dispatch. Early in June, 1957, the company announced that of the two hundred and fifty million dollars it had set aside to defray the advance costs of the Edsel, a hundred and fifty million was being spent on basic facilities, including the conversion of various Ford and Mercury plants to the needs of producing the new cars; fifty million on special Edsel tooling; and fifty million on initial advertising and promotion. In June, too, an Edsel destined to be the star of a television commercial for future release was stealthily transported in a closed van to Hollywood, where, on a locked sound stage patrolled by security guards, it was exposed to the cameras in the admiring presence of a few carefully chosen actors who had sworn that their lips would be sealed from then until Introduction Day. For this delicate photographic operation the Edsel Division cannily enlisted the services of Cascade Pictures, which also worked for the Atomic Energy Commission, and, as far as is known, there were no unintentional leaks. "We took all the same precautions we take for our A.E.C. films," a grim Cascade official has since said.

Within a few weeks, the Edsel Division had eighteen hundred salaried employees and was rapidly filling some fifteen thousand factory jobs in the newly converted plants. On July 15th, Edsels began rolling off assembly lines at Somerville, Massachusetts; Mahwah, New Jersey; Louisville, Kentucky; and San Jose, California. The same day, Doyle scored an important coup by signing up Charles Kreiser, a Manhattan dealer regarded as one of the country's

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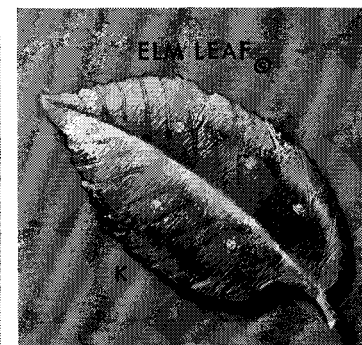
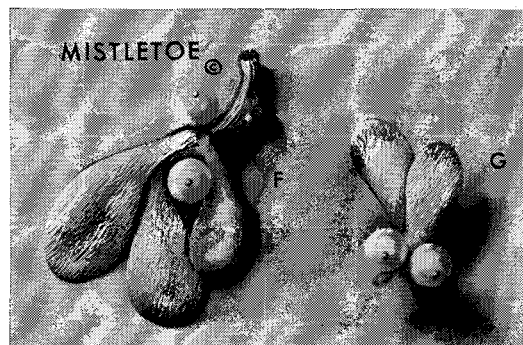


foremost practitioners in his field, who had represented Oldsmobile—one of Edsel's self-designated rivals—before heeding the siren song from Dearborn. On July 22nd, the first advertisement for the Edsel appeared—in *Life*. A two-page spread in plain black-and-white, it was impeccably classic and calm—showing a car whooshing down a country highway at such high speed that it was an indistinguishable blur. "Lately, some mysterious automobiles have been seen on the roads," the accompanying text was headed. It went on to say that the blur was an Edsel being road-tested, and concluded with the assurance "The Edsel is on its way." Two weeks later, a second ad appeared in *Life*, this one showing a ghostly-looking car, covered with a white sheet, standing at the entrance to the Ford styling center. This time the headline read, "A man in your town recently made a decision that will change his life." The decision, it was explained, was to become an Edsel dealer. Whoever wrote the ad cannot have known how truly he spoke.

During the tense summer of 1957, the man of the hour at Edsel was C. Gayle Warnock, director of public relations, whose duty was not so much to generate public interest in the forthcoming product, there being an abundance of that, as to keep the interest at white heat, and readily convertible into a desire to buy one of the new cars on or after Introduction Day—or, as the company came to call it, Edsel Day. Warnock, a dapper, affable man with a tiny mustache, is a native of Converse, Indiana, who, long before Krafve drafted him from the Ford office in Chicago, did a spot of publicity work for county fairs—a background that has enabled him to spice the honey-eyed smoothness of the modern public-relations man with a touch of the old carnival pitchman's uninhibited spirit. Recalling his summons to Dearborn, Warnock says, "When Dick Krafve hired me, back in the fall of 1955, he told me, 'I want you to program the E-Car publicity from now to Introduction Day.' I said, 'Frankly, Dick, what do you mean by "program"?' He said he meant to sort of space it out, starting at the end and working backward. This was something new to me—I was used to taking what breaks I could get when I could get them—but I soon found out how right Dick was. It was almost too easy to get publicity for the Edsel. Early in 1956, when it was still called the E-Car, Krafve gave a little talk about it out in Portland, Oregon. We

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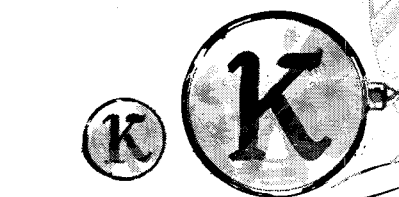
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didn't try for anything more than a play in the local press, but the wire services picked the story up and it went out all over the country. Clippings came in by the bushel. Right then I realized the trouble we might be headed for. The public was getting to be hysterical to see our car, figuring it was going to be some kind of dream car—like nothing they'd ever seen. I said to Krafve, 'When they find out it's got four wheels and one engine, just like the next car, they're liable to be disappointed.'"

It was agreed that the safest way to tread the tightrope between overplaying and underplaying the Edsel would be to say nothing about the car as a whole but to reveal its individual charms a little at a time—a sort of automotive strip tease (a phrase that Warnock couldn't with proper dignity use himself but was happy to see the New York Times use for him). The policy was later violated now and then, purposely or inadvertently. For one thing, as the pre-Edsel Day summer wore on, reporters prevailed upon Krafve to authorize Warnock to show the Edsel to them, one at a time, on what Warnock called a "peekaboo," or "you've-seen-it-now-forget-it," basis. And, for another, Edsels loaded on vans for delivery to dealers were appearing on the highways in ever-increasing numbers, covered fore and aft with canvas flaps that, as if to whet the desire of the motoring public, were forever blowing loose. That summer, too, was a time of speechmaking by an Edsel foursome consisting of Krafve, Doyle, J. Emmet Judge, who was Edsel's director of merchandise and product planning, and Robert F. G. Copeland, its assistant general sales manager for advertising, sales promotion, and training. Ranging separately up and down and across the nation, the four orators moved around so fast and so tirelessly that Warnock, lest he lose track of them, took to indicating their whereabouts with colored pins on a map in his office. "Let's see, Krafve goes from Atlanta to New Orleans, Doyle from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City," Warnock would muse of a morning in Dearborn, sipping his second cup of coffee and then getting up to yank the pins out and jab them in again.

Although most of Krafve's audiences consisted of bankers and representatives of finance companies who it was hoped would lend money to Edsel dealers, his speeches that summer, far from echoing the general hoopla, were almost statesmanlike in their cautious—even sombre—references to the new car's



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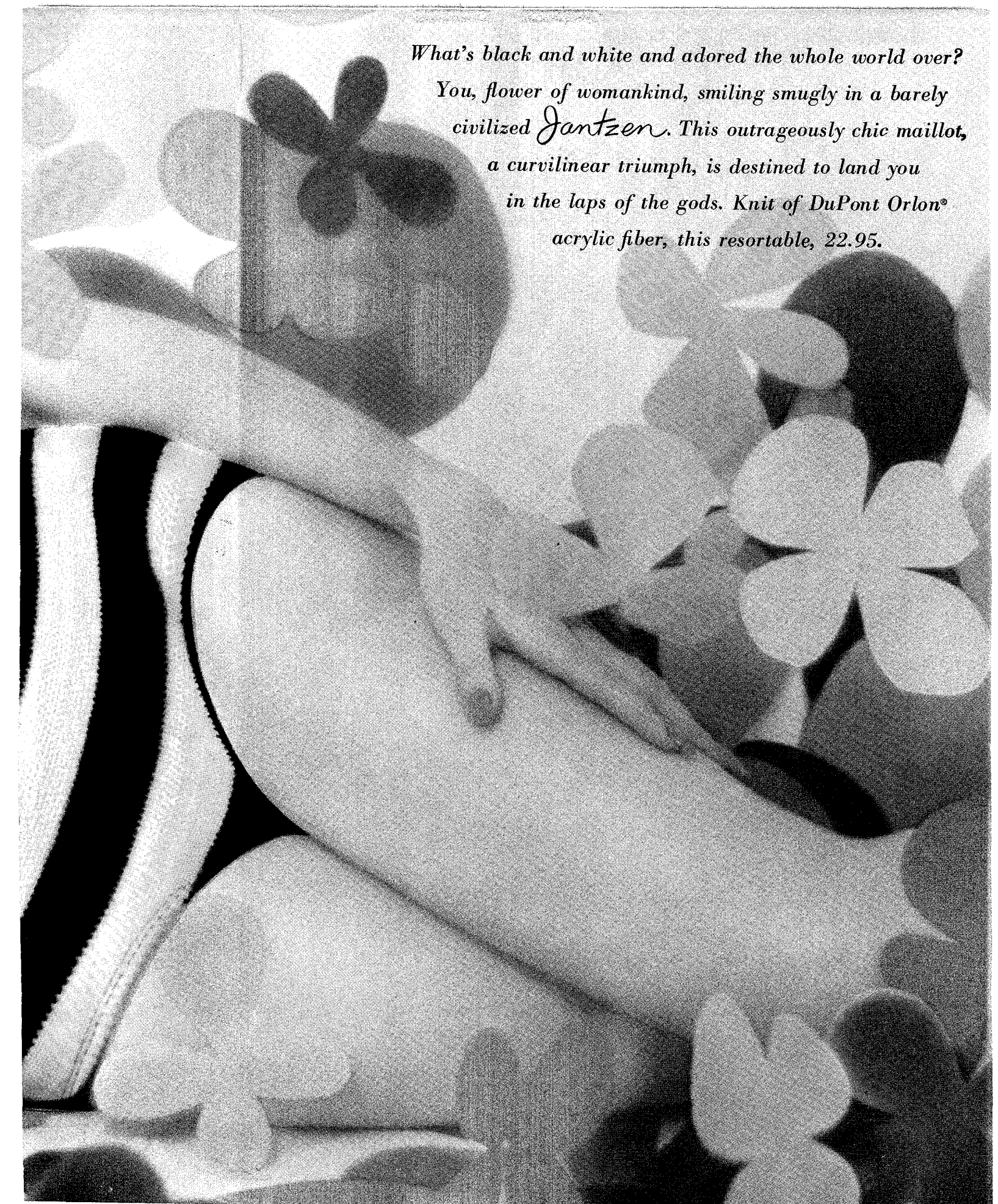
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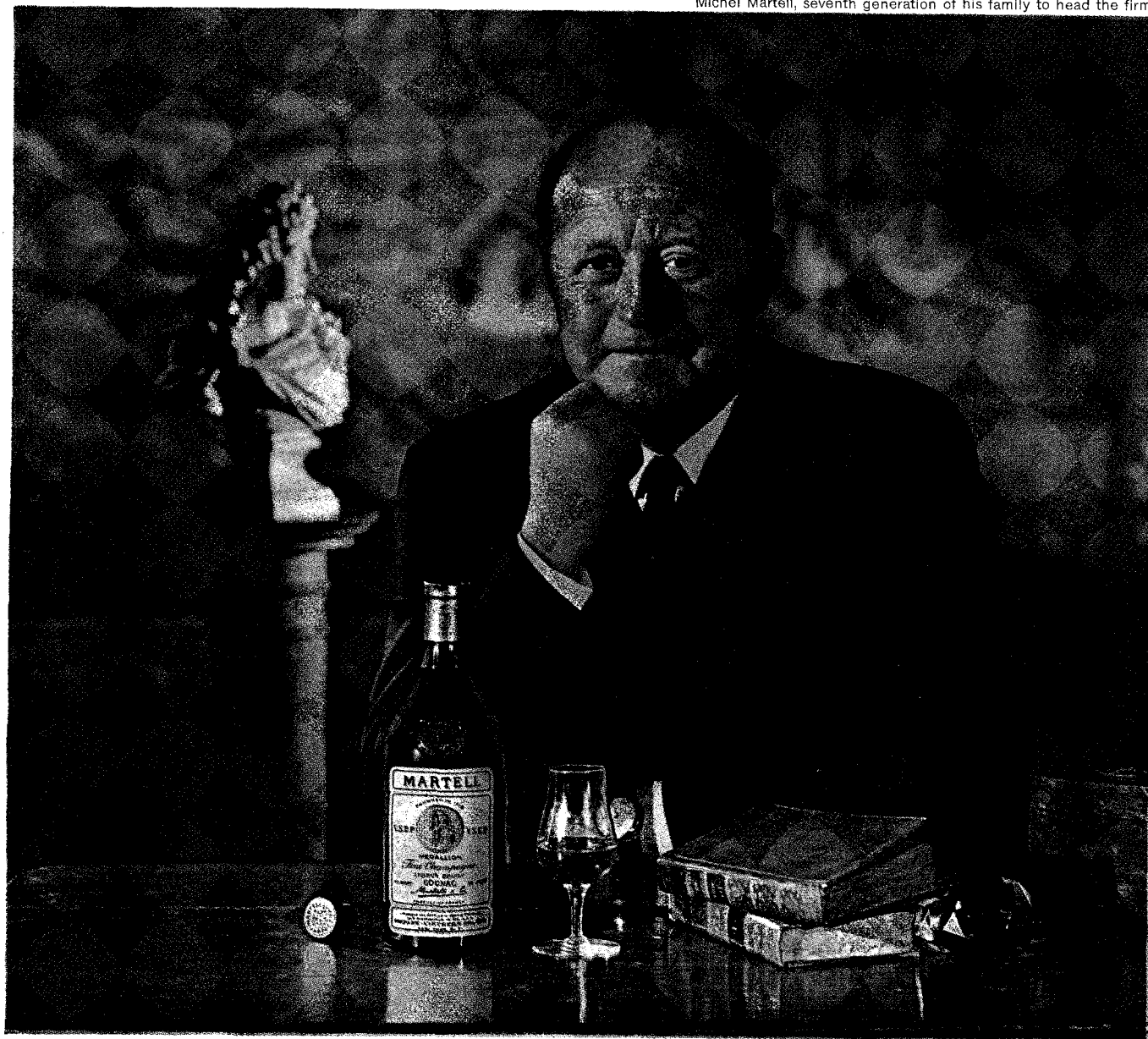
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prospects. And well they might have been, for developments in the general economic outlook of the nation were making more sanguine men than Krafve look puzzled. In July, 1957, the stock market went into a nose dive, marking the beginning of what is now recalled as the recession of 1958. Then, early in August, a decline in the sales of medium-priced 1957 cars of all makes set in, and the general situation worsened so rapidly that, before the month was out, *Automotive News* reported that dealers in all makes were ending their season with the second-largest number of unsold new cars in history. If Krafve, on his lonely rounds, ever considered retreating to Dearborn for consolation, he was forced to put that notion out of his mind when, also in August, Mercury, Edsel's own stablemate, served notice that it was going to make things as tough as possible for the newcomer by undertaking a million-dollar, thirty-day advertising drive aimed especially at "price-conscious buyers"—a clear reference to the fact that the 1957 Mercury, which was then being sold at a discount by most dealers, cost less than the new Edsel was expected to. Meanwhile, sales of the Rambler, which was the only American-made small car then in production, were beginning to rise ominously. In the face of all these evil portents, Krafve fell into the habit of ending his speeches with a rather downbeat anecdote about the board chairman of an unsuccessful dog-food company who said to his fellow-directors, "Gentlemen, let's face facts—dogs don't like our product." "As far as we're concerned," Krafve added on at least one occasion, driving home the moral with admirable clarity, "a lot will depend on whether people like our car or not."

But most of the other Edsel men were unimpressed by Krafve's misgivings. Perhaps the least impressed of all was Judge, who, while doing his bit as an itinerant speaker, specialized in community and civic groups. Undismayed by the limitations of the strip-tease policy, Judge brightened up his lectures by showing such a bewildering array of animated graphs, cartoons, charts, and pictures of parts of the car—all flashed on a CinemaScope screen—that his listeners usually got halfway home before they realized that he hadn't shown them an Edsel. He wandered restlessly around the auditorium as he spoke, shifting the kaleidoscopic images on the screen at will with the aid of an automatic slide changer—a trick made possible by a crew of electricians who laced



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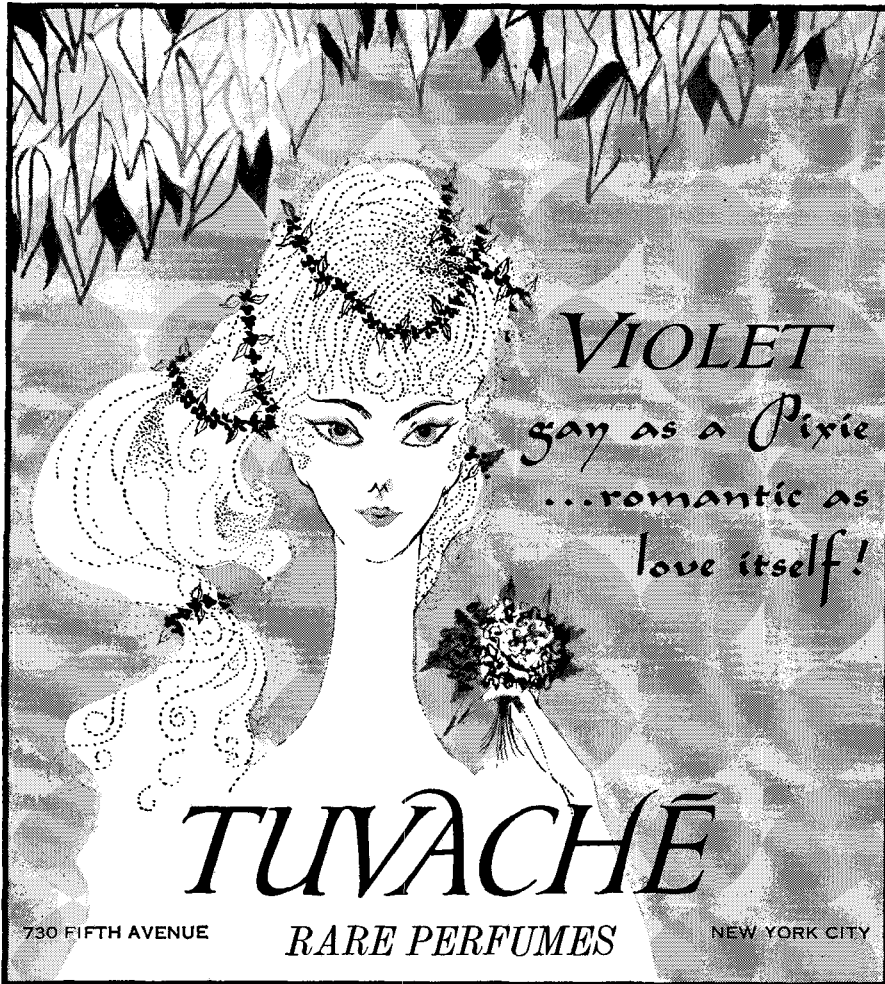
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the place in advance with a maze of wires linking the device to dozens of floor switches, which, scattered about the hall, responded when he kicked them. Each of the "Judge spectaculars," as these performances came to be known, cost the Edsel Division five thousand dollars—a sum that included the pay and expenses of the technical crew, who would arrive on the scene a day or so ahead of time to set up the electrical rig. At the last moment, Judge would descend on the town by plane, hasten to the hall, and go into his act. "One of the greatest aspects of this whole Edsel program is the philosophy of product and merchandising behind it," Judge might start off, with a desultory kick at a switch here, a switch there. "All of us who have been a part of it are real proud of this background and we are anxiously awaiting its success when the car is introduced this fall. . . . Never again will we be associated with anything as gigantic and full of meaning as this particular program. . . . Here is a glimpse of the car which will be before the American public on September 4, 1957 [at this point, Judge would show a provocative slide of a hubcap or section of fender]. . . . It is a different car in every respect, yet it has an element of conservatism which will give it maximum appeal. . . . The distinctiveness of the frontal styling integrates with the sculptured patterns of the side treatment. . . ." And on and on Judge would rhapsodize, rolling out such awesome phrases as "sculptured sheet metal," "highlight character," and "graceful, flowing lines." At last would come the ringing peroration. "We are proud of the Edsel!" he would cry, kicking switches right and left. "When it is introduced this fall, it will take its place on the streets and highways of America, bringing new greatness to the Ford Motor Company. This is the Edsel story."

THE drum-roll climax of the strip tease was a three-day press preview of the Edsel, undraped from pinched-in snout to flaring rear, that was held in Detroit and Dearborn on August 26th, 27th, and 28th, with two hundred and fifty reporters from all over the country in attendance. It differed from previous automotive jamborees of its kind in that the journalists were invited to bring their wives along—and many of them did. Before it was over, it had cost the Ford company ninety thousand dollars. Grand as it was, the conventionality of its setting was a disappointment to Warrnock, who had proposed, and seen re-





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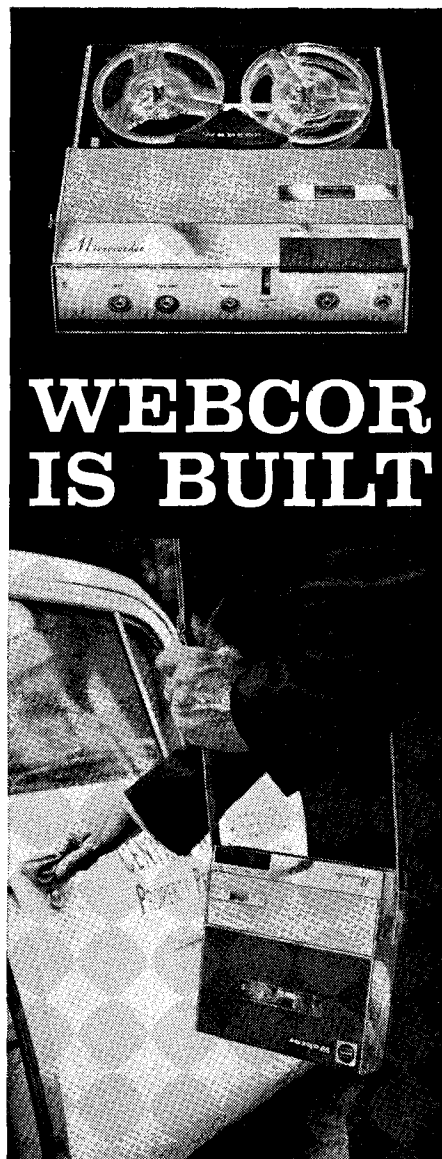
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jected, three locales that he thought would provide a more offbeat *ambiance*—a steamer on the Detroit River (“wrong symbolism”); Edsel, Kentucky (“inaccessible by road”); and Haiti (“just turned down flat”). Thus hobbled, Warnock could do no better for the reporters and their wives when they converged on the Detroit scene on Sunday evening, August 25th, than to put them up at the discouragingly named Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel and to arrange for them to spend their first afternoon hearing and reading about the long-awaited details of the entire crop of Edsels—eighteen varieties available, in four main lines (Corsair, Citation, Pacer, and Ranger), differing mainly in their size, power, and trim. The next morning, specimens of the models themselves were revealed to the reporters in the styling center’s rotunda, and Henry II offered a few words of tribute to his father. “The wives were not asked to the unveiling,” a Foote, Cone man who helped plan the affair recalls. “It was too solemn and businesslike an event for that. It went over fine. There was excitement even among the hardened newspapermen.” (The import of the stories that most of the excited newspapermen filed was that the Edsel seemed to be a good car, though not so radical as its billing had suggested.) In the afternoon, the reporters were whisked out to the test track to see a team of stunt drivers put the Edsel through its paces. This, too, was considered too rich for the blood of the wives, but the resourceful Warnock was ready for them with a fashion show that he hoped they would find at least equally diverting. He need not have worried. The star of the show, who was introduced by Brown, the Edsel stylist, as a Paris *couturière*, both beautiful and talented, turned out at the final curtain to be a female impersonator—a fact of which Warnock, to heighten the verisimilitude of the act, had given Brown no advance warning. Things have not been quite the same since between Brown and Warnock, but the wives were able to give their husbands an extra paragraph or two for their stories.

That evening, there was a big gala for one and all at the styling center, which was itself styled as a night club for the occasion, complete with a fountain that danced in time with the music of Ray McKinley’s band, whose emblem, the letters “GM”—a holdover from the days of its founder, the late Glenn Miller—was emblazoned, as usual, on the music stand of each musi-



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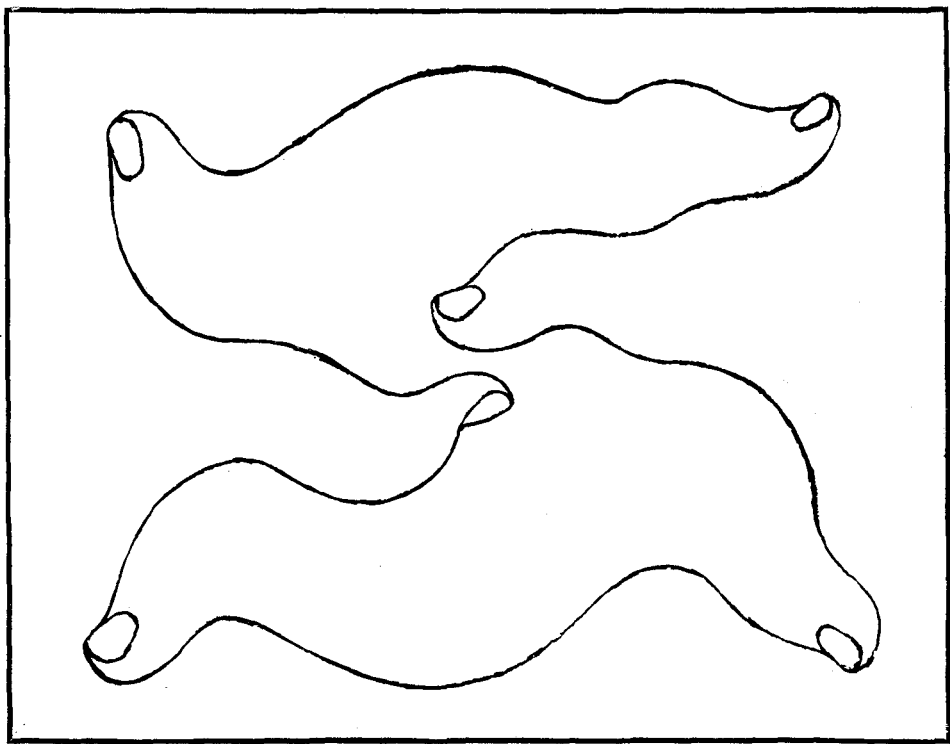




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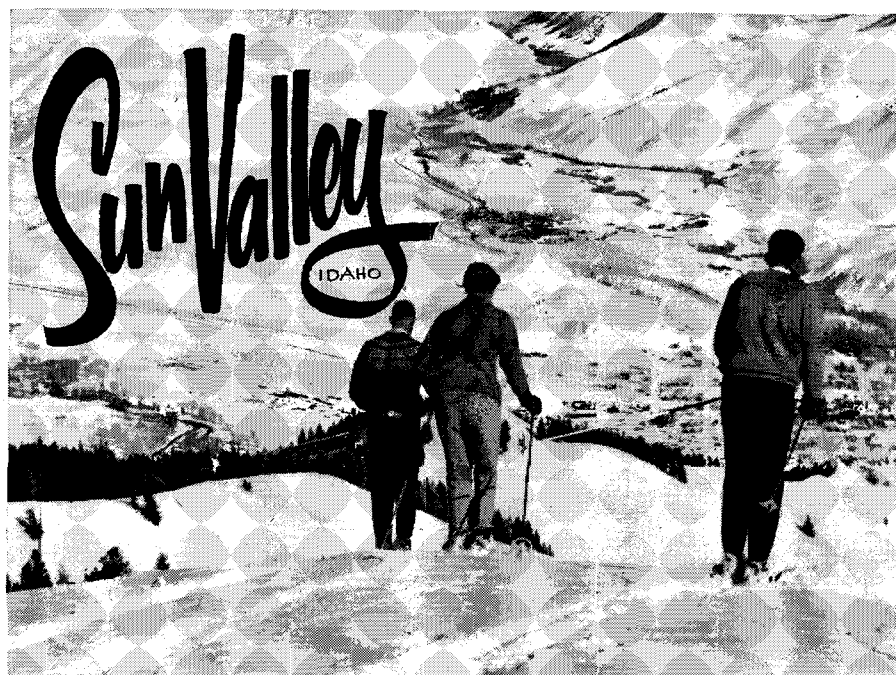
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cian, very nearly ruining the evening for Warnock. The next morning, at a windup press conference held by Ford officials, Breech declared of the Edsel, "It's a husky youngster, and, like most other new parents, we're proud enough to pop our buttons." Then seventy-one of the reporters took the wheels of as many Edsels and set out for home—not to drive the cars into their garages but to deliver them to the showrooms of their local Edsel dealers. Let Warnock describe the highlights of this final flourish: "There were several unfortunate occurrences. One guy simply miscalculated and cracked up his car running into something. No fault of the Edsel *there*. One car lost its oil pan, so naturally the motor froze. It can happen to the best of cars. Fortunately, at the time of this malfunction the driver was going through a beautiful-sounding town—Paradise, Kansas, I think it was—and that gave the news reports about it a nice little positive touch. The nearest dealer gave the reporter a new Edsel, and he drove on home, climbing Pikes Peak on the way. Then one car crashed through a tollgate when the brakes failed. That was bad. It's funny, but the thing we were most worried about—other drivers being so eager to get a look at the Edsels that they'd crowd our cars off the road—happened only once. That was on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. One of our reporters was tooling along—no problems—when a Plymouth driver pulled up alongside to rubberneck, and edged so close that the Edsel got sideswiped. Minor damage."

**L**ATE in 1959, immediately after the demise of the Edsel, *Business Week* stated that at the big press preview a Ford executive had said to a reporter, "If the company weren't in so deep, we never would have brought it out now." However, since *Business Week* neglected to publish this patently sensational statement for over two years, and since to this day all the former ranking Edsel executives (Krafve included, notwithstanding his preoccupation with the luckless dog-food company) firmly maintained that right up to Edsel Day and even for a short time thereafter they expected the Edsel to succeed, it would seem that the quotation should be regarded as a highly suspect archeological find. Indeed, during the period between the press preview and Edsel Day the spirit of everybody associated with the venture seems to have been one of wild optimism. "Oldsmobile, Goodbye!" ran the headline on an ad, in the Detroit



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## A DISSERTATION



A ski is less innocent than it looks. A rascal, an enigma—an uncommon complex of shape, camber, flexibility, torsion, weight, tip, running surface, groove, edge—expressed in materials of more or less beauty and durability. A great ski is a rare achievement.

Proper size for a ski is not mysterious. And every ski designer knows the bottom must arch—he has a word for it, camber. Obviously, a ski must also have side camber, narrowing from shovel to waist, widening again toward the tail—how else can you get it to turn? A ski must bend—more if you're a tyro who likes his comfort, less if you have your eye on winning the downhill.



Merely finding the gross measurements is simple—just take a micrometer to any good ski (that's why a certain black ski can be found in ski factories all over the world)—but make sure you follow it to tolerances as close as .010 inch.

Now you have a ski—but do you love it?

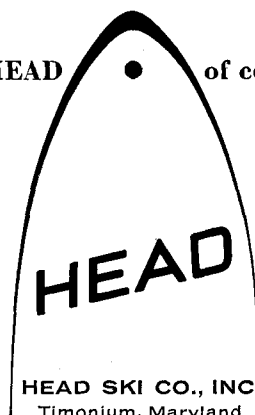
The brutal fact is, a ski can have good dimensions at foot, shovel, and tail, the right amounts of camber, side camber, and flexibility, yet fail to enthrall—flexibility wrongly distributed, camber somehow the wrong *shape*—a sorry companion, dragging or floating, overturning or stubbornly refusing to turn at all, grabbing now or letting go just when you need its bite—the rascal still undisciplined, the enigma still unsolved.

So you cajole, coax, refine, test, again and again, patiently, persistently, until . . . finally . . . *mirabile dictu*, despair changes to delight, trauma turns into treasure . . . “THIS IS IT!”—a great ski, a thing of beauty, flexibility flowing softly at the tip, running smoothly into firmness under the foot, ebbing to a steady but gentle tail—flaunting breathtakingly subtle curves, arcs of circles with centers somewhere off in the next block . . . “THIS IS IT!”—a ski that turns with a breath or equally follows without question your bidding to track—a great ski.



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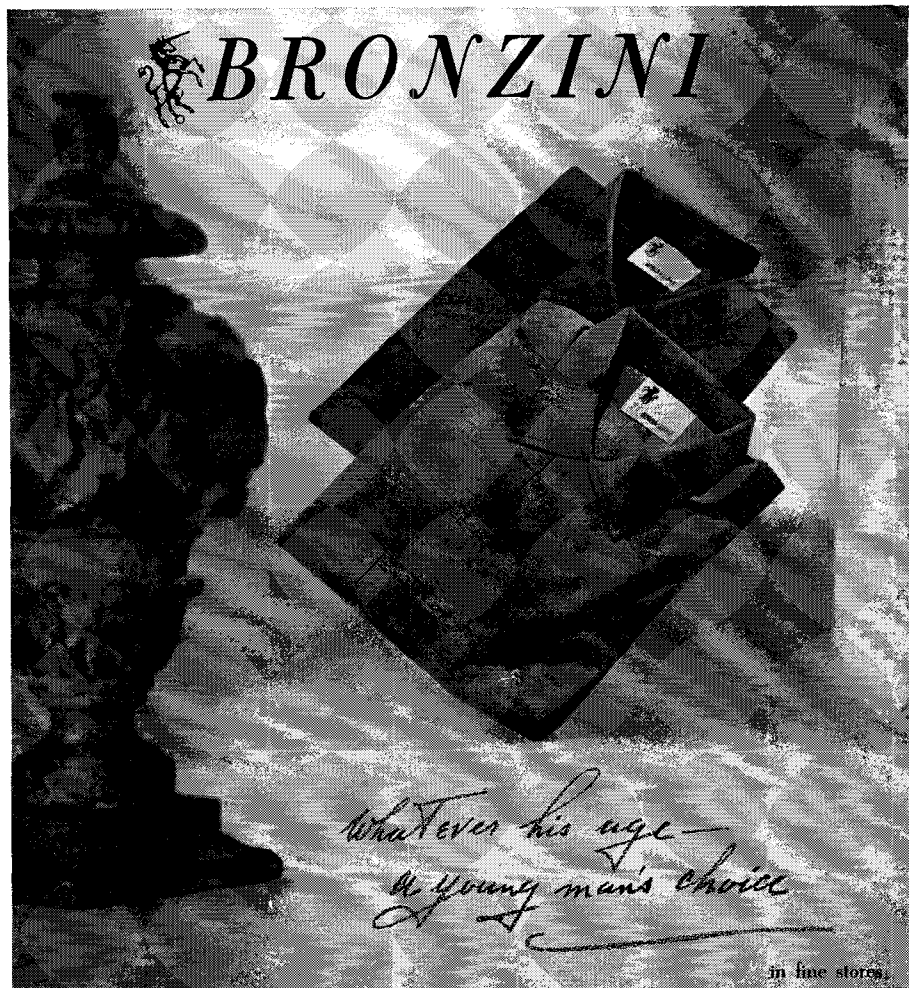
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*Objet d'art from JOSEPHINE HOWELL, INC.*

*Free Press*, for an agency that was switching from Olds to Edsel. A dealer in Portland, Oregon, reported that he had already sold two Edsels, sight unseen. Warnock dug up a fireworks company in Japan willing to make him, at nine dollars apiece, five thousand rockets that, exploding in midair, would release nine-foot scale-model Edsels made of rice paper that would inflate and descend like parachutes; his head reeling with visions of filling America's skies as well as its highways with Edsels on Edsel Day, Warnock was about to dash off an order when Krafve, looking something more than puzzled, shook his head.

On September 3rd—E Day-minus-one—the prices of the various Edsel models were announced; for cars delivered to New York they ran from just under twenty-eight hundred dollars to just over forty-one hundred. On E Day, the Edsel arrived. In Cambridge, a band led a gleaming motorcade of the new cars up Massachusetts Avenue; flying out of Richmond, California, a helicopter hired by one of the most jubilant of the dealers lassoed by Doyle spread a giant Edsel sign above San Francisco Bay; and all over the nation, from the Louisiana bayous to the peak of Mount Rainier to the Maine woods, one needed only a radio or a television set to know that the very air, despite Warnock's setback on the rockets, was quivering with the presence of the Edsel. Before sundown, it was estimated, 2,850,000 people had seen the new car in dealers' showrooms. Three days later, in North Philadelphia, an Edsel was stolen. It can reasonably be argued that the crime marked the high-water mark of public acceptance of the Edsel; only a few months later, any but the least fastidious of car thieves might not have bothered.

—JOHN BROOKS

*(This is the first of two articles  
on the Edsel.)*

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—*The Farm Journal*.

And don't get your hopes up.

## NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*]

Shades of the Lone Ranger, our gal Saturday this week is one-third Sioux Indian.





When you find you're going around in circles, have a cup of tea; most cheerful stuff in the world. Try drinking tea with your evening meal for a week; see if the world doesn't look a little brighter. Tea psyches you up.



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## WASHINGTON CARTOON

**A** "ADVISE AND CONSENT," currently at the Cort, is a large, sprawling melodrama in which upward of thirty actors go about depicting assorted governmental types in Washington, D.C. Their occupational range is wide—from President of the United States to Senate page—and most of them are seedy, unscrupulous, and conniving. There can be no doubt that on occasion "Advise and Consent," which was adapted by Loring Mandel from the novel by Allen Drury, works up quite a head of theatrical steam, but its characters are uniformly lacking in any real substance, and the central theme of the play is preposterous. Mr. Mandel, as Mr. Drury's vicar, would have us believe that the Capitol's witch-hunters are actually of the liberal persuasion, and that rabble-rousing is exclusively the preoccupation of the Left. But let us not linger over the Mandel-Drury political theories. They aren't advanced with any conviction or clarity

at the Cort, and the playwright is plainly much happier when he gets around to an account of the infighting that occurs in legislative circles. At the outset of the drama, a group of senators are discussing the appointment of a former University of Chicago professor as Secretary of State. One of the group, a South Carolina primitive, objects to the choice because the professor once called him a liar, and when a subcommittee holds a hearing on the appointment, the antagonistic senator introduces a witness who swears that the professor belonged to a Communist cell many years earlier. The witness isn't well in the head—he's had a nervous breakdown or two—but it appears that there is an element of truth in his charges, and this causes a seemingly upstanding senator from Utah to oppose the professor's nomination to high office. Thus begins a Donnybrook in the world's most exclusive club, and before it is over, all kinds of people have got

into the brawl—not just senators but the President and Vice-President as well. Prominent in support of the professor is a junior senator from Wyoming, an ambitious troublemaker who asserts somewhere along the line that he would go to Moscow on his hands and knees if it would prevent a nuclear war. This sentiment appalls a good many of his colleagues, and for a while he doesn't seem to be making much progress in the professor's behalf. Then he finds out that the senator from Utah once had a homosexual fling in Hawaii, and that discovery changes things around considerably. Without pursuing the plot any further, I might say that nobody in "Advise and Consent" except the Utah senator's wife commands any sympathy whatever, and that it would take someone much more cynical than I am to believe that the shenanigans revealed here are a fair presentation of our government at work.

The cast assembled for "Advise and Consent" is estimable, with Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy making an exciting clutch of lawmakers. There are also laudable performances by Staats Cotsworth, as the professor; by Sally Kemp, as the Utah senator's wife; and by Judson Laire, as the Presi-



"No, no, no! Thirty days hath September!"





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dent. Rouben Ter-Arutunian has provided a grim and angular set, which serves as an excellent background to all the shady doings, and Franklin Schaffner has directed the affair in galvanic style.

THE heroine of "Under the Yum-Yum Tree," a feathery item by Lawrence Roman that is now on display at the Henry Miller Theatre, is a San Francisco girl who is *virgo intacta* and is obsessed with the idea that her dearly beloved, an earnest young lawyer, must live with her as a non-carnal chum before the marital vows are taken. In her view, a few weeks of platonic companionship will prove that she and her fiancé don't have to indulge in any fleshly monkeyshines in order to establish the fact that they are made for each other. As it happens, an aunt of hers is temporarily moving out of an apartment on Telegraph Hill, and it is in this windy retreat, overlooking Golden Gate Bridge, that she conducts her innocent experiment. However, once she and her sweetheart have started pattering and prattling about the place, it develops that there is a lecherous landlord in residence just across the hall. The landlord has had his way with many previous tenants of the apartment, including our heroine's aunt, and it soon becomes evident that he regards the girl as fair game. So there we have the willowy structure on which Mr. Roman has tried to build a comedy, and it will probably come as no surprise to you that, after a lot of wavering, it finally collapses in a nervous heap. The playwright is a most chatty sort, but his dialogue has little wit or significance, and the long stretches in which the lawyer and his lass palaver about life and love are alternately coy and salacious.

As the young lady who is looking for "deep, real, absolute love," Sandra Church occasionally gets into a comic vein, but most of the time she is no more frivolous than somebody out of "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil." Dean Jones, as Miss Church's boy friend, is also rather solemn, so it is up to Gig Young, who plays the landlord, and Nan Martin, who plays the aunt, to add a touch of levity to the play. They both do well with their assignments, Mr. Young being particularly effective in a hangover scene that comes along late in the proceedings. But the pattern of the piece is all too familiar, and the characters have no more substance than the foam on a dying glass of beer. When the script gives him a chance, the director, Joseph Anthony,

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paces his actors quite skillfully, and Oliver Smith's set is cleverly wrought.

—JOHN McCARTEN

## OFF BROADWAY

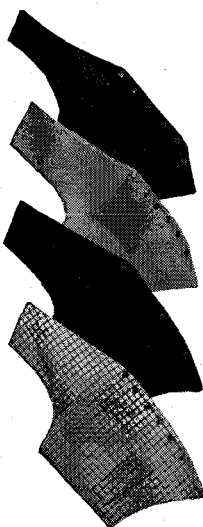
### Full Balloon

IN "Rosemary," the first of Molly Kazan's two one-act plays at the York Playhouse, such pressing matters as uncut silver cords, selfishness, and love-hate complexes knock heads so violently just beneath the play's bright pastel surface that they expire before ever coming plainly into view. In the second offering, "The Alligators," the situation is almost the reverse. Stalwart qualities like reality and honesty conquer illusion and dishonesty with open, water-polo vigor, and then are abruptly scuttled by melodrama. The two plays, in short, tend to cancel each other out, leaving one with the discomfiting sensation of having accidentally inhaled the air from a full balloon. The curtain for "Rosemary" rises on a New Jersey beach late in the summer of 1910. Teddy and Flo Varney, a young married song-and-dance team, are taking a day off from their recently arrived first child, Rosemary. (Technical note: It is, obscurely, a cloudy day, but the stage bursts with light. Moreover, the principal feature of the set is a sunny watercolor-sky backdrop.) Before long, the Varneys quarrel about when they can resume sexual relations, about Flo's late, domineering mother, and about what to do with Rosemary when they go to Pittsburgh for a booking. A Mrs. Kittel, hidden nearby beneath a parasol, emerges, and Mr. Kittel, in walrus mustache and Mack Sennett bathing suit, bounds onstage from a long swim. Soon all four are comically engaged in taking photographs. While posing, the Varneys have an unsettling Symbolic fight over a big prop doll, and then insult the Kittels, who depart. The Varneys, their psyches apparently cleansed, make up, and decide to take Rosemary to Pittsburgh with them. Varney composes a bittersweet finale song about a lopsided moon for their act, and the sun comes out, converting the stage into a night game at the Yankee Stadium. By and large, Mrs. Kazan stultifies the cast: "Look at the ocean; it's so big it makes you feel small" (Flo Varney), "I'd give you my card, but I don't carry it in my bathing suit" (Kittel to Teddy Varney), "How do I look?" (Mrs. Kittel, posing for a photograph, to her husband) and the reply, "Don't ask me, I might tell you." William Daniels, as Varney, attempts to off-



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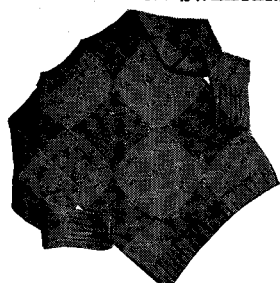
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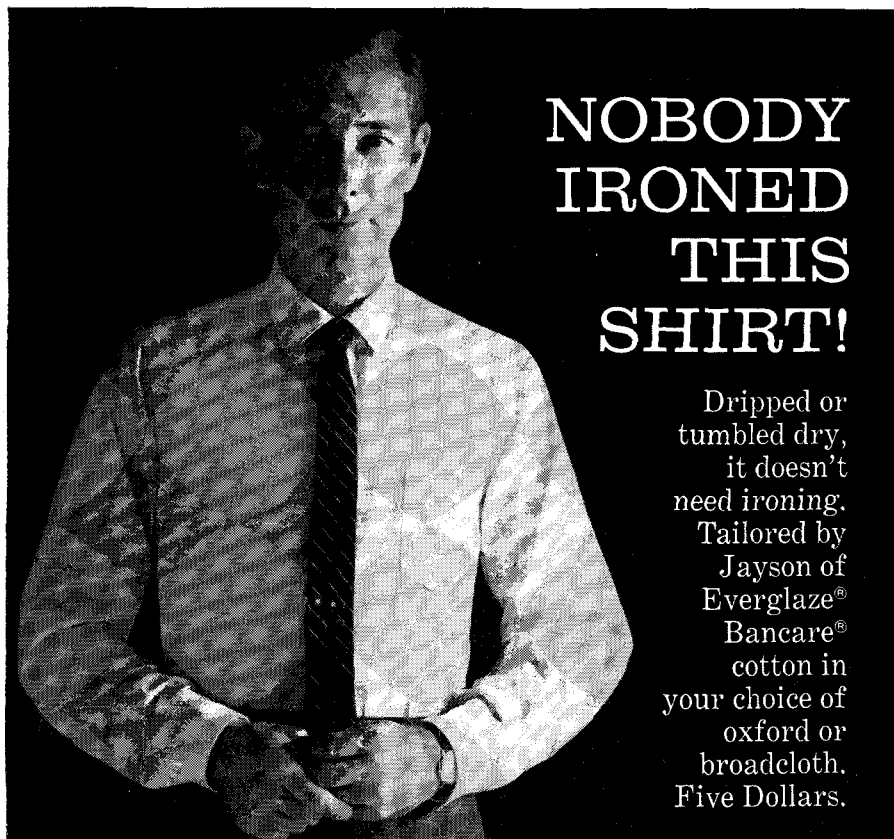
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set some of this by hopefully dangling the ends of his sentences high in the air, like an apprentice minister delivering his first sermon. Piper Laurie, as Flo, is most telling when she stands on her head for the camera. Jo Van Fleet, as wise, matronly Mrs. Kittel, executes some complicated ocular maneuvers, while Paul E. Richards, as Kittel, emulates pomposity by sticking out his nonexistent stomach, thus resembling a parenthesis.

The same foursome, plus one, reappear in "The Alligators," which almost gives them something to keep their minds off their work. Frances Salmeri Rosso Flint, the aging, alcoholic moll of a long-dead gangster, is interviewed by a young Harvard-bred Madison Avenue television producer named Harmon, who wants her coöperation in making a realistic movie about her late husband. After wheedling an eighty-thousand-dollar fee, Mrs. Flint, who is a little drunk, starts spilling the beans about the syndicate, past and present. The smell of so much evil makes Harmon nervous, and he begins to mumble that he's not able to make *that* kind of picture. Some good moments of dissolute wisdom versus fresh-faced innocence ensue. Then Mrs. Flint's old Chicago family retainer suggests that his mistress's indiscretions may cost her dearly. And they do. Smoke bombs of melodrama explode, and the play blurs, trembles, and goes out. Mrs. Flint, played by Jo Van Fleet, is a cornucopic, one-man-band role that offers just about everything—an hour or so onstage, drunk scenes, Italian-American dialect, tantrums, opulent sarcasms, pitiable scenes, and much more. Indeed, it's the sort of pure-pork part that Shirley Booth might waddle unconcernedly down the middle of, hair unkempt, bathrobe slightly ajar, slippers raising dust. But Miss Van Fleet, who *does* suggest Miss Booth after a crash diet, is an altogether serious actress. Piper Laurie, as Harmon's vacuous girl friend, remains upright this time. However, Paul E. Richards, as Harmon, is unswervingly one of those Madison Avenue types with a tie-adjusting tic and the kind of frank gaze that settles penetratingly near your Adam's apple.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

Q. Our child is 4. How can we bring him up not to open our letters when he grows older?

A. Don't open his. Even now, hand him his letter or postcard unread until he invites you to read it.—*Nyack* (N.Y.) *Rockland County Journal-News*.

How much mail does this kid get?



# FOOTBALL

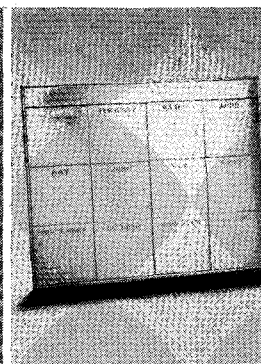
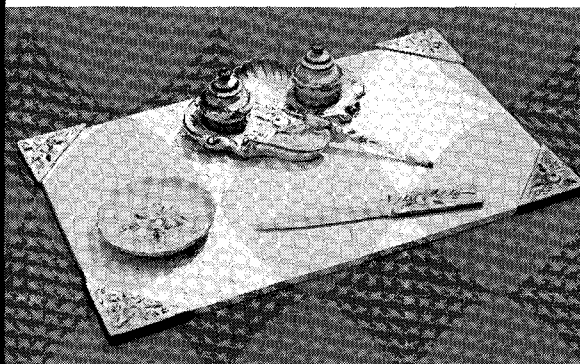
*Hail and Farewell*



THE football season, according to right thinkers, comes to an end this weekend in Philadelphia, with a whisper (Pennsylvania against Cornell) and a bang (Army against Navy). There was a time when the first of these matches had a bearing on the settling of the Ivy League championship, a topic that nowadays comes to a head earlier and elsewhere; the second will end the annual endurance contest between two of the greatest road shows in the trade. And, by the way, Navy, which reached the vanishing point in its relationship with the Ivy League when it played Penn last month, will reappear within its precincts—against Cornell, next year. By that time, Cornell, which was living this year on the proceeds of its last year's freshman team, may have acquired enough manpower from this year's freshman team to make matters a bit more even. The best freshman team to come under the eye of this department this fall, though, was easily Yale's, which operated with the assistance of no fewer than eight quarterbacks. The most notable of these signal-callers was Brian Rapp, a mite of a hundred and sixty-five pounds, who throws passes with the casual precision of Singleton and Leckonby, Yale's varsity quarterbacks. In addition, the freshman team contained, among its runners, a two-hundred-pound sledge hammer named Dick Niglio, a New Haven eighteen-year-old. Town and gown rarely mix in that part of the world, Albie Booth and Levi Jackson being the only other mixers who come to mind. It also contained two runners named Stan Thomas and Dick Berk, and there is a possibility that many an effort will have to be made next season to arrest them for speeding. Four linemen who could do better than two hundred pounds apiece were included in this rich haul.

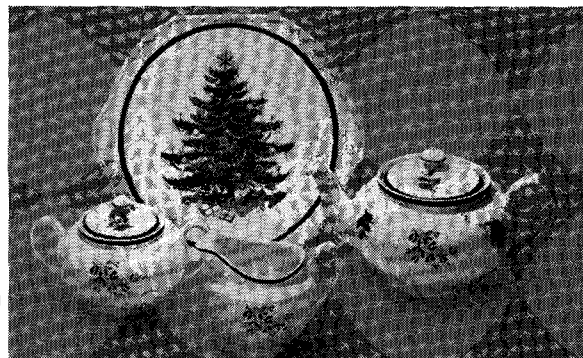
IT has been a good year for weather, field goals, fumbles, and damage, the last of which brings up the subject of spring practice, whose absence in the Ivy League leads to what does seem an extra-large number of sprains, bruises, and the like every fall. Earl Blaik, a coach who has the almost unique record of being a whopping hit in both the Ivy League (Dartmouth) and the vast world without (Army), is muttering

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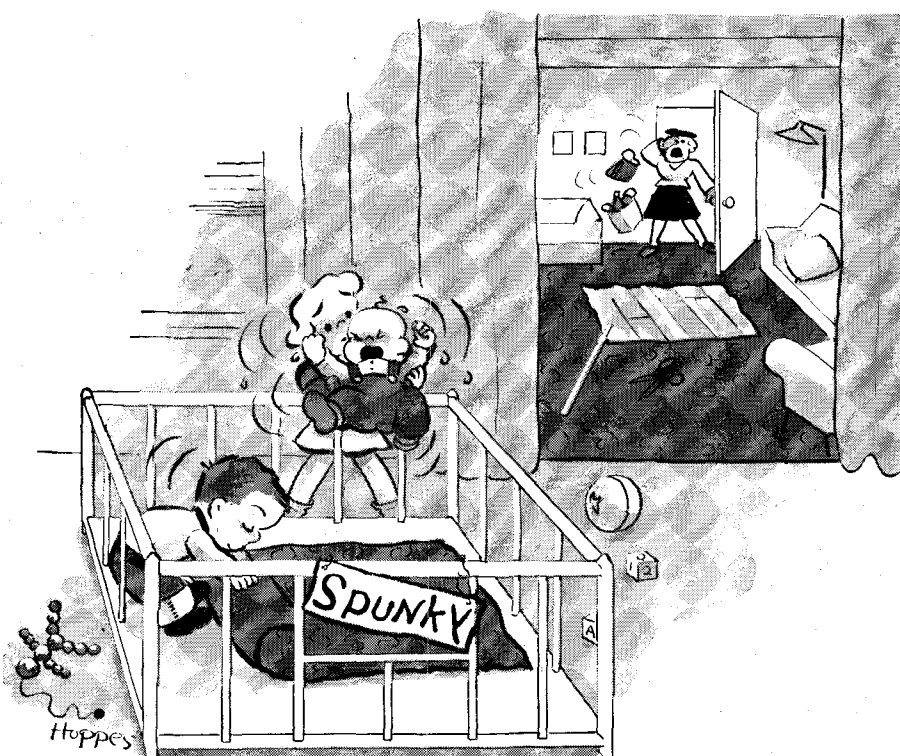
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about this, not just into a beard but in his autobiography, mordantly titled "You Have to Pay the Price," which showed up a while ago. Tim Cohane is listed as assistant biographer, but the thought can be presumed to be Blaik's own. (The damage done by flying teams halfway or all the way across the continent in chartered planes over a weekend may count for more in the end, though; sixteen young men on a California squad were killed a few weeks ago in an accident in Ohio, and succeeding autumns can be expected to contribute more bad flying weather.) Earl Blaik is likewise almost unique in speaking clearly about plenty of other faults—the segregation of football players in "athletic dormitories" to remove them from the corrosive influence of less specialized undergraduates, the cozening of young men who are not sure on what campus they want to play football, and the calculated risking in action of players not wholly sound ("We finally decided to play him and prayed the knee would hold up"), to specify three. The world of the football coach comes into focus, too—the permanent sophomore enthusiasm for what is, of course, a splendid old game of sport; the hardheaded-businessman thinking; the persecution complex that goes with losing matches everyone else thought you should have won. The Blaik catharsis is complete, even to the scholastic irregularities that brought about the removal of his own son, along with a good many other performers, not only from the Army team but from West Point. Along the way, rules committees, men who officiate at football games, and alumni bodies are sprinkled with freshly ground pepper. There is constructive criticism, too, to show that Colonel B., now retired into industrial life, is an all-round athlete.

Less constructive criticism has lately arrived from Bobby Dodds, a Southern coach, who thinks that an extra period, to end as soon as one of the participating teams scores, should be appended to a match that ends in a tie. Any neutral observer who has been admitted to the locker room of a squad after a game and has had a look at the performers as they get ready to return to civilian life may be excused for wondering whether it mightn't be better for the coaches to meet, at sword's point, to duel it out until first blood is drawn. —J. W. L.

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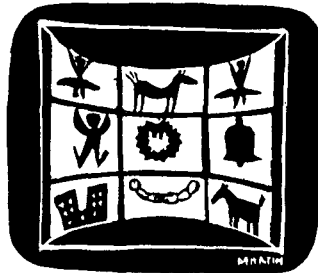
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## EINO

IT was an afternoon in early November of 1951. I was walking through France on my way to Copenhagen, and I was being rained upon viciously. Never before on the trip had I been defenseless in the lashing wrath of a rain-storm, and every time I took a step along the road my toes squeezed out a froth of bubbles through the worn blue of my tennis shoes. I had no hat, and my hair hung like a congestion of rats' tails studded with the slipping jewels of water. My coat and my blouse and pedal-pushers were soaked through, and I was cold and wet to the skin. There was something humiliating in this assault by the elements, and I continued to walk because it was the only gesture of pride I could manage. In the past when it rained I had always found shelter in a doorway or under a tree, where I could set down my medicine kit, which served as my rucksack, and enjoy the smell of wet dirt or pavement and the noise of the rain until it withdrew haltingly, leaving only a handful of drops to be shaken loose from leaves and telephone-pole wires. Here there were only flat fields, some dented by old shell craters, stretching in every direction into the fluid horizon.

In the youth hostel at Verdun that morning, I had only eaten three rolls and drunk two cups of instant coffee, and now I was hungry. The medicine kit was breaking my back, and despite the cold I was sleepy, for I had been the only occupant at the hostel and had lain open-eyed most of the night in an upper bunk, my penknife in hand, imagining some fiend



creeping toward me, his footsteps covered by the thunder that sounded intermittently. Now I was walking at as rapid a pace as the kit would allow, like an office girl hurrying to Macy's for a bargain during her lunch hour, but gradually the kit, ponderous with the water it had absorbed, bent my right shoulder toward the ground and finally settled itself in the mud, puddles instantly forming on its flat, creased top. I looked at it for a moment, poured off the puddles, and sat down on it. In actual fact, it bore no resemblance to rucksack, haversack, suitcase, or overnight bag. It was a large, cumbersome, square khaki canvas affair with black numbers stencilled across the back and a canvas shoulder strap

with big rusty buckles. It was clearly some sort of medical-supply kit from the war—possibly the First World War. I had found it in a dark shop at the open market in Rome, and in my greenness had paid the equivalent of seven and a half dollars for it. At that time, I had a bicycle, which I intended to ride to Copenhagen, where I had relatives, and I wanted something that would fit on the back of my bike.

"It certainly smells," I had told the shopkeeper.

"Put it in the sun for one day," he said, pointing out the door at the brilliant sunshine.

So I had brought it back to the hostel in Rome where I was staying, thrown open the lid, and set it on a balcony. There was nothing inside but an aged wad of cotton, which I tossed over the railing. I left it in the sun for a day, but the smell remained. It was the smell of damp, crumbling earth, of victorious mold. I took it into the washroom and scrubbed its dark insides with a Roman cleanser and set it outside again. The next day, I put my stick perfume to it in great loops until the stick was whittled down to a stump, and the following day I sprinkled it heavily with face powder. Still it smelled of earth—of the trenches, I imagined—and from that day on my clothes gave off the aura of an ancient battlefield.

After six weeks, my bicycle, which I had bought second-hand, had fallen apart in most of its departments; no one would buy it as a bicycle, so I had received a few francs for it as junk, and was left with some pleasant memories and my hateful medicine kit. I had decided then—I was at a hostel in Cannes—to continue by foot. At this, the other hostellers shook their heads and raised their eyebrows.

"It's affected and pointless," a Swedish boy said. He was travelling by motorcycle.

"You'll give up inside two days," another boy said, one of an Australian hitchhiking couple.

I felt I might have argued with eloquence if only I hadn't been burdened with that peculiar medicine kit; it ruined my morale. How readily would I have thrown it out and bought a rucksack had I the money for it. I envied the others their beflagged, bepinning ruck-

## STATESIDE



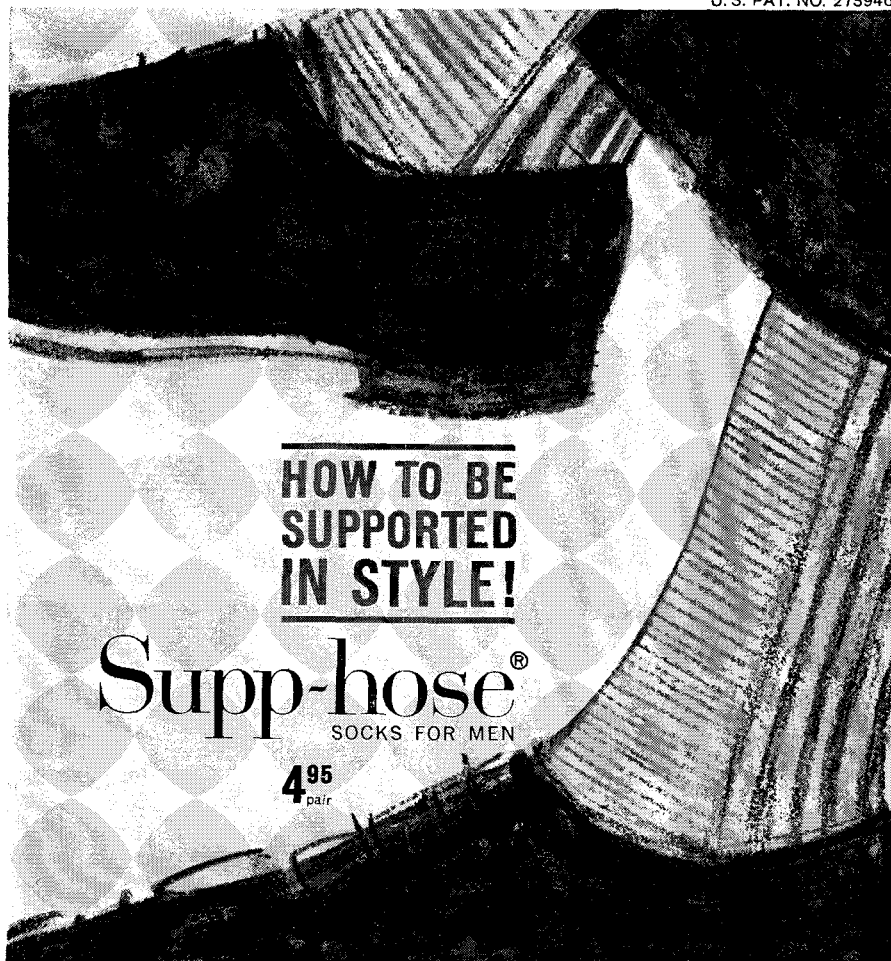
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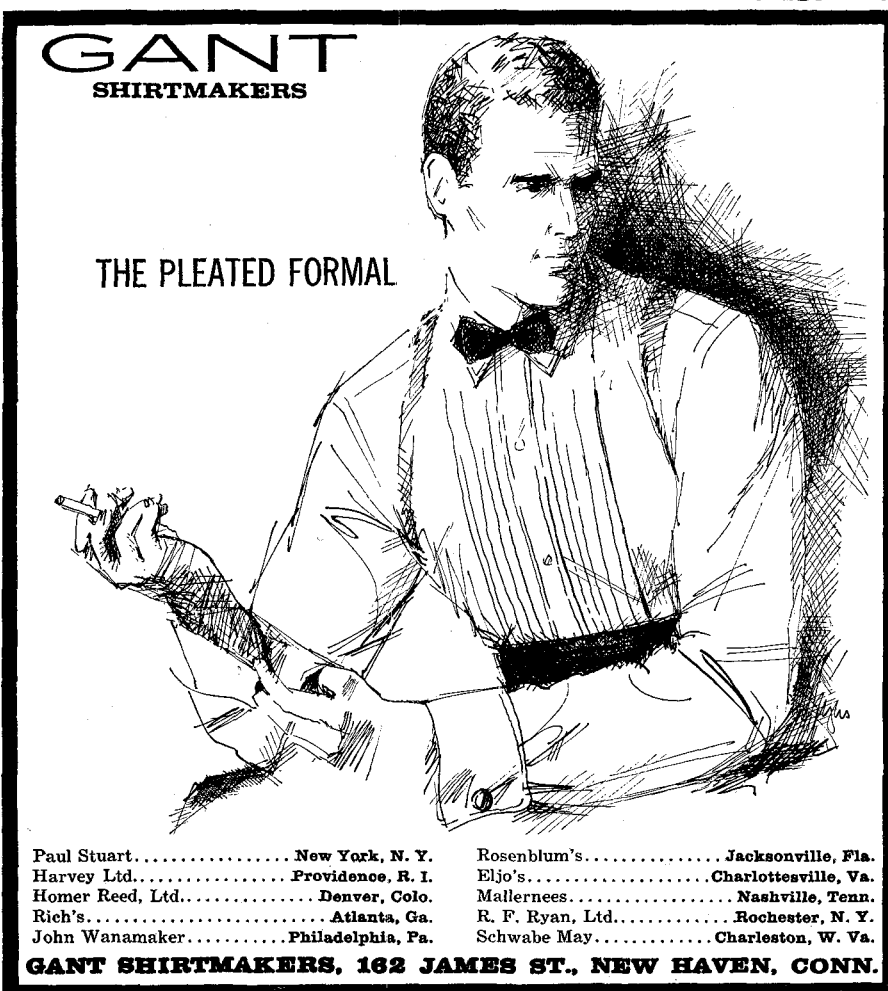


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sacks and thought of myself as a strange creature far removed from hostel decorum.

"When it rains, you'll be sorry," the Swede said.

"No. No, I'll enjoy it," I said, and suddenly believed, since the idea was perverse, that I would. I had set out for Paris, but my resolve to walk broke down almost immediately—five miles out of Cannes—when three English girls in an old car stopped for me. We drove all the way to Paris and had a glorious time; however, during three weeks in Paris I repented, and when I left for Copenhagen it was with the firm intention of not setting foot in a vehicle before I got there.

YOU may well wonder why I was so determined to walk to my destination. The reason dated back almost fifteen years, when, as a child, I saw a movie in which there was a memorable (to me) cocktail-party scene. The camera cruised among the guests and recorded snatches of their conversations. One pretty and animated girl was saying, "Oh yes! We had a delightful time . . . walked across France, Switzerland, Germany . . ." She had a cigarette in a holder, a brilliant smile, and was holding her cocktail glass rather unsteadily. The camera moved on, never again to rest upon her bright enthusiasm, but her words were the only ones in the picture I remembered. Thinking back, I believe she was meant to represent a tasteless frivolity dancing in the jaws of approaching war, but as a child I merely savored the names of the countries, her wonderful gaiety, a vision of flower-covered fields and glittering trees, and realized I must one day follow suit. I had at first acceded to the idea of a bicycle, but when it came apart I was certain Fate was telling me to go by foot.

But things were not what I had envisioned. I now had a clumsy medicine kit on my back, too little money, blisters that bled. I was alone—even if I had felt gay, there was no one with whom to share my gaiety—and it was, and had been for days, raining in huge, wind-billowed sheets. I sat there on my kit, feeling more ridiculous every minute. Finally, I decided that if a car approached I would make no effort to stop it, but if it stopped of its own accord I would get in. I got up stiffly and began to walk again; the storm had ceased for a while and the rain fell evenly.

About an hour later, a Volkswagen stopped a few yards ahead of me and





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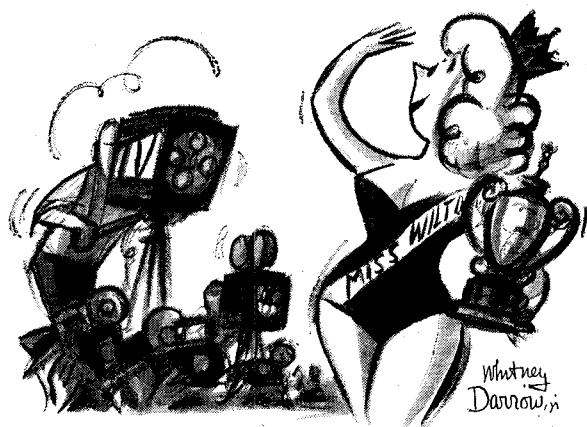
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a middle-aged man slid his head out the window, laughing a cold little laugh. I walked up to him and he helped me put the kit in the back seat, at the same time saying a few words to me in German. I told him, in English, that I understood no German and got into the front seat, where a puddle instantly formed around my feet.

"What are you doing?" he asked, in excellent English.

"Oh, I seem to be dripping all over your car."

He waved that away. "No, why are you walking here, so far from everything, in the rain?"

"Well, just walking, you know. That should be a common sight to you. Aren't the Germans great walkers?"

"Not girls, my dear."

"Times have changed," I said.

"American?" he asked, and I nodded.

"And you are going where?" he continued.

"Copenhagen."

"Copenhagen!" He laughed again.

"You *are* silly. But why do you not ride with me as far as Hamburg? Hamburg, the great white Phoenix of the North!"

The invitation was appealing. It had taken eight days just to walk this far from Paris, and there wasn't really much point in walking when the weather turned all the colors a uniform gray. "Today?" I asked.

"No, I am stopping over at Saarbrücken tonight. Saarbrücken, the no man's land between two eternal enemies!"

I consulted my hostel map. "Yes, there's a hostel in Saarbrücken where I could stay."

"Hostel?"

"Jugendherberge."

"Ah." He had just started the car along the road, but now he slowed down and looked at me with hooded, ice-cube eyes. "You must stay at my hotel."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't think of it."

"I insist. You will be my guest."

We rode in silence for a few minutes, still slowly, as though he were waiting for an answer. At last, I managed to utter the embarrassing but necessary clarification. "I hope you won't think me rude for saying this, but I hope you haven't anything like an escapade in mind."

He stopped the car. "What do you mean by 'escapade'?"

I looked at the puddle on the floor and tried to think of some casual means of explaining. At the same time, my right hand crept into my coat pocket and through a great rent therein to my

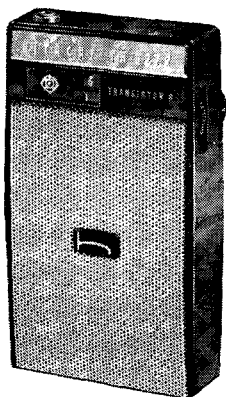


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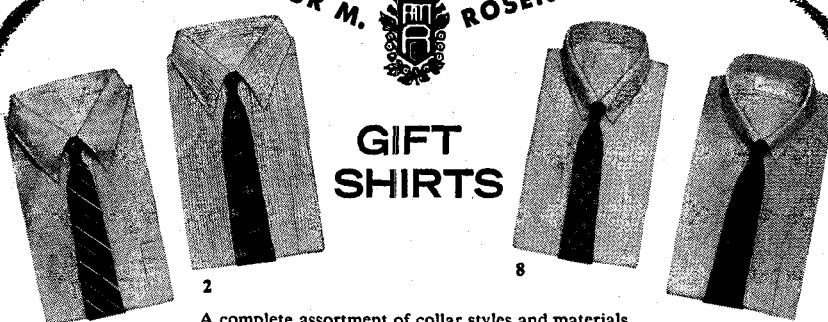
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pedal-pushers pocket, where I carried my penknife.

"I have taken you in out of the rain," he stated professorially. "You are drenching my new upholstery. So is your pack in the back seat. Do you not think you owe me a little something?"

I shook my head worriedly.

He leaned slowly across me and flicked open my door, then sat back and lit a cigar. I got out, pulled out my kit, and, leaving the door wide open, walked away a few paces and stopped, my coat wrapped wetly around me. He slammed the door shut and drove off. I watched the car disappear, and then began walking once more in the rain.

IN the next couple of hours, two cars passed me, and one slowed down, but I waved it on. It was almost dark before I again decided to accept a ride. I was so cold by that time I would have ridden with anybody. And I was overcome by a loneliness of the sort that, if you have a room and a lamp, makes you unable to turn out the light and go to sleep. I had felt this loneliness a little more each day since leaving Paris. I walked on and waited. Every few minutes, I felt a sudden slash of rain between my limp collar and my neck. In time, a car, black in the grayness, slowed down and stopped. It was a junk heap. The driver was a dark young man with a humorless, long, almost postlike face, dressed in a shiny suit with a crooked, stained tie. He said nothing as I put the kit on the back seat and climbed in beside him, and nothing as we drove along. With my right hand I took hold of my penknife.

At length, I asked, "How far are you going?"

He shook his head, not taking his eyes from the road.

"Français?" I asked.

"Nein."

"Deutscher."

He nodded, turning on the headlights.

I knew only a few words of German. "Saarbrücken? Kaiserslautern? Frankfurt?" I asked.

"Saarbrücken." He lit a cigarette and, rather grudgingly, offered me one. I took the cigarette with my left hand, not for a second releasing the hidden knife in my right. We drove for miles through the rain and darkness, and he said nothing. Rain seeped through the top. When we approached Saarbrücken, he spoke in German, asking me, I assumed, which area I wished to be left off at.

"Jugendherberge," I said. I wanted



to explain that I wasn't asking him to drive me there, that he could simply set me off near there and I would walk or take a streetcar. "*Parlez-vous français?*" I asked.

"*Nein!*" Then he asked me something in German again. I caught the word "*Strasse*."

"Oh, no," I insisted. I let go the penknife and waved my hands in a gesture of refusal, meaning that he needn't take me to the exact street. Then I made the fingers of my right hand walk along the dashboard. He grunted and pointed with his chin to the rain. At last I took my hostel book from a pocket and looked up the street address. "Kohlweg 2," I said, holding up two fingers.

The hostel was about three miles from the center of town, in a reconstructed area, a large brick building sleeping a hundred and twelve and standing in the middle of a black lawn. We drove up to the front door, and the young man jumped out, grabbed my medicine kit, and led me, running through the rain, to the shelter of the doorway. I pushed open the door and we walked in. He put down the kit. It was cold inside, but the lights were burning fiercely. The warden, an elderly, bald man, sat behind a counter in his office, and beside him was a little girl who sucked on a piece of hard candy.

"*Guten Abend*," he said, pushing forward a ledger and pencil on the counter and glancing absently at us.

I signed in: Name, age, nationality, card number, last stop, destination. The young man leaned against a wall and watched the words form under the pencil.

"American," the warden murmured as he turned the ledger around. The child sucked her candy audibly, and another girl, older, poked her head out from a door. I could hear the rattle of dishes and a faucet being turned on and off.

"One hundred francs, please," the warden said. "You have a sleeping sheet?"

I nodded.

"You have missed dinner. We serve only until seven. But you may use the community kitchen to cook your own food until nine."

"I'm afraid I didn't have a chance to buy anything today," I said. "I don't have any food."

"We do not serve after seven," he said.

On the counter there were things for sale—candy bars, gum, tea, dried fruit. I looked at them and then turned to the



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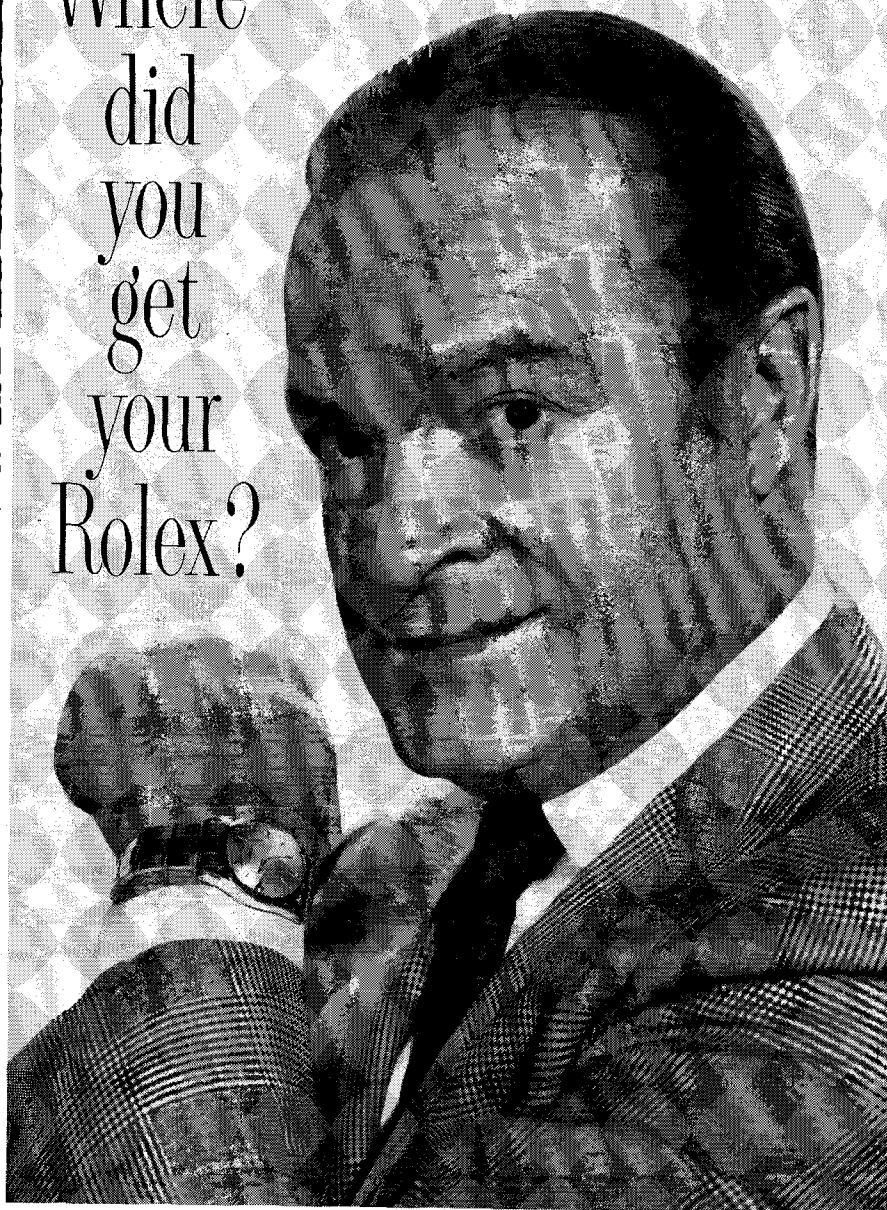
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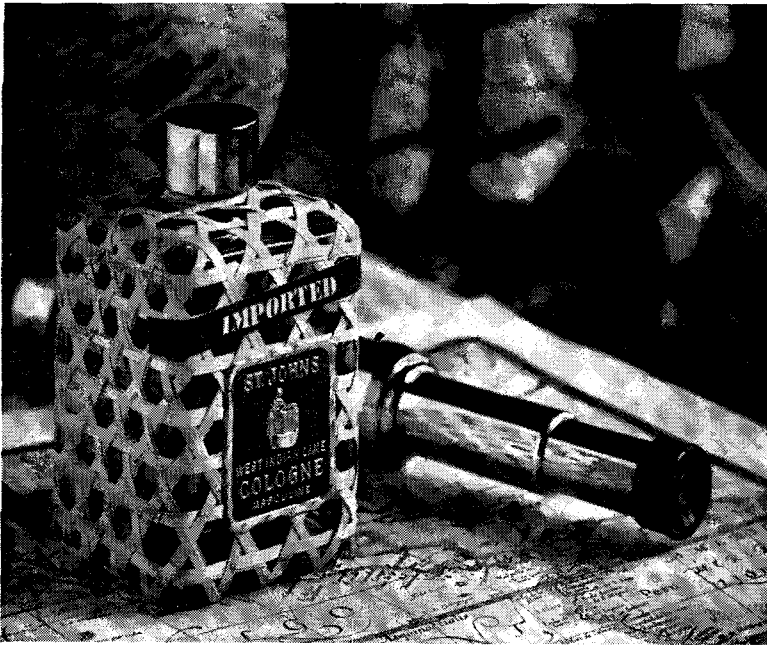
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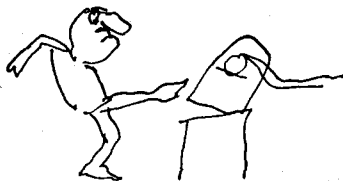




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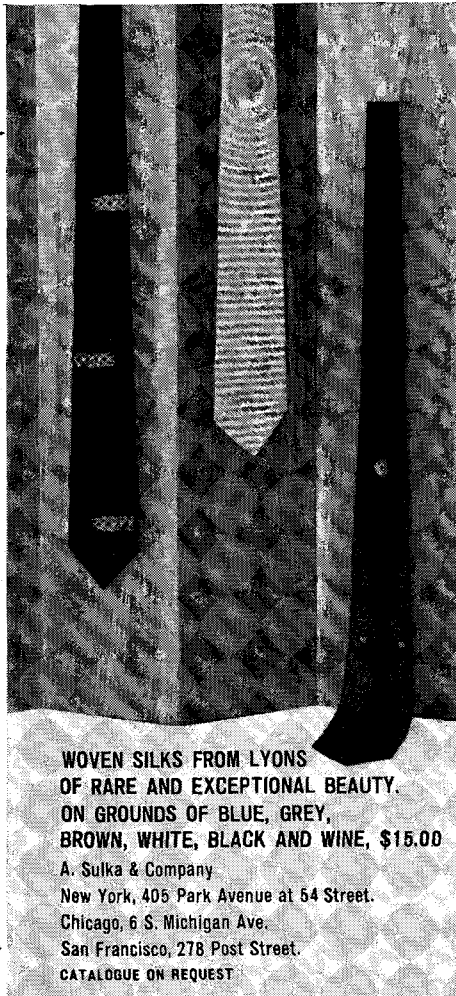
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young man and held out my hand.  
 "Danke schön very much," I said.

He touched my hand and started to leave, but stopped and put his hand to his mouth, as though eating, and lifted his eyebrows questioningly.

"Nein," I answered in mock despair.  
 "Nein?"

"Nein," the warden stated flatly.

The young man motioned for me to follow him. Happily, I did.

"A moment!" the warden called.  
 "Take that thing away." He pointed to my medicine kit, which had formed a small puddle on the floor. "Dormitory 2-A. You are the only one here; it is late in the season. And we lock at eleven. Tell that boy to have you back by eleven. You know the hostel rules. Eleven."

I reached for the glistening kit, but the young man picked it up and slung it over his shoulder. We went out, and he put the kit in the back seat, and we climbed into the car and drove back toward the center of town, through streets of old buildings, untouched by war, with lighted windows twinkling in the rain, and through bare patches where the ruins had been cleared away. He passed a number of restaurants, and I supposed he was driving to a place that was particularly reasonable. Back at the hostel, in the bright light, I had noticed the frayed cuffs of his shirt, his scuffed shoes, and his neglected hair, which curled around his ears like ebony ferns. His face was sallow, as though he had always eaten soggy cream puffs. At college, my face had turned sallow when I ate too many cream puffs, drank too much coffee, or smoked too many cigarettes. My fingernails had then accumulated ten black half wreaths as his had now, but my clothes had never been frayed. As we drove along, the water worked its way through the top in sporadic spurts. I was cold—as cold as I had been on the road. My socks were wet and my toes numb.

"Zengerstrasse," he announced suddenly, in a low voice. It was a bare, dimly lit street lined with tall old brick apartment buildings. He stopped the car before one of them and, going around to the trunk, took out two black, battered suitcases. I assumed he was a salesman of some kind. He led the way to a door of the building and opened it, motioning me ahead. Suspicion told me to object, to get my kit and fly down the street. Instead, I smiled politely and went in. It was dark, but I could make out a staircase. We walked up seven flights. Then he stopped, took





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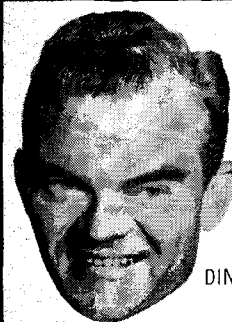
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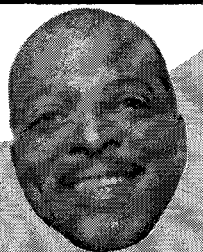
## Kid Ory

THE ORIGINAL JAZZ  
DANCE WITH KID ORY OR JUST LISTEN  
KID ORY PLAYS W. C. HANDY  
THE SONG OF THE WANDERER



## Count Basie

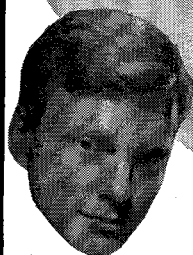
HALL OF FAME  
ONE O'CLOCK JUMP  
COUNT BASIE IN LONDON WITH JOE WILLIAMS  
BASIE SWINGS AND JOE WILLIAMS SINGS  
COUNT BASIE WITH LESTER YOUNG, JO JONES, JIMMY RUSHING,  
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SONNY STITT PLAYS THE BLUES  
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LESTER'S HERE  
LESTER YOUNG IN PARIS  
LAUGHIN' TO KEEP FROM CRYIN'



MONO AND STEREO



BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

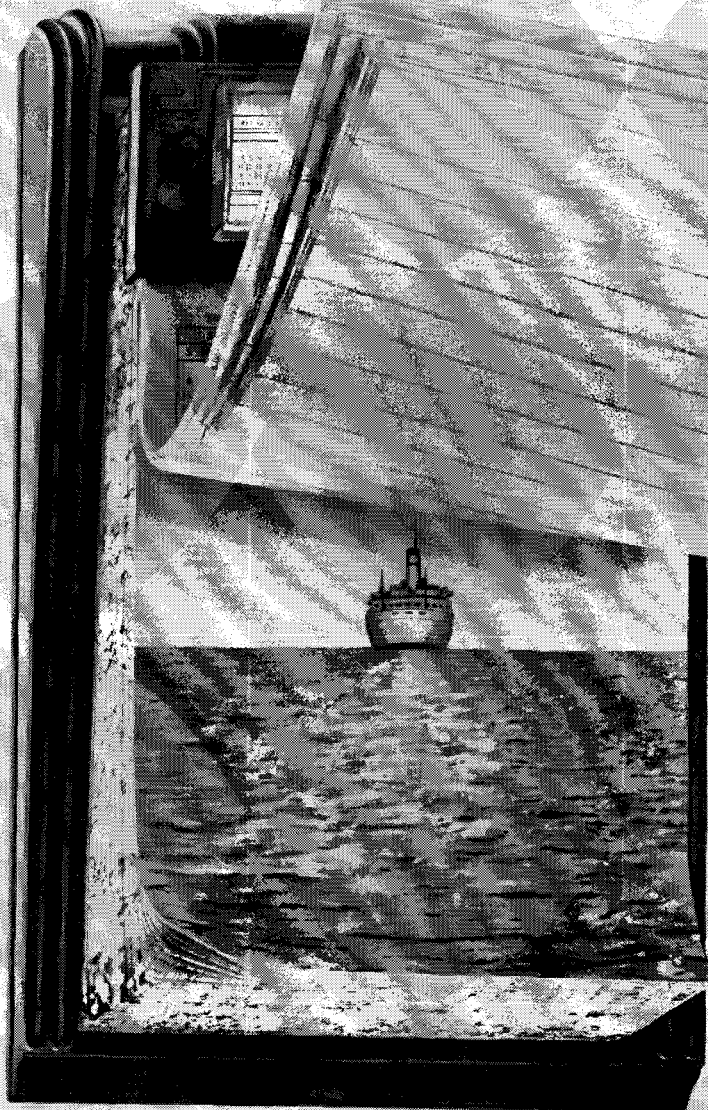


out a key, and opened a door. We entered a dim hall. He led me down the hall to another door, opened it, and took me inside. He motioned toward a radiator, gestured for me to take off my coat, and disappeared.

Hungrily, I laid my hands on the radiator, but it was only lukewarm. I felt the iciness of my hands dousing its little warmth and took them away guiltily. I unbuttoned my coat and laid it, lining out so it wouldn't drip, across a chair and looked around the room. It was a living-dining room, bathed in the sickliest of lights—a kind of water-barrel brown—that left the corners in darkness. A dark-brown rug with worn spots covered the floor. A round table, centered exactly, took up most of the room. On it was an apple-green velvet cloth, scarred by cigarette embers, and in the center stood a glass vase with three wax lilies. A blue kitchen stool, a straight chair, a sagging magenta rocker, and a leather sofa chair that had grown dull with age circled the table. Someone had left a newspaper on the rocker. There was a buffet, too, and a desk with two framed photographs on it. One showed the young man as a boy, rosy-tinted and smiling. The other was of an older boy. At first, I thought it was the young man, but the nose was fleshier and the chin more prominent. The walls were covered with pictures, mostly original water colors of thatched-roof cottages in meadows full of stiff cows and grinning pigs. There was not a speck of dust anywhere, but instead a gray patina.

I sat down on the edge of the leather chair and waited, shivering. From the hall I heard the young man's voice, muffled, and then a female voice, farther off. He came in, shutting the door behind him, and pointed again to the radiator. I got up obligingly and walked over to it again, and spread my hands out on it. Behind it, where the pipe entered the wall, bare boards and fresh plaster showed, marking the radiator's newness. I turned around and curled my toes, trying to put some life into them; not succeeding, I stared at my feet. The young man stared, too, and left the room. He returned in a minute with a pair of carpet slippers. Gratefully, I took off my shoes and socks, put them under the radiator, and slipped my feet, which were curiously worm white, into the slippers.

The young man removed the vase from the table and took three plates from the buffet and set them carefully on the green velvet. He pointed to the door, then to his mouth, and nodded his



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head, as though to say "Soon." Sitting down, he looked at the newspaper, only to let it slip from his hand to the floor. For a moment, I thought he had fallen asleep, but he stood up and stretched, and then pointed to the water colors on the wall.

"Mein Vater," he said.

I looked with courteous appreciation at his father's cows and pigs. "Schön," I said.

He smiled at my pronunciation and turned to leave the room again. I started to follow him, thinking I could help, but he shook his head. He stepped out and was back in a moment with two bowls of food, which he put on the table. He went out again and returned with another bowl in one hand and three bottles of beer tucked between an arm and his chest. "Franz!" he shouted, nodding at me to sit down. In a moment, he began dishing out the food.

A seedy man of about thirty shuffled in. He wore a long gray-and-yellow striped robe whose sash was loosely knotted somewhere around his thighs. "Good evening," he said to me, in English, sitting down in the rocker and ignoring the young man. "My brother said he had a visitor, but I insisted I eat, too. Please excuse my appearance. In the winter, I have bronchitis."

"It's very kind of your brother to ask me to eat here. Would you tell him that?"

Franz waved his hand. "He knows that."

I began to eat. There were three colors on the plate: green, white, rust. Stringbeans, boiled potatoes, frankfurters. But they were warped by the sickly light into khaki, gray, and brown. I gazed inadvertently at the frankfurters. They were withered and wrinkled, like the skin of a mummy, but I couldn't wait to cut them up and eat them. Suddenly I felt embarrassed, and said stupidly, "This is wonderful!"

"My brother tells me you are an American," Franz said. "I am surprised; he hates Americans. I teach English at the *Gymnasium*."

"No wonder you speak so well," I said.

"I suppose I speak like an Englishman."

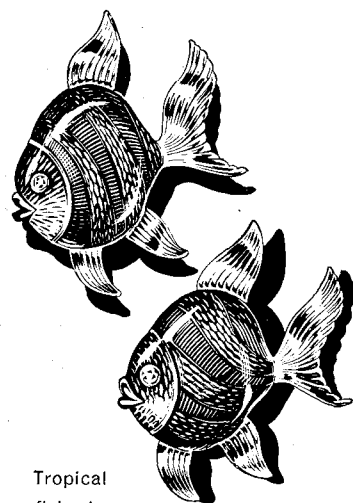
"More than like an American."

"You Americans speak flatly. You whine."

"I suppose that's true."

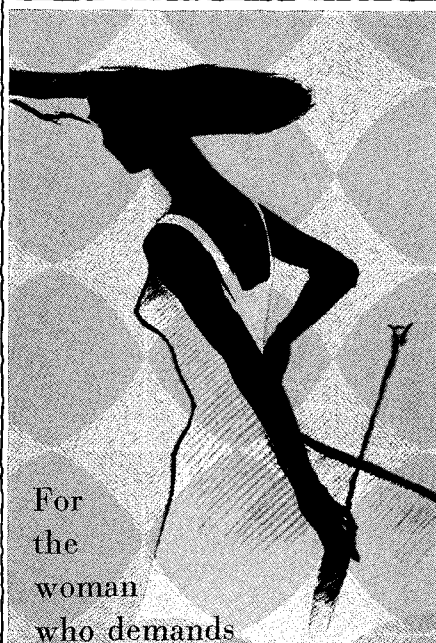
The young man said something irritably to Franz, with his mouth full.

"My brother says to eat more and talk less. He does not speak English. He does not speak French, although our



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mother is French. I am surprised he speaks German. I am surprised he speaks at all."

"What's your brother's name?"  
"Eino."

Eino wrinkled his forehead but looked at neither of us. I tried to eat slowly, but I was so hungry that I was finished before either of them. Eino looked at my plate and dished me up another potato and frankfurter. "Danke schön," I said, and tried to eat more slowly. But bit by bit, the pathetic frankfurter disappeared, until I was once again finished. When I arrived in Copenhagen, I was sure my relatives would feed me to the bursting point. I had thought of this often as I was nibbling my rolls on the road. Now, although the edge of my hunger was pleasantly blunted, I indulged in thoughts of yellow mayonnaise, pickled herring, pink salmon, pastries. Then, catching the flicker of a pleased smile from Eino, I guiltily shoved the thoughts away.

When the brothers had finished, Eino sat back and folded his arms, obviously wishing Franz would go back to his bed or couch or wherever he had risen from for the meal. But Franz stayed. He pulled a pipe from his robe pocket and lit it. "What are you doing in Europe?" he asked, leaning back. Eino lit a cigarette and gave it to me, then lit one for himself and stared at his empty plate.

"I'm on a walking tour," I said.

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"And in November?"

I shrugged.

"It cannot be pleasant."

"Sometimes it isn't."

"Then why do it?"

I knew that the cocktail girl had faded days ago in the rain, and slowly the thought had come to me, and today it had blossomed, that my tour was to prove something—exactly what, I could not have said. But I tried to explain. "I think people should sometimes do things that are difficult and unpleasant," I said.

"How stupid!" he said, with profound contempt, looking with vague restlessness around the room.

"Isn't that rather a lightweight attitude?" I asked, hurt.

"Lightweight!" he repeated sarcastically, leaning forward and taking the pipe from his mouth. "A little American student tramps through the mud for a few weeks and tells herself she has accomplished something. Do it for a year. Do it for five years. Then you may say



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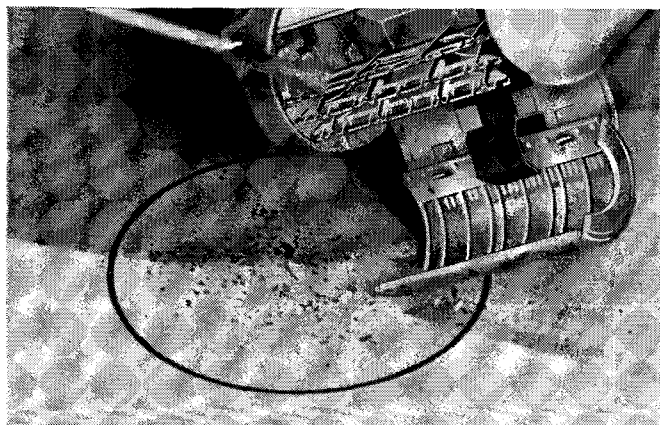
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1 *Grand Central Station: Interviewer stops commuter George Vaughan on his way to work.*



2 *Vaughan says he got a close shave before leaving home, but agrees to try the new Shavemaster shaver.*



3 *Interviewer flips open shaver head, brushes beard onto paper...beard Vaughan's own razor couldn't get.*



4 *Commuter's reaction to this proof of the Shavemaster's closer shave: "Fabulous! Really great!"*

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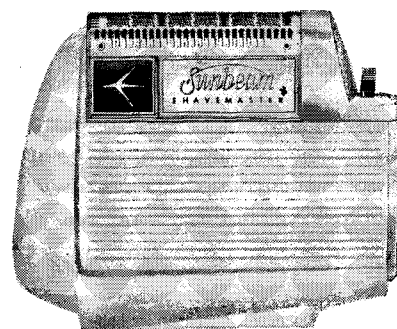
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that you have been uncomfortable. I think you are a silly person."

"It's my own affair. I don't harm anyone."

"You ask favors of strangers."

My face colored and my neck muscles tightened. "Just give me your name and address," I said, with as much scorn as I could muster. "I'll send you the money for the meal I ate."

Eino grabbed Franz's arm and apparently asked what had been said. Franz brushed him away. "No, you will not do that," he said to me.

"Oh, yes I will!" I said. "In fact, as soon as Eino leaves the room I'll give you the money."

"Oh, do as you please. I think you are stupid and silly. It is the ultimate in childishness to suffer when you don't have to. No one will be impressed."

"I wish you'd tell Eino I have to get back," I said sharply.

But Franz said nothing. He picked up the newspaper from the floor and went out of the room. Eino looked hatefully at the retreating figure of his brother.

We smoked our cigarettes in silence, and I could feel the crimson gradually fade from my face. After a while, I made a gesture to clear the table. Again Eino shook his head. Later, when I went to the door with some dishes, he took them from me and carried them out. I sat down again. I was still cold, and the room was depressing. Eino returned, sat down, and jiggled one foot. Then he took a photograph album from the desk and, moving his chair next to mine, laid the album across our laps. He flipped past brown, faded photographs of women in brow-obscuring hats and men in tight-waisted suits with narrow trousers and stopped at a page of snapshots of him and an older woman I assumed was his mother. In these pictures, he wore his solemnity with a lightness; he was a young owl that had some of the lark in it. His hair was swept straight back from a thin but soft face. The mother resembled Eino greatly; she had the same dark, fine eyes, the same grave watchfulness.

He gave only a few seconds to this and to each succeeding page, flipping them soberly, without comment. One picture caught my eye. It was of a man sitting on a chair in a back yard, with one hand holding a puppy tightly by the scruff of the neck and with the palm of his other hand supporting the puppy so that it looked as if it were sitting up like a human being. The man had a toothy smile and lively, empty eyes.

"Your Vater?" I asked.

"Ja." He smiled. Then he explained



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that his father was dead. At first, I didn't understand, so he grudgingly, fleetingly drew his finger across his neck. "*Der Krieg.*"

The last picture in the book was of the whole family—the father, the mother, Franz, and Eino. The father wore the Nazi uniform: the long coat similar to the kind movie doormen wear, the tall boots, the ski-slide hat. He looked powerful and content. The mother seemed to be edging off the border of the snapshot, her face turned to the side and down, as though she were ashamed. The next page was blank. Eino closed the album and put it back on the desk. He took my coat from the chair and helped me on with it, and I got my shoes from under the radiator and eased my feet into their clammy insides; the soggy socks I stuffed into my pockets. We went out into the hall and came to a door, which was open. I saw a woman standing by a kitchen sink, washing the dishes we had used. The room was small and dark, crowded with a wooden icebox, two gas burners, and a wooden drain holding the sink, which was made of tin. There was a smell of gas and frankfurters. I recognized the woman from the pictures and touched Eino's sleeve, intimating that I wanted to thank her. He said something vaguely negative, but I poked my head in the door and said, "*Danke schön.*"

The mother's face had aged more than one would normally expect in the years since the last photographs were taken. She looked as flattened as a penny that has been put on the tracks and run over by a train. But a gleam flickered out from her dark, ringed eyes, and she looked at Eino with love. "*Bitte, bitte,*" she said, turning to me and drying her hands on her apron.

"It was very good," I said, patting my stomach.

She smiled, amused at my sign language, and glanced uncertainly at Eino to share the joke with him. He smiled perfunctorily. She wiped her hands once more on her apron. "*Kaffee?*" she asked him suddenly, and clasped the handle of a chipped yellow coffeepot.

Eino shook his head.

She then asked me with a nod of her head, and patted the coffeepot, smiling. Although it was late, I turned to Eino to ask if we might not stay for coffee, but he had turned and was walking to the hall door. She looked at his back with resignation, touched, it seemed, by wonder. "*Leben Sie wohl,*" she said to me quietly, and held out her hand.

I remembered that Franz had said she was French, and I pressed her hand with all the urgency of articulation that

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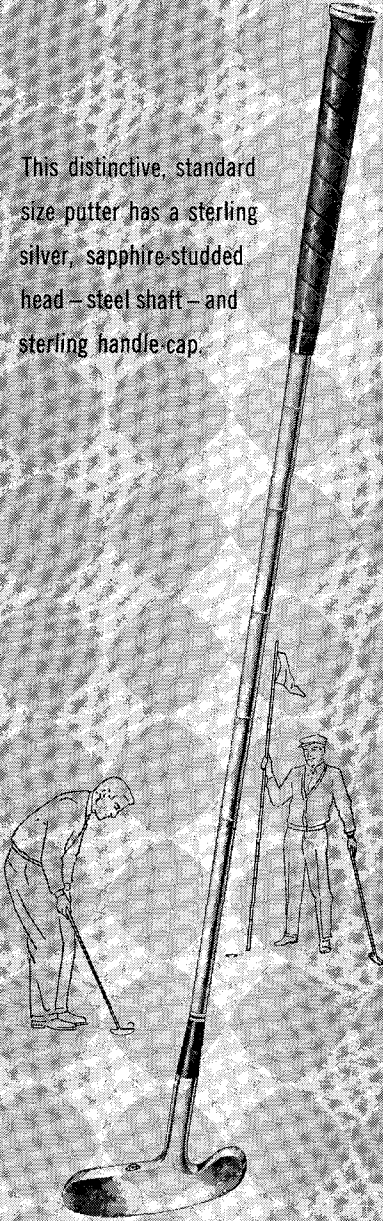


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suddenly filled me, but it found little voice. "Auf Wiedersehen," I said.

AT the hall door, I joined Eino, and we descended the seven flights to his car without speaking and got in. The car was not much colder than the apartment had been, but the rain, which had not stopped, seeped through the top onto our shoulders. My feet were again numb. The gloom of the rooms in which Eino lived did not leave us now that we were out of them. His profile, outlined by the dim light of the street lamps, was harsh.

Suddenly angered, I said, "Your Mutter bist gut!"

"Hah!" He laughed at my German. "Yes, but your Mutter bist gut!"

He turned on me bitterly. "Aber mein Vater . . . mein Vater . . ."

He started the car, and we drove to the hostel in silence. He parked near the door. It was not quite eleven, but I could see no lights at all in the building. A small waterfall splashed from its roof and burst like glass on a paved walk below. Eino heaved himself back in his seat and sat crumpled and long-faced. We sat in silence a few minutes, at opposite ends of the seat, twitching under the drops that now trickled through the top, our hands lying in our laps like dead white birds. Finally, he took my medicine kit from the back seat and we ran through the rain to the door. Then he put down the kit and we shook hands. I then tried the door, but it was locked, so I rang the bell. Light filled the ground-floor windows, and the old man, dressed, but in slippers and with his shirt unbuttoned, opened the door with some irritation. I was about to go in when Eino stepped forward, mindless of the old man in the brilliant doorway, and, raising his arms as though he were going to fly away, threw them heavily around me in a quick, suffocating embrace. Then, without a word, he ran back to the car.

I picked up my kit and stepped inside. The old man closed the door and began at once to admonish me for being late, but I excused myself and hastened up the stairs to the dormitory. Ten empty bunks stood on a cement floor. I chose one by the windows. Early the next day, after sleeping poorly, I resumed the journey on foot to Copenhagen.

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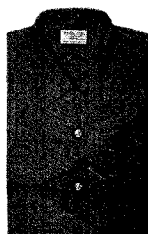
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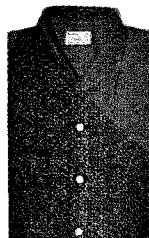
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## MUSICAL EVENTS

### *Carmen Revisited*



**M**R. RUDOLF BING's sagging "Carmen," on which I reported in my previous column, was considerably propped up last week by the appearance at the Metropolitan of a new and highly original artist, Jane Rhodes (a Frenchwoman, despite the Anglo-Saxon look of the name), who sang and acted the title role in a very appealing manner. Mlle. Rhodes is not a great singer—her voice is not particularly large and is not produced with perfect evenness in all registers—but she has all the throaty low notes that the part requires (even though she is officially listed as a soprano), and her dramatic interpretation proved to be entirely fresh, very intelligently conceived, and full of nuances that contributed immeasurably to the projection of a believable character. Unlike a great many Carmens, she made no attempt to convey passion by wriggling. Her first entrance was cool and calm, and only after the fight inside the cigarette factory did she begin to unleash the fiery temperament that is associated with the role. Throughout the later scenes, too, she had an agreeable habit of understatement, and her violent outbursts took on added effectiveness because they were contrasted with a sort of native dignity that, to my mind, is an important ingredient of a convincing Carmen. During the evening, I kept comparing her with the many other Carmens I have encountered. She lacked the dominating stage presence that Risë Stevens brought to the role during her finest years, and was in no way comparable to the wonderfully authoritative Carmen of Bruna Castagna, which was distinguished by tremendous vocal resources and an impeccable musical style. But then Miss Castagna, despite her somewhat roly-poly appearance, was, I feel, the greatest Carmen I have ever had the privilege of hearing, and Miss Stevens' stylish and imposing interpretation of the role has been an institution at the Met for a couple of decades. As far as more recent Carmens are concerned, those I have heard at the Metropolitan have all seemed weak in one way or another, and

## For the early Christmas Shopper

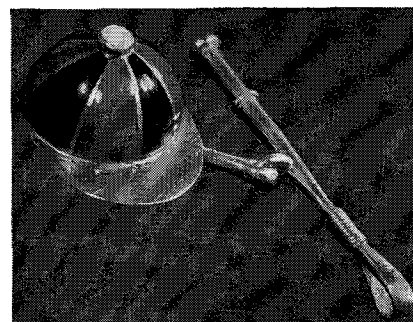
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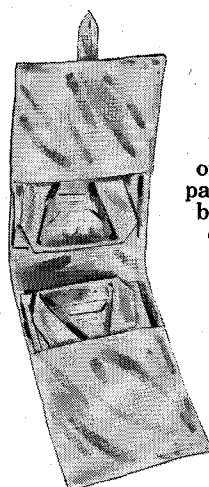


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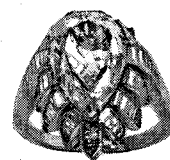
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in many respects the most impressive one hereabouts has been Gloria Lane, who has done her singing with other companies. Mlle. Rhodes is not exactly like any of the others. The charm of her interpretation lies primarily in engaging qualities of personality, in youthfulness, and in an acting approach that is both distinctive and tasteful. I regret that she is to return to Europe after this single performance, and I hope that Mr. Bing will bring her back sometime.

There was a new Micaela in the cast, too—a young American named Teresa Stratas, who had the right touch of innocence and sang her arias quite acceptably. Otherwise, the production was the same rather dreary affair I reported on last week, much of its dreariness being attributable to the conductor, Jean Morel, whose orchestra, instead of belching flames, glowed with the intensity of a fifteen-watt bulb. It was obvious from the point in the overture where the trumpet sings about Carmen's fatal passion, beneath what should be a tense and vital tremolo in the violins, that this was to be a flaccid and tame performance. "Carmen," although it is by now a dreadfully familiar old work, is nevertheless a beautiful and stirring one, and it certainly deserves better treatment than it got the other night.

I REGRET to report that the two new Balanchine ballets performed by the New York City Ballet at the City Center on Wednesday evening, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the Italian Risorgimento, and entitled "Monumentum pro Gesualdo" and "Variations from Don Sebastian," turned out to be pretty dull. The imagination and inventiveness for which Mr. Balanchine is justly celebrated were lacking, and both numbers seemed mere repetitions of clichés. "Monumentum pro Gesualdo" is one of his typical abstract ballets, done in unpretentious costumes before a bare backdrop. The "Variations" is a series of divertissements, elegantly costumed (mostly by Karinska) in a manner suggesting the Italian Renaissance, and providing some conventional moments of virtuosity for the leading dancers, Melissa Hayden and Jonathan Watts. Of the two ballets, I preferred the "Variations," mainly because the accompanying music, by Gaetano Donizetti, is spirited and tuneful. The music for the "Monumentum pro Gesualdo"—an arrangement by Igor Stravinsky of certain madrigals by the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century composer Gesualdo di Venosa—is one of those self-conscious essays in musical antiquarianism, as obscure to the mod-

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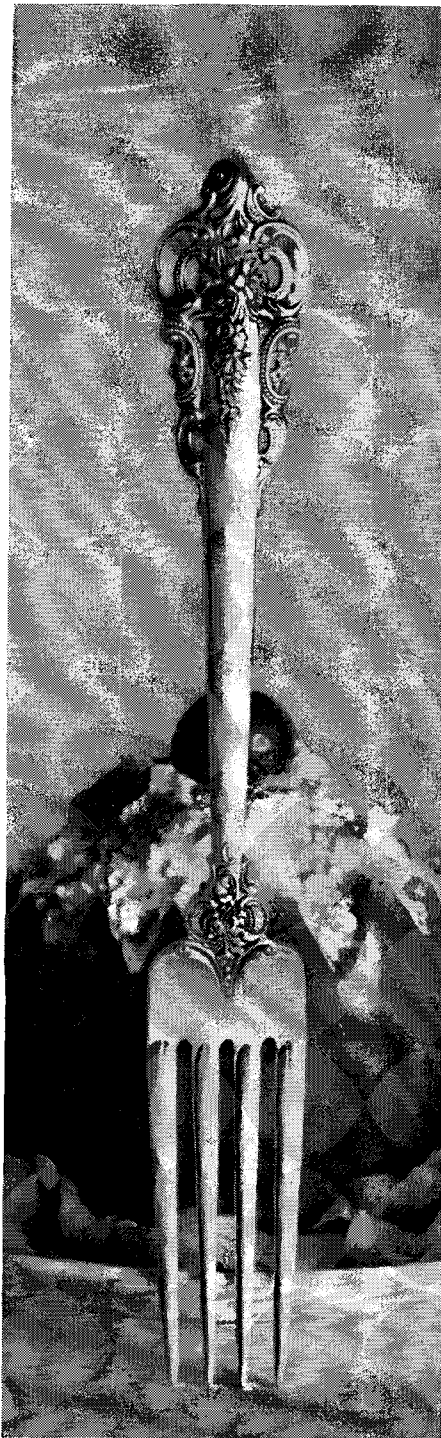


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ern mind as medieval Latin, that are best left to the specialized attentions of musicologists. My interest in the lesser works of the early baroque period in music has always been limited, and I have serious doubts whether the people who follow the current vogue by professing to love them really understand their strictly musical meaning, as opposed to their appeal as strange aggregations of primitive and exotic sound. At any rate, these works do not make good ballet scores, for they lack the rhythmic impetus that naturally complements dancing.

Fortunately, the evening opened with a very different sort of ballet—Lew Christensen's "Con Amore," which I had not previously seen, though it has been in the company's repertory for some time. It is a hilarious romp set to agreeable tunes by Rossini, and concerns a group of Amazons, a thief, and a woman with four lovers as well as a husband, all of whom cavort about without, perhaps, much logic but with a sense of comic fantasy that is a continuous delight. It also provides opportunities for the most brilliant sort of dancing, and they were skillfully grasped by Violette Verdy, Jilana, and several others, including Edward Villella, whose spectacular leaps, in the role of the thief, were absolutely breathtaking.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

### JAZZ RECORDS

#### Check List

KING OLIVER AND HIS ORCHESTRA (Epic LA 16003). Twelve numbers recorded in 1923 for the Okeh label by Oliver's celebrated Creole Jazz Band, and including "Snake Rag," "Mabel's Dream," "Dippermouth Blues," "Working Man's Blues," "High Society," and "Sobbin' Blues." The almost constant personnel consists of Oliver and Louis Armstrong on cornet, Johnny Dodds or Jimmy Noone on clarinet, Honoré Dutrey on trombone, Lil Armstrong on piano, Bill Johnson on banjo, and Baby Dodds on drums. Like listening to Shakespeare, listening to the Creole Jazz Band takes considerable practice. At first the generally execrable acoustical recording produces an unchanging three-part drone made up of the high, rather tinny tones of Oliver and Armstrong, the middle-register bee sounds of the trombone and clarinet, and the distant rattle and click of Lil Armstrong's piano and Baby Dodds' wood blocks. But the second or third time through, one begins to grasp the



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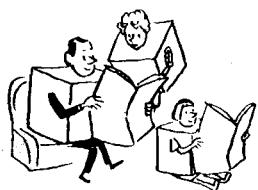
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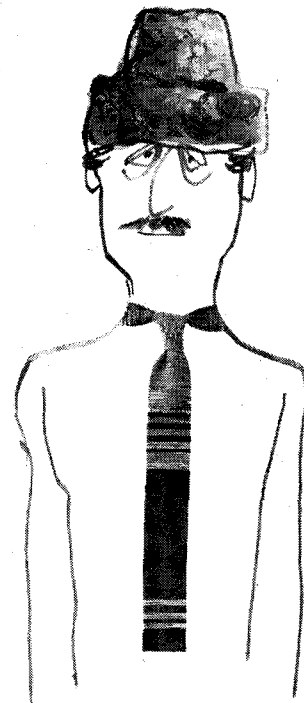
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wonders of this band—its subtle, loping drive, the complex homogeneity of its ensembles (there are very few solos), and the interplay, in ensembles and breaks, of the cornets. Armstrong's heavy and open-horn vibrato loops gracefully around Oliver's astringent, cool, muted attack. Johnny Dodds' spinsterish clarinet moves just below, in a piercing, often off-pitch manner, while Dutrey provides a still lower layer of benevolent glisses, occasionally broken by short rhythmic bursts. Lil Armstrong provides a gambolling effect, with loose chords and Spanish rhythms. Baby Dodds, limited by the paradoxical delicacy of the recording equipment to wood blocks, snare drum (not audible), and tomtoms, keeps a firm, gloved, four-four tempo. There are memorable things on nearly every side: the close, earnest, pushing final ensemble of "I Ain't Gonna Tell Nobody;" the Oliver-Armstrong duets in "Snake Rag" and "Sobbin' Blues;" Oliver's sour, implacable open horn in "Mabel's Dream" and his three muted choruses in "Dippermouth," which constitute jazz's first indelible improvised melody; Armstrong's filliping double-time phrases in the ensemble of "Sweet Baby Doll;" and Oliver's muted solo breaks in "My Sweet Lovin' Man." A glimpse at the peaks of an irrecoverable land.

MILES DAVIS: SKETCHES OF SPAIN, ARRANGED AND CONDUCTED BY GIL EVANS (Columbia CL 1480). This third and most ambitious joint tone poem by Davis and Evans includes reverent reworkings of part of Joaquin Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez" for guitar and orchestra, and of part of Manuel de Falla's ballet score for "El Amor Brujo," as well as three Evans originals based on Spanish folk material. Evans' orchestrations (for an unidentified large ensemble made up of woodwinds, reeds, French horns, trumpets, trombones, and a standard rhythm section fitted out with tambourines and the like) offer, as always, a unique variety of instrumental timbres and combinations, which are in effect not sounds but a panoply of purples, mauves, deep grays, russets, and pale greens. Davis reacts to Evans' rich oils in a characteristically introverted and self-pitying fashion. Nonetheless, there is one passage in which Evans' Victorianism and Davis's melancholy come together with extraordinary results. This occurs during Davis's second solo statement in the concerto,



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in which he sinks, in his lowest register, toward a slow, pumping, French-horn background and issues a long series of static, plainsong phrases—some of which use only one or two notes—that achieve a remarkable poignancy. This happens again in "Saeta," when Davis moves up a register or two and pits another clump of near monotonies against a brisk marching rhythm played by snare drum and tambourines. For a few seconds, he gives the impression that he is attempting to capture a sound only imagined before. These moments more than make up for the rest of the recording, which is often either forced (Davis) or too lovely for words (Evans).

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

#### THE TRAGEDY OF ERROR

Somewhere along the line someone is going to be hurt by error. There are degrees of hurt to be sure, but error is no respecter of persons and serious harm can come from small mistakes. This applies whether the error is in judgment, jest, or what is called accident. The tragedy of error lies in the fact that someone innocent can be badly hurt when no injury was intended in that manner.

Bad judgment may cause a traffic fatality. An error on a switch may cause a train wreck. Or a misplaced word may damage a man or an institution. This happened last week in an advertisement.

St. James Lutheran Church at 13th st. nw and Eastern ave., placed an Ad in the "Free Press." A slogan line at the head of the Ad was intended to read "The Friendly Church, serving Maryland suburbs." The Ad actually read "serving Maryland Heathen." How this error came into being is difficult to establish. No one cares to accept the blame. However, a checking of the copy vindicated the Church of bad taste. Somewhere in the composition of the type and lock-up of the press the error was made.

Now it is certain no one wanted to hurt St. James Lutheran Church. But, the embarrassment has been serious. Phone calls and personal remarks indicate serious damage done.

You see, error that is once committed can never be retracted. You may regret having shot the wrong man but he is still the one that was shot. The paper was delivered to the community before this error was discovered.—*Langley Park (Md.) Free Press.*

It's not too late to shoot the compositor.

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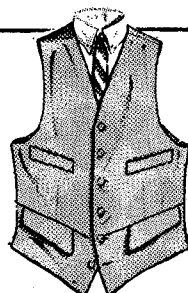
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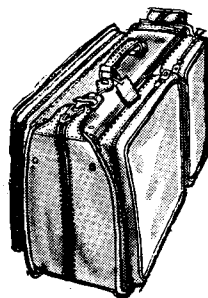
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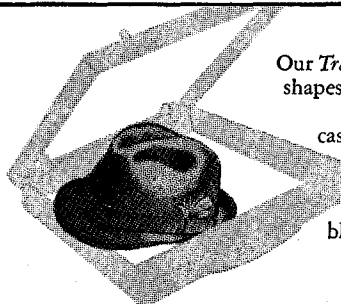
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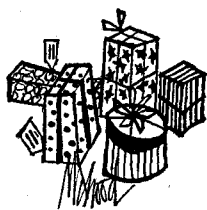
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## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## INTIMATIONS OF CHRISTMAS



DOES anyone else regret, as we do, the steady decline of the feature nature story? We realize that newspapers are hard pressed to find space for the national and international news, and yet we miss, for instance, the detailed coverage that Groundhog Day used to get. We recall a time when the first crocus of spring, appearing through the melting snows of Yonkers, was good for at least six inches on three columns, possibly on page 1; when the fall foliage, which was barely mentioned this year, rated columns of gaudy, leaf-by-leaf reporting; and when that prescient caterpillar the woolly bear, who knows how cold the winter will be and knows how thick a coat he should grow, could count, about now, on getting his picture published in every metropolitan daily. It was possible then to have a secure sense of being in, or on the verge of, one season or another without ever leaving one's apartment—just as long as the delivery boy remembered to leave the papers.

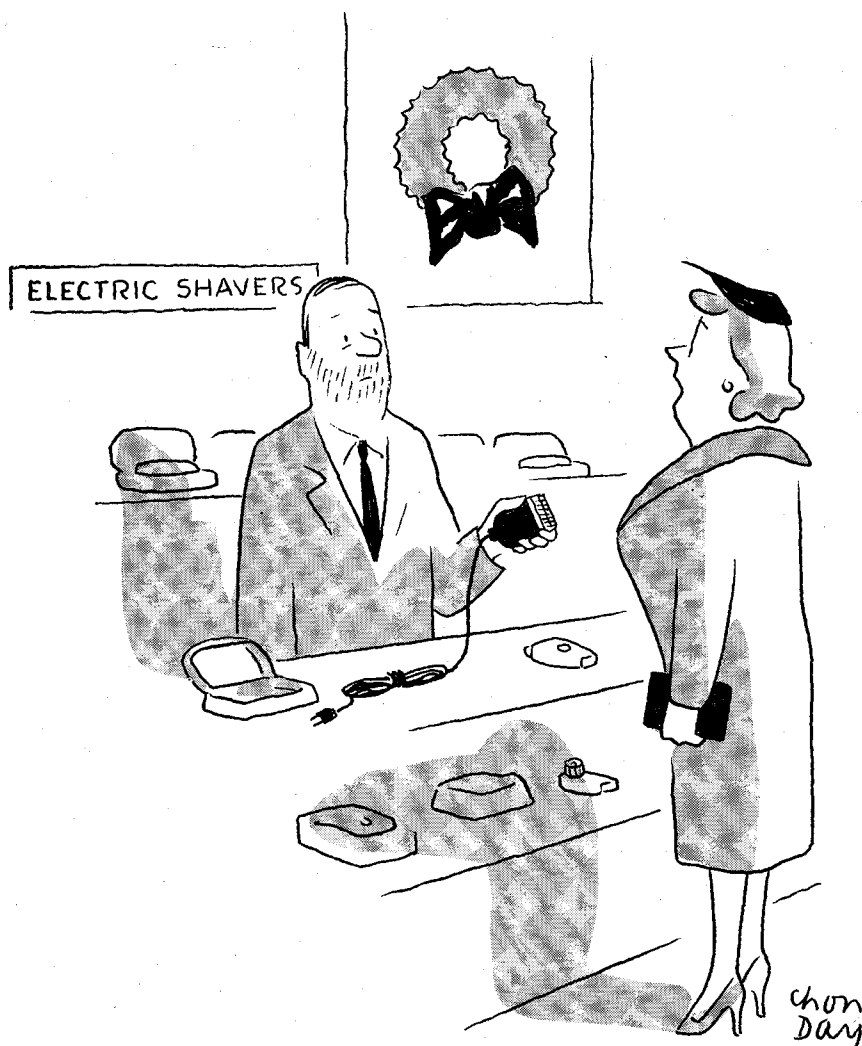
All that has changed, increasing our responsibilities, which were heavy enough already—for, as some of our readers may have come to realize, you can still rely on this column to warn of the approach of Christmas. We are as dependable as a woolly bear. We are as insistent as an alarm clock, and if you think that our bell is sounding far too soon, not a bit of it! Rise and shine! Herewith, obeying the ancient rules of chivalry, we begin with gifts for women and some clothes you might give children. In succeeding issues, we'll take up gifts for the house, toys for children, and gifts for men, and finish off with a report on delicacies for the Christmas table, trimmings for the tree, and wrappings for the whole works. All the prices we quote include federal excise taxes, where they apply, but not the New York City sales tax, which is three per cent of everything.

We hate to rush you—that feeling of being hustled takes all the fun out of shopping—but we've found an abundance of marvellous stuff this year, and many of the best things must be ordered in advance, since they are made to order. Furs, for instance—and surely there's no need to remind you again that furs are a most acceptable gift for a woman. Given three weeks' time, Hen-

ry Greenhut, at 781 Madison Avenue (66th), will make a delightful parka of natural unplucked fur seal. (Its color is brownish gray streaked with silver.) The fur is not only unplucked but water repellent—as, indeed, it was on the seal—and the parka is lined with nylon. The price is \$425. Hartenstein, a little farther up the street (847 Madison Avenue, at 71st), has a short (just above the waistline) rabbit-fur jacket for a young girl to wear to holiday jollifications. It fastens with one big pearl button at its portrait neckline and may be ordered in white or to match the color of the dress it will be worn over; \$101 and ten days. At 943 Madison Avenue (74th), Harold J. Rubin, in one week, will make a charming cardigan of beige-and-white mink gills, a fur that looks like the taste of caramels. It is bound with brown braid and costs \$165.

Then, we've discovered a dazzling

to-order theatre coat that won't look pitiful next to mink, or even sable. Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), makes it of printed taffeta in two weeks' time, and it's water repellent. It has three-quarter-length bell sleeves and a wide rolled collar, and closes with eight self-covered buttons. You can choose any one of a host of beautiful prints—sea blue with blue roses, or burnt red with red roses, for example. The coat is \$198.50, and an umbrella to match is \$29.50. Vesture, 808 Madison Avenue (68th), offers a swash-buckling theatre coat with a broad standaway collar and masses of unpressed pleats that conceal a slit down the back—a cunning acknowledgment of what ladies often like to do, which is wear their coats through the performance. The slit is invisible when the wearer is standing, but quietly parts when she sits down, so she won't have



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to perch atop a pile of folded fabric for the duration of "Götterdämmerung." You will be asked to choose among bronze, emerald, claret, beige, black, or white taffeta, and to allow two weeks; \$65. Jay Thorpe has a splendid collection of party coats, jackets, and bags. Lots of them are on hand, but if the color or the size you're after happens to be out of stock, your order can be filled in four days—or so the management says. Thus reassured, you might consider giving a lady a street-length peau-de-soie coat with a wide collar, elbow-length butterfly sleeves, and cartridge pleating down the sides. It's \$69.95. A neat box handbag made of rayon satin may be had to match any wrap in the house and, to be precise about it, will set you back \$13.15.

Henri Betrix, 702 Madison Avenue (63rd), is a French handbag-maker who lets a few worthy Americans—those with rich, generous friends or relatives—share the luck of his Paris customers. His treasure this year is an envelope handbag made of baby alligator, French-chrome tanned (an esoteric process that shines and softens the leather), and lined with glove leather. It is not quite ten inches long and stands a fraction more than seven inches high. It gapes wide to accommodate fishing around, but closes down to a flat one inch—provided its owner hasn't tried to stuff it with a lifetime supply of Kleenex. It has open pockets on the outside and gold-plated snake chains for handles. Two weeks and \$302.50.

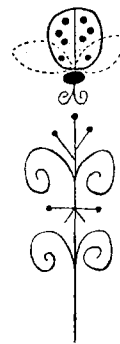
Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th), needs two weeks to sew a fine seam on a pretty boudoir costume. Her dress-length jacquard silk robe not only washes like a handkerchief but packs like one; \$49.50, in blue, pink, or white. In the same length of time, and in the same colors, she also makes a heavenly satin bed jacket dotted with tiny satin bows and lined with soft silk, which is interlined with even softer white wool; \$59.50. (The suggestion of bedtime reminds us that Mosse, at 52 East 57th Street, embroiders sheep jumping over a monogrammed fence on white Wamsutta Supercal sheets and pillowcases. One of each, constituting a set, may be thus embroidered in any color in a week, complete for \$16.50.)

A shop that's new this Christmas—the Veneziano Boutique, 786 Madison Avenue (67th)—imports a handsome handmade Italian cardigan in a metallic-gold silk that would be a pick-me-up for any dress and might be just what a lady on your list wants. If you have \$79



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and will let the store know about your choice two weeks ahead of time, everything ought to turn out beautifully.

The wonderful chiffon blouses at Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), are double in several ways: they're two layers of chiffon, to begin with; then, they come in two-tone color combinations (though you can have them all one color, if you prefer); and, finally, they may be worn with the high, round neck in front and the V in back, or vice versa. In any case, they tie at the waist with their own sashes and couldn't be more charming. The price is \$35, and they take two weeks. If, by any chance, the lady you are thinking about seems medieval in some respect or to any marked degree, Marion Wright, 42 East 50th Street, may have exactly the right present for her. Miss Wright has devised a series of tops that are related to the tunics Arthurian knights wore under (or instead of) their armor. One brilliant example is of moss-green jersey lined with black silk-faced satin, and bears an immense escutcheon on its chest—a sunburst of Ming-blue felt encrusted with sequins, pearl beads, jet beads, and colored stones. This is the sort of thing Sir Galahad deserved but probably didn't get. Allow a week or ten days, and \$65. In the course of ten days, A La Carte, 780 Madison Avenue (66th), will produce a handsome at-home dress for a lady who is young in spirit and form. It's made of good-looking tie silk in the tartan of an unknown clan—Shocking pink, green, and white. The ankle-length hem ends in a wide band of black velvet, the medium-high neck is round, and there are no sleeves at all. It sounds simple, but wow! The price is \$295. And, given a week, Aaron Willet, 303 East 51st Street, will be glad to produce a gay, scalloped belt made of cowhide and set with four white porcelain discs fired with your choice of sporting motifs or with por-



## Two in one comfort from your waist to your toes! **Panti-Legs™**, panti-stockings by Glen Raven

**F**ASHION has a shapely, new dimension: fabulous, Panti-Legs, smooth-fitting sheer stockings topped by a stretch nylon panty—made with the firm shaping of ENKA nylon.

Now you can have waist-to-toe freedom *plus* the sleek look you want under skirts, slacks or dresses. Thanks to wondrously different Enka nylon yarn. For Enka nylon's natural springiness adjusts instantly to you, never sags or pulls out of shape—keeps Panti-Legs fashion-firm, you fashion-smooth. You'll find Enka nylon is more absorbent, too, for the ultimate in comfort and softness.

Try new Panti-Legs—in beige, off-black, or white. Proportioned sizes: Small, Medium-small, Medium-large, Large. Plain knit and non-run full fashioned, \$2.50, 2 for \$4.90. Seamless, \$3.00, 2 for \$5.90. At the following fine stores and their branches: B. Altman & Co., New York; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Jordan Marsh, Miami; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. Or write Glen Raven Knitting Mills, Inc., 1430 Broadway, New York 18, for the store nearest you.



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PARFUMS

CIRO

traits of the jacks of hearts, spades, diamonds, and clubs. The price: \$6 to \$11.95, depending on the width and on the discs you choose.

That winds up our intelligence summary of things to order—except for just one item. This has nothing to do with wearables, so it may be a rather abrupt switch, but it does require time (three weeks) and, therefore, a modicum of forethought. The Elder Craftsmen Shop, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), has had the nice idea of taking one of your old napkin rings and, by the addition of a lid and a base, transforming it into a dandy small box—a shade too big for snuff, perhaps, but perfect for pins. The cost is \$10 and up, depending on whether the additions are plate, sterling, or something grander. (Some people's grandparents had gold napkin rings.)

FROM here on, everything's in stock and ready to go, with a few exceptions as noted.

Giulietta di Roma, 789 Madison Avenue (67th), is braced to meet the demand for Italian-made silk knit blouses with an assortment of half a dozen styles in three dozen colors. Some have turtlenecks and pushup sleeves, some have high, round necks and no sleeves, some have middy necks and—Well, just go look. All are \$40. Susan Levrant's Boutique, 51 West 57th Street, has knitted blouses in a floral Paisley pattern (it's done with green, blue, red, orange, and gold metallic yarns) that resembles fine needlepoint—one of the nicest things to resemble. They zip all the way down the back (a girl can fix her hair and then put on her blouse), and have high, collarless necks, pushup sleeves, and attached sashes; \$29.50.

Perhaps she'd like a sweater, or a sweater set. The House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, has a delicately conceived combination, from Italy, that is fine for tea, cocktails, or Cinzano. The black wool jersey pull-over (\$39.75) has a bateau neck and three-quarter sleeves, and is embroidered with one perfect red-and-pink rose that blossoms on a long, leafy green stem growing in an unusual mulch—the pale-blue knit of the waistband—while the accompanying black wool jersey cardigan (\$59.50) has full-length sleeves and its own long-stemmed rose. Robert Leader, whose shops are at 146 East 54th Street and 782 Lexington Avenue (61st), sells knit mohair cardigans, also from Italy, in discreet greige, beige, or blue; \$30. And Bron-

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zini, at 5 East 52nd Street, has a hand-knit mohair sweater—a pullover horizontally striped either in black and white or in pink, blue, and white. Its turtleneck is so big that it can double as a hood. The sweater comes from England, and it costs \$75. Mostly for warmth—but for style, too—Altman has imported a bulky green wool cardigan from Ireland. It's hand-knit in a pattern that, the store tells us, is as traditional as "Danny Boy," and it costs \$35. That's all we have in the way of knit tops.

Henri Bendel offers some magnificent straight jackets covered with jet, emerald, red, or opalescent paillettes. They don't say where these glorious items come from, feeling—not unreasonably, perhaps—that the Bendel label is provenance enough. The price is \$75. Lilly Daché, remembering that Christmas comes but once a year, and determined to make the most of it, suggests a sensational black satin bolero covered with gold-and-red stencilling, pink-to-red sequins, and pinkish stones. It has a red taffeta lining and a border of black mink, and it's \$475. The economy model, without fur, is \$275.

The Phoenix Pan American Shop, 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), has an original hands-across-the-sea, or chowmein-with-enchiladas, notion—an unbleached-muslin Mexican shirt with a mandarin collar. Works out very well, too. The cuffs and bosom are embroidered in a bold color, and the long sleeves fasten with bone buttons; \$8.50. And Macy's Little Shop has imported a collection of lovely surah (soft twilled silk) shirts from France. They include some floral prints—any girl who wouldn't like one of these is just being difficult—and some enchanting bow-knot prints, too; \$39.95 in either case.

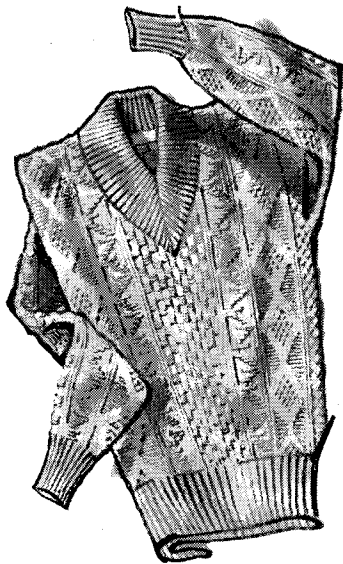
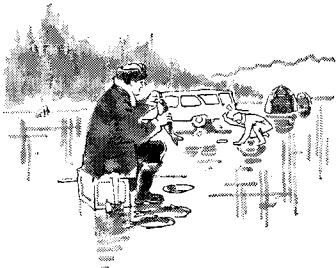
To continue with the subject of shirts, there's a sensational non-stop—or practically non-stop—shirt invented and sold by A La Carte. It starts off at the top like a regular silk shirt—button-down collar, long sleeves with French cuffs—and keeps going till it reaches the ankles. It's an at-home costume, if you were in any doubt about its purpose, and it appears in several brilliant combinations of stripes, like orange and Shocking; \$75. As for Alice Schweitzer, at 739 Madison Avenue (64th), she has decided that lounging ladies should wear coveralls. Hers are cut like a mechanic's working costume, but the resemblance ends there, for Mrs. Schweitzer's suits are made of stretch brocades, and they cover the feet, leaving the heels and toes bare, for an effect some-



Into every lingerie gift list, this little luxury should fall! Munsingwear found an exciting Point d'Arras lace in France... a spacious rosepoint pattern, superbly hand-cut into bodice appliques for "Désirée" waltz-gown of diaphanous black nylon chiffon over ginger beige nylon tricot. 32-38, 19.95

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where between Dr. Dentons and jodhpurs; \$145. Lord & Taylor's aptly named Fantasia Shop uses a fine stuff that's something like Victorian carpeting—a plushy fabric printed with roses or cupids—for one of its at-home costumes. This has a bulky jacket with three-quarter sleeves (\$59.95), which is to be worn with matching tapered pants (\$35). Bergdorf Goodman's at-home trousers are also tapered, but are made of black rayon velvet. That sounds rather restrained after plush cupids, but wait: Bergdorf's tops are rayon velvet jackets printed with the beige-and-black pattern you would expect to find on a python. The ensemble, with an emerald chiffon scarf thrown in, is \$60. While we're at Bergdorf, we ought to mention its floor-length peignoir woven of a synthetic thread with a metallic gleam that makes a cloth that resembles lamé. It's a medley of royal blue, sky blue, silver, mauve, and moss green, suggesting, our rapturous field notes say, a flower garden glittering under a full moon. On sober second thought, we don't want to take back one word of it; \$70. Returning to that python-printed velvet for a second: This is the year of the beast motif—a slightly confusing fashion trend, for while the furriers are cutting fur as if it were fabric, the fabric-makers are dappling and stippling their textiles to look like skins. Anyway, at Saks Fifth Avenue, consequently, the simulated leopard pelt—a lamé-ish mixture of nylon and rayon jersey, leopard-printed—is ubiquitous. It has been made into a sleek, sleeveless hostess gown (\$49.95), tapered trousers (\$27.95), a street-length skirt (\$17.95), a scoop-neck, sleeveless overblouse (\$19.95), and a shirt (\$27.95). Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Avenue (54th), also likes fake leopard. Her short robe of Arnel-and-nylon fleece is primarily bisque color, except for the collar, cuffs, and buttons, which are leopard-printed cotton corduroy; \$17.95. For all girls named Sheena, we suggest one of each.

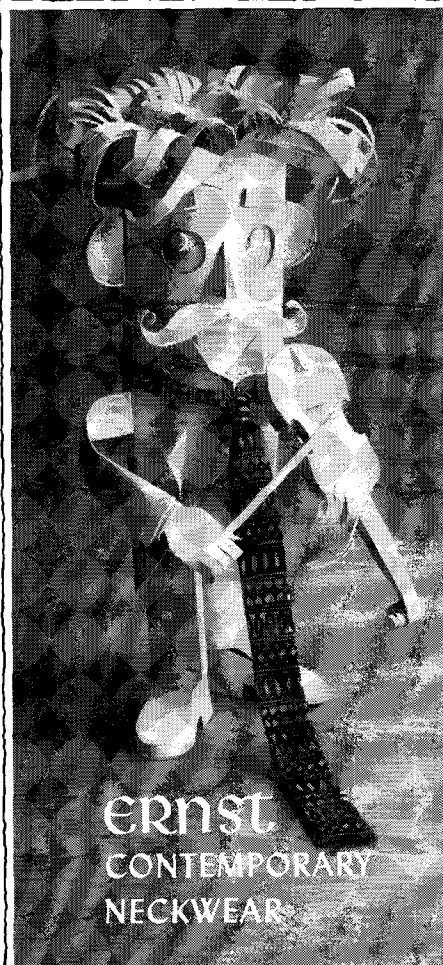
Jay Thorpe, ignoring the zoo influence completely, has a commendably elegant hostess gown of midnight-blue nylon velvet brocade. Its neckline is demurely high in front but dips into a wide V in back. It also comes in green or red, which could hardly be more Christmassy, and the price is \$79.95. At Bloomingdale, you will find a majestic hostess robe of black rayon velvet with a black velvet sash. Gold lamé ribbon printed with coral feathers binds the collar and cuffs, and a shy zipper runs down the front from collar to hem;

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## ANDRE

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New York 19, N. Y.



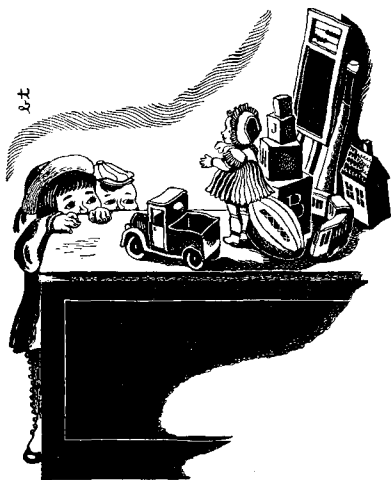
AT ALL ROOS/ATKINS CALIFORNIA STORES



\$49.95. Bloomingdale also has been thinking about younger ladies, and suggests, for pre-hostesses, a costume to loll around in while tying up the family telephone: a warm dress-length robe of orlon plush, the exact texture of a Teddy bear. It has pearl buttons down the front, three-quarter sleeves, and a Peter Pan collar; \$25, in pink, white, or blue.

Robert Leader, apparently overcome with nostalgia for 1957, has created a chemise dress for his version of the at-home costume. It's dress-length, with a high, collarless neck and three-quarter sleeves; \$65. Mr. Leader includes a sash, for the benefit of ladies whose husbands remain unreconciled to the chemise, and runs this item up in a miraculous array of challis prints. (We especially liked white challis printed with enormous charcoal tulips.) Bendel's one-piece wool jersey lounging suit is utterly 1960 and never looks back. The skirt isn't a skirt at all but very wide ankle-length culottes; the simple bodice has a cowl neck. The color range is vast, and the price is modest—\$55. A last word about at-home pants: Jax, a California firm whose Eastern outlet is at 15 East 57th Street, has never betrayed the slightest interest in ladies with bountiful figures, but if you have a svelte girl on your list (8 to a leggy 14), take a look at its tight-fitting tapered slacks. One pair we saw were of turquoise brocade with purple flowers in metallic thread; the slacks are \$70, and Jax suggests solid-color satin sleeveless scoop-neck blouses (\$40), shirts (\$60), or boyish jackets (\$95) to mix, or (at the same prices) the same items in brocade to match.

A LADY who is at home, though not to callers, might very possibly be propped up in bed reading, in which case she needs a bed jacket. Hattie Carnegie can supply one in French fleece piped with satin and equipped with tabs that frame two satin-covered but-



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tons at the neck. The piping and the tabs match the fleece, which, in turn, might match the sheets, if they happen to be white, pink, blue, lavender, or yellow; \$45. Eleanora Garnett, who keeps a large staff of deft hand workers busy in Italy, has imported two hand-knit wool bed jackets this year. One is close-fitting, with a deep, medieval point at the waist in back and crocheted wool-lace trimmings; \$35. The other, loose-fitting, is a lacier knit, and is lined with sheer white nylon. The trimming is white nylon lace threaded with white satin ribbon; \$75. Both jackets are on hand in white, pale blue, pink, cerise, and mauve, and Mme. Garnett is on hand at 47 East 51st Street.

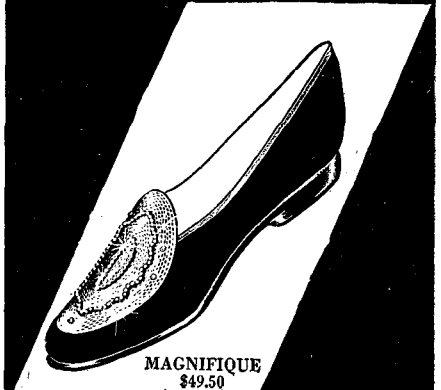
For the frosty morning following the chilly evening on which the lady wore the bed jacket, Bonwit Teller sells bedroom slippers of shaggy lamb's wool, dyed coral, blue, beige, or black; \$5 a pair. And Bergdorf Goodman's toasty slippers are fur—Canadian beaver that has been bleached beige. These cover the ankles, like small boots, and they're lined with printed silk; \$42.35.

**N**OW for a radical change of venue—from the cozy fastness of the boudoir to the wind, snow, and sleet. The people making stormy-weather garments keep devising new ways to pretty up their wares, taking them right out of the grim-necessity class (you buy it for yourself because it's good for you) and up into the gift category, where, in another sense, the sun shines all the time. They've done an exceptionally good job this year. Bernath, 560 Madison Avenue (56th), has a knack for finding superb storm coats all over the globe, and has found so many this winter that picking the one to bestow may cause some uncertainty. But it would be hard to resist their wonderful French shepherd's coat, made of lambskin. The light-brown suède-finished hide is on the outside; inside there's sheared woolly lamb. With the possible exception of electrically heated equipment for space explorers, these must be the warmest coats there are; the street-length version is \$225. Leopards again! The British American House, 200 Fifth Avenue (23rd), thinks that those animal prints are right for rainwear, and its leopard-spotted cotton poplin raincoat, priced at \$29.95, is constructed like a chesterfield, with a black velveteen collar, and is accompanied by a velveteen beret. If the girl you have in mind has something against leopards, you can give her the tiger-striped version. The shop also has rayon taffeta rain-

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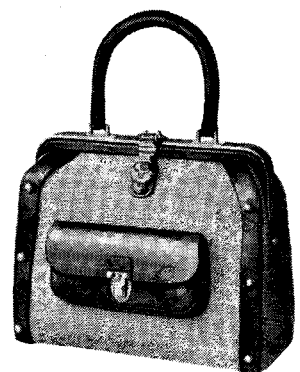


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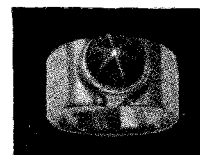


'Linde' Star and diamond ring by Oscar Heyman, \$3,000, F.T.I.

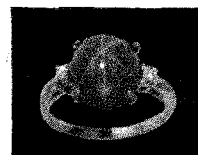
## Around this 'Linde' Star

floats a halo of diamonds ... a design conceived by nationally famous jewelry designer, Oscar Heyman. Here, in one ring, is a rare combination of fiery beauty, for in its misty cornflower blue dome flickers a brilliant, six-rayed star! Each movement of your hand brings it to life, fills your 'Linde' Star with a heavenly fire that never fails to captivate. Have you ever seen a 'Linde' Star, on your hand? Your jeweler will be happy to show you 'Linde' Stars... shimmering blues and reds, surfaces as hard and timeless as precious gems from India. Settings in Karat gold are many and varied. 'Linde' Stars highlight jewelry for men, too. Priced to bring a 'Linde' Star into your life.

'Linde' Stars are available at these, and other fine jewelers throughout the country: Constant Auger, San Francisco, Calif. • Rogers Jewelers, Columbus, Ohio • Savitt, Inc., Hartford, Conn. • Charles Schwartz & Son, Washington, D. C. • All Barr's, Inc., Stores in Pennsylvania • Wm. Lambrecht & Sons, Chicago & Wilmette, Ill. • Schmitter-Burg Company, Milwaukee, Wisc. • Graubart & Sons, Schenectady, N. Y. • Schwartz Bros., 5th Avenue at 47th Street, New York, N. Y. • Arthur Everts, Dallas, Texas.



3 carat deep blue 'Linde' Star in heavy 14K gold mounting. Deep collar gives full view to the 'Linde' Star in this handsome ring for a man. \$125.



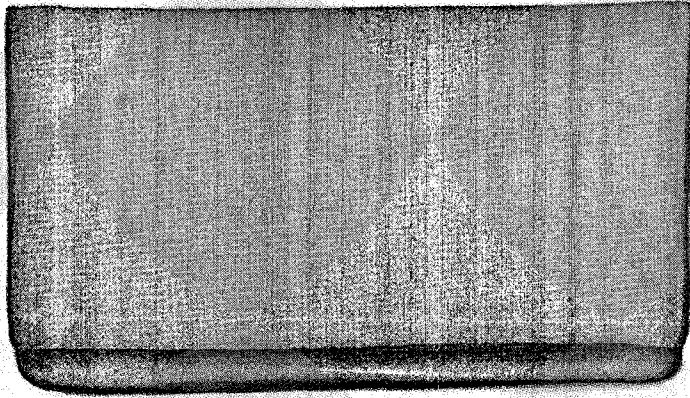
Shimmering red 6 carat 'Linde' Star embraced by two full-faceted brilliant cut diamonds. A beautiful suggestion for an engagement ring. \$250.

All prices approximate. F.T.I.

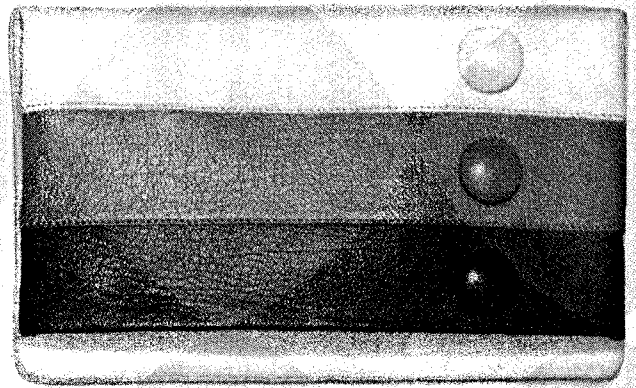
'Linde' is a registered trade mark of **ucc**



# The jeweled GRAB BAG



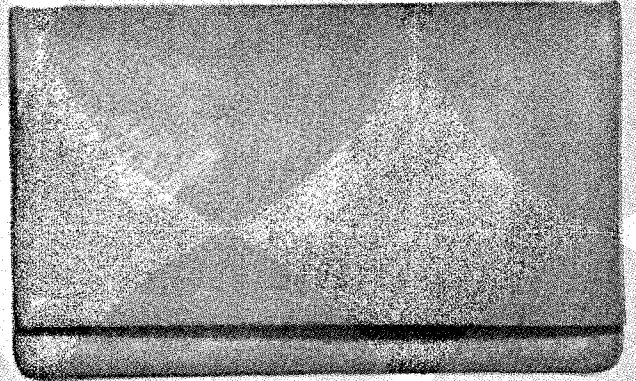
Lush Catch, \$6.95



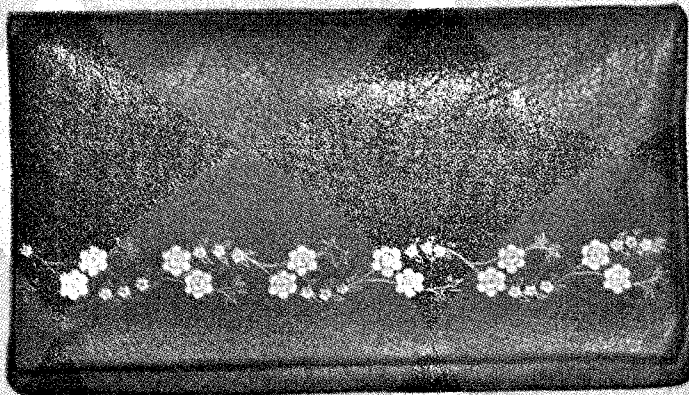
Button, Button, \$6.95



Silk Garden, \$12.95



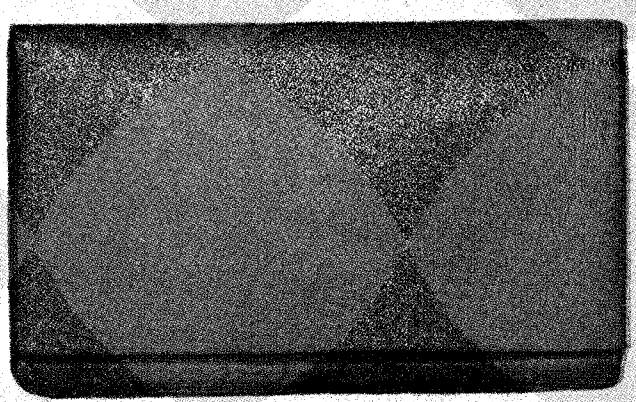
Brassy, \$5.95



Primrose Path, \$6.95



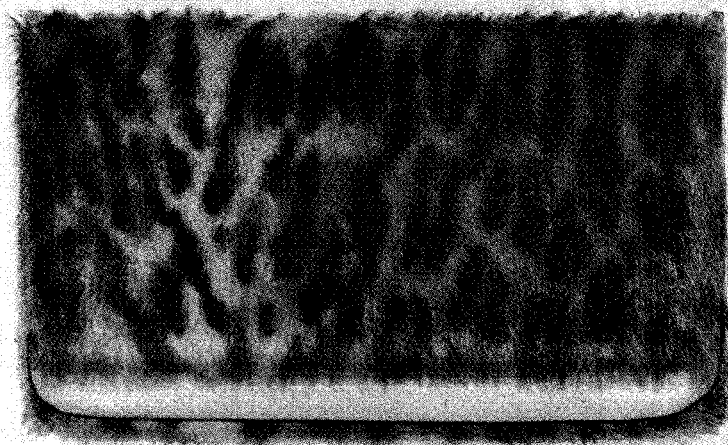
Rose Carpet, \$6.95



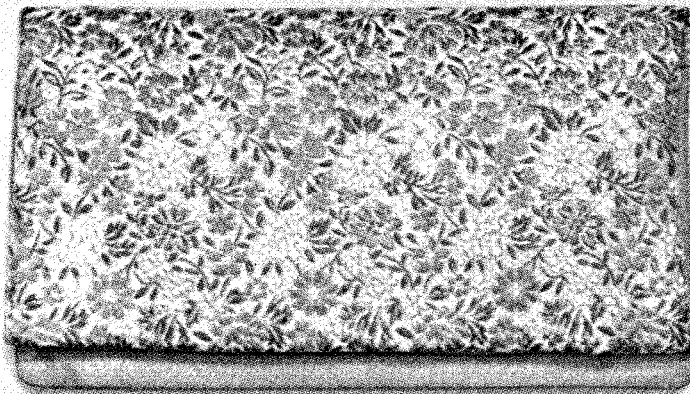
Blue Flare, \$5.95



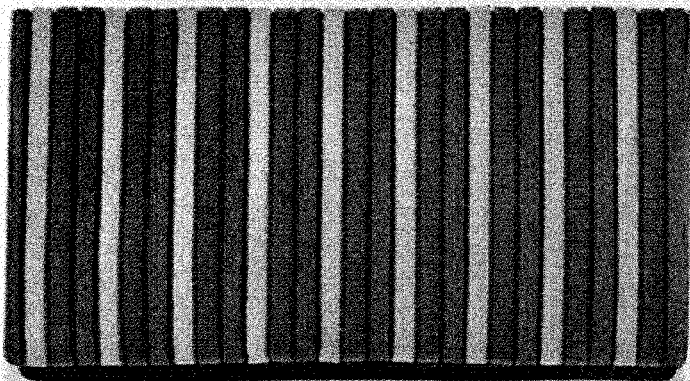
# is out dancing



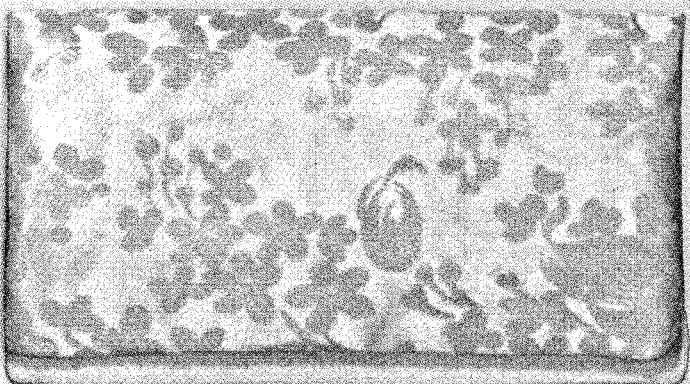
Leopard Love, \$7.95



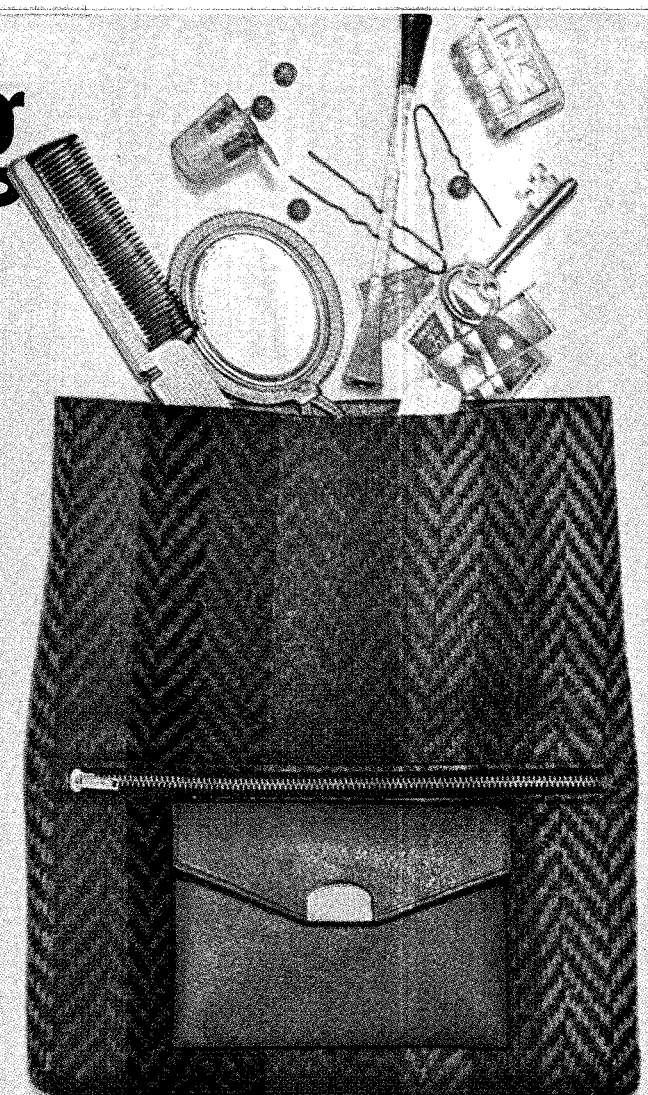
Brocade Contessa, \$9.95



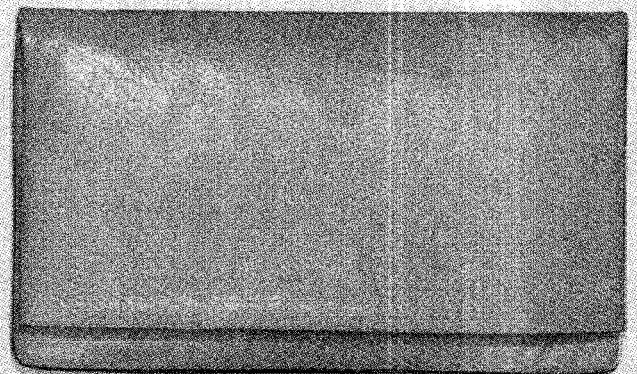
Velvety Trails, \$6.95



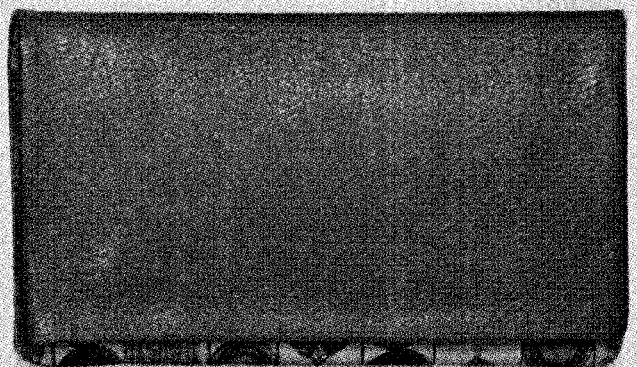
Silk Soiree, \$9.95



Woolly Wayfarer, \$5.00



Tangerine Punch, \$5.95



Cotton Conversation, \$5.00

Grab Bag is off galavanting and why not? It's the most sought-after foldover clutch around. Fabulous in flowering velvet at a ball, it's carefree in leather for a country trek. In fact, Grab Bag turns out in whatever the occasion demands, cotton to wool to brocade. Grab Bag treats cash, cosmetics, photos and what-have-you to special spots in its orderly interior. Then minimizes all neatly for hand or handbag. No wonder girls collect them in stacks. Grab yours at fine stores. From \$5 plus tax.

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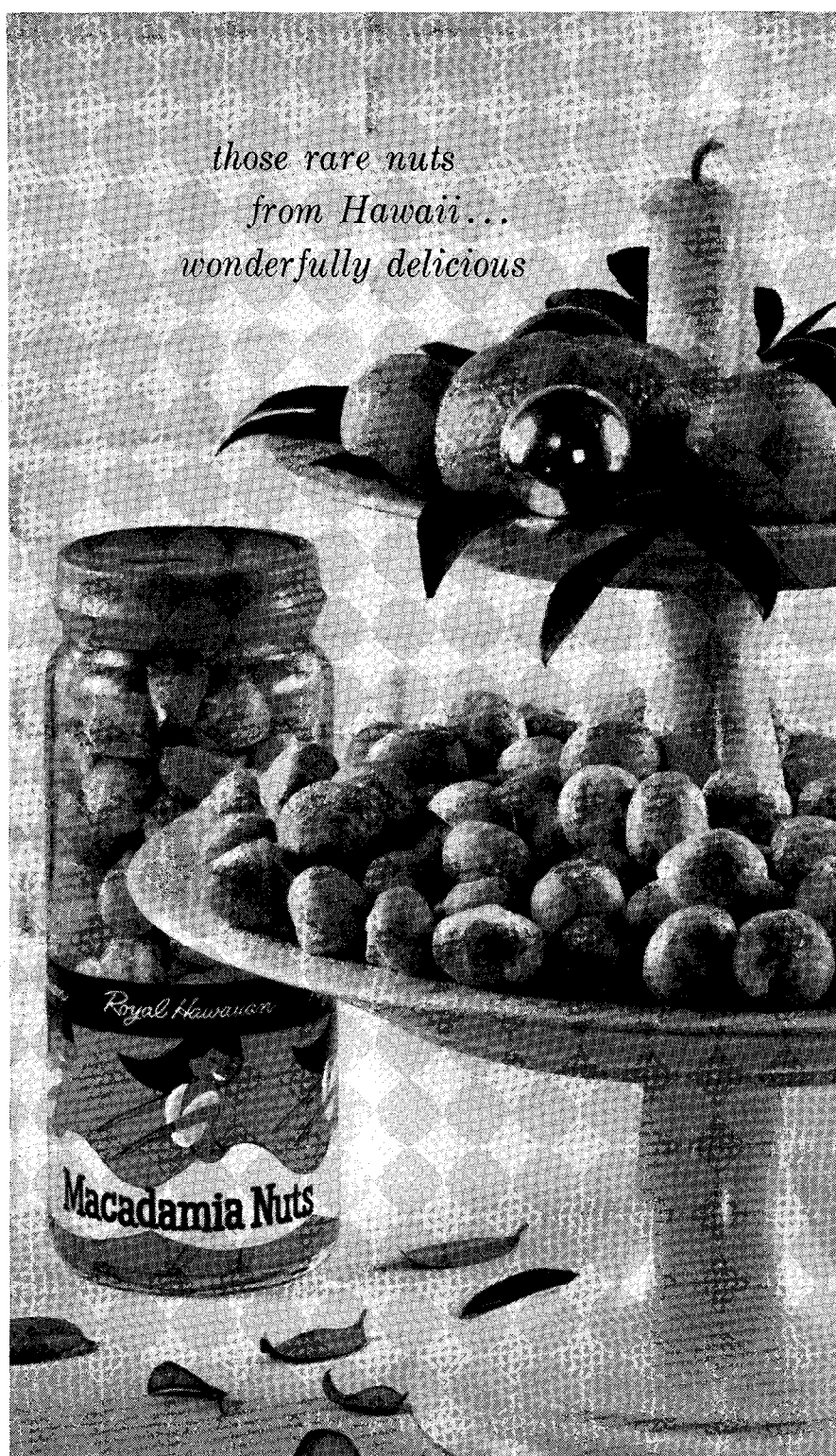
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coats printed with giraffe markings. These, which have detachable hoods, are \$45; if she doesn't like giraffes, the whole thing reverses to plain old black. Nearly everybody knows that Abercrombie & Fitch carries classic fly-front Lady Macintosh raincoats, but some of you may not have heard about the brand-new treatment they've been given—a finish called Impervion, which provides water repellency and stain and soil resistance, and is supposed to survive repeated dry cleanings. And very likely it does, because the Macintosh people promise to replace any coat that doesn't live up to this billing. Lady Macs are \$49.50, matching cloches are \$6.95, and matching hoods are \$3.95. Over at the Miller Harness Shop, 123 East 24th Street, there's a three-quarter-length outdoor coat imported from England, where it was christened the Riding-Mac. (The English call all rain clothes "macs," whether Macintosh makes them or not. As a matter of fact, a firm named Lee Brothers made this one—but we digress.) The fabric is a laminated cotton-and-rubber mixture that is both warm and waterproof. The coat has pommel and cantle flaps, and a half lining of Tattersall-checked wool, and, because of the rubber in its composition, you can scrub it clean with a brush. It comes in only one color—light tan—and costs \$36.50. The Crow's-nest, 16 East 40th Street, ship chandlers to people who sail for fun, has what it calls a Flying Bridge Coat, and suggests that it would make a fine present even for ladies who loll on the afterdeck and don't work their passage. It's three-quarter length and made of polyvinyl on cotton, a fabric that is soft, pliant, and resistant to both rain and salt water. The coat has a drawstring hood, four toggle closings, and two slash pockets, and comes in white or blue. Landlubbers may like it for running before a storm in Darien. It's \$19.95.

WE have an irresistible impulse at this point to bring up umbrellas, but the ones that have caught our eye seem quite unrelated to the foul-weather gear we've just been talking about; they'd do better keeping mink coats dry. All of them pose a puzzle in psychology: Are people who make umbrellas born pessimists or do they get that way thinking about rain all the time? Whatever the answer, these umbrellas can all be packed—the handles unscrew—to take along on a vacation. To get down to particulars, Bergdorf Goodman has a long, slender black silk umbrella whose long, slender brown wooden handle



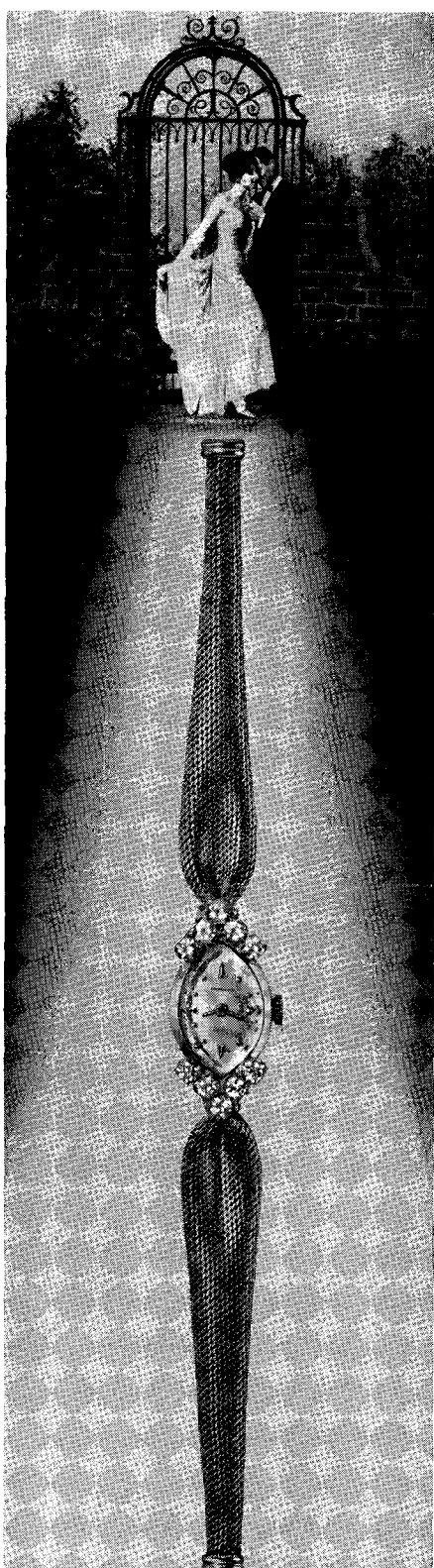
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is topped off with a green-and-red carved wooden parrot; \$39. The Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, at 110 West 45th Street, takes two squares of French acetate and superimposes them to form an umbrella in the shape of an eight-pointed star. Uncle Sam likes contrasting or related colors—brown and beige, say—and has a limitless assortment; \$12. Some women like to play golf all year round, especially under Winter Rules—which, as we interpret them, allow the player to kick, pull, push, and generally manhandle the recalcitrant ball toward the hole. Others are content at this time of year to think about golf, and for them Gucci, 7 East 58th Street, has turned the classic heavy-duty golf umbrella into a delightful street umbrella. It's silk, brightly striped, and its olivewood handle resembles the head of a driver or, conceivably, a baffle; \$26.43.

**I**F it doesn't rain, it may snow, which takes us, by logical progression, to the ski slopes. The basic philosophy of most ski and after-ski costumes remains what it's always been—outfits to yodel in—but skiers are no longer required to look like members of the Trapp Family. Parkas, for example, can be a checkerboard of two shades of alpaca fur, as they are at Piñata Party, 129 Macdougall Street and 920 Park Avenue (80th). The colors of the parkas vary, just as alpacas' colors vary—shading from white to demitasse—but they are all lined in one warm shade of red wool, they all have pointed hoods, and they are all priced at \$98.50. Andre, 21 West 56th Street, makes a tidy ski parka out of a synthetic linen, quilted, water-repellent, and printed in loud geometric patterns (\$29.50), and has also stocked some water-repellent silk prints whose designs suggest Monet rather than Mondrian. He turns them into parkas, for \$50, and on ten days' notice. A more conventional ski notion—a pretty, sturdy Austrian wool sweater—costs \$35, at Bloomingdale. The colors are pale green and pale lilac, and appropriately hued edelweiss is embroidered on the front and the upper sleeves.

The White Mountain Ski Shop, at 36 West 46th Street, has excellent deer-skin ski gloves. They have elasticized nylon between the fingers, so that one

size fits practically everybody; the leather is water-repellent, and the linings are soft Orlon pile. The color choice is white leather with red or black nylon or black leather with red nylon; \$9.95. Fred Braun, at 189 West 4th Street and 21 West 8th Street, has tailored a fetching outfit in suède. He doesn't insist that it be worn in any particular place, but a ski lodge might be just right. The skirt wraps around and its waistband is adjustable, so the size need be no more precise than small, medium, or large, and if the girl you're giving it to finds that the hem is too long, Mr. Braun will take it up after Christmas. The skirt is \$35, and a matching vest is \$25. For all-purpose country wear, Elaine Starkman, at 149 Bleecker Street, makes three-quarter-length leather coats with mandarin collars and flat brass buttons, and makes them in an amazing variety of colors, including a delicious shade of gold. Their printed rayon crêpe linings are quietly inventive; \$65.

**O**RDINARILY, people have to buy their own hats—ladies especially—but we've found some ear-warming, no-size headgear that could easily be bought by somebody else. A stocking cap, for instance. We have located a spectacular one—more than two yards long—in white wool jersey that is stencilled with painted gold designs, spangled with gold paillettes, and agleam with rhinestones. It's \$75, and Lilly Daché has it. Dorell Casuals, 7 Greenwich Avenue (Christopher Street), sells a knitted angora object that looks rather like a cover for a giant light bulb but is



really a delightful hat. Its headband fits snugly, while its soft crown may be teased, puffed, sideswept, or cast into any shape a plastic imagination can think up. The price is \$3.95, and there's a multitude of solid colors to choose from—some bold, some pastel—not to mention stripes. Suzy Simpson, 1034 Lexington Avenue (74th), has a trim knit angora hood whose neckband buttons closely under the chin; it's imported from Italy, comes in a peck of colors, and costs \$3.98. For dressier occasions—or warmer evenings—we are confident that any girl on your list would relish one of the hoods at Bonwit Teller. They're made of Indian silk sari fabrics



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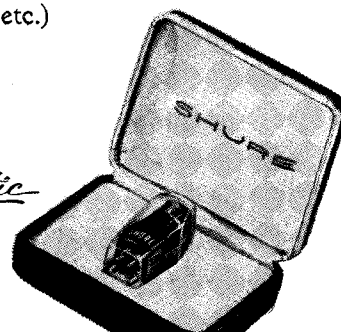
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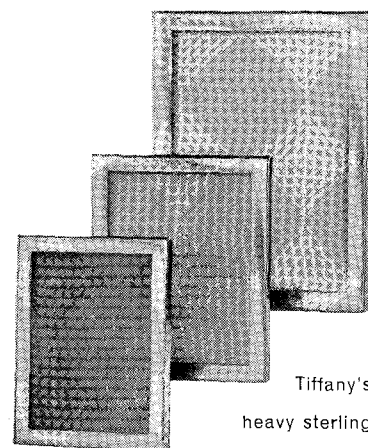
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in peacocky colors and are decorated in either silver or gold; \$5.

**M**OVING down from the head to the neck, we find ourselves in the scarf department. The big silk squares at Henry à la Pensée, 8 East 54th Street, seem to be the work of somebody in the French Tourist Bureau; they are painted with nostalgic Paris scenes in a style that crosses travel-poster with Utrillo. The price is \$19.50. Ladies nostalgic for the sound of bagpipes might like the soft mohair scarves, all six feet long and a foot wide, all in sound Scottish tartans, and all \$6.95, at Scottish Products, 24 East 60th Street. At shoulder level now, Bloomingdale offers a handsome stole of silky chenille; the stuff is like the coat of a freshly clipped poodle—a well-tended red poodle, in fact. The stole is eighty inches long, fringed at both ends, and priced at \$19.98. Bergdorf Goodman has a vast party stole made of big blocks of emerald, sky-blue, bottle-green, and powder-blue satin lined with turquoise peau de soie. We'd say that it reminded us of a patchwork quilt except that we don't want you to think of anything rustic or folksy. This stole is the very essence of big-city gala; \$35. Bronzini's lacy hand-knit wool stole is so light that its sixty-seven-inch length, rolled, can be tucked into an evening bag. We've never properly appreciated that nineteenth-century panegyric of cashmere shawls—that they could be pulled through a wedding ring—but in any case, it seems clear that the Bronzini stole is in the same league; \$55. At the United Nations Gift Shop, in the General Assembly Building, you can find, among other exotic items that would make good presents, fringed black woollen stoles hand-woven in Greece. Each is brightened by a colored band running across it—wherever the weaver happened to think of it. The price is \$12. The same shop has a magnificent collection of silk saris, all six yards long and, except for that statistic, every one unique. Prices range from \$55 to \$225; the most expensive uses miles of gold thread. There aren't many Western ladies who wear saris, and six yards is a trifle long for a stole, but the girl of your dreams doubtless realizes that the length offers a dress-maker all the scope she needs to produce an elegant dress.

**O**. K. Her ears, neck, and shoulders are protected. What about her fingers? Well, Bergdorf Goodman sells giant mittens—backs of alpaca fur,



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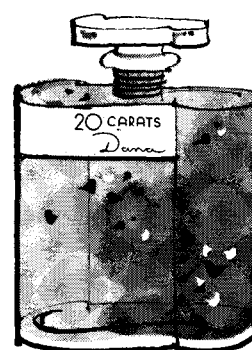


palms of red leather, and linings of red fleece—for \$14.25. It also has short *glacé* kid gloves (black or white) with pearl buttons at the inner wrists and elastic inserts down the center back, down the sides, and between the fingers; \$7.95. Vesture, too, has gone in for the stretch conceit. Their short *glacé* slippers with matching stretch inserts (white or red) are lined with rabbit fur; \$9—not to mention eight-button-length suède slippers (these with nylon linings) with inconspicuous elastic inserts; white, black, ginger, or beige, and \$10 a pair. The advantage of the stretch glove as a present is, of course, that the donor doesn't have to know the recipient's size, and when the stretch inserts are discreetly installed (as they are in all these), they don't interfere in the slightest with elegance. Bendel's warm mittens are lined with fleece and have black calfskin palms and thumbs. Their backs are black lamb, sheared, but not too closely; it looks like black fox, which would be impossible at the mere \$5 these cost. Then, Bendel hits the pinnacle of refinement with delicate washable pigskin slippers in off-white or very pale beige: \$15 for the eight-button length. The gloves at Fiorentina, 789 Madison Avenue (67th), have absolutely no gimmicks. They are just simple, neat, and stylish, and the best of a good lot are *glacé* kid (eight-button) and gazelle (six-button). Both leathers have been dyed in something like a dozen colors, including black, white, wine, eggshell, and innumerable chic beiges; \$12, in either leather.

WE hardly need to argue the desirability of the handbag as a gift. Women appreciate its importance as a fashion accessory; besides, since the poor dears have no pockets—or, at any rate, no practical pockets—they must always carry one. And to judge by the number of men who aren't attachés but carry attaché cases, and who have no briefs



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INTERCONTINENTAL



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but carry briefcases, the gentlemen, too—practical pockets or no—have come to understand the usefulness of a portable container for anything and everything. We'll begin with a few evening or party bags, just because we're in a holiday mood this week, and we'll begin at Bergdorf. It has an evening envelope—eight inches long and seven inches high—covered with bugle beading. Beaded bags are no novelty, but these are the first we've ever seen in which the beading was worked in a herringbone pattern—a fine idea, we now realize. The price is \$39.55, and the color choice is black, white, turquoise, or taupe. Eleanora Garnett's evening bags couldn't be simpler; they're pretty, medium-sized pouches of Lyon velvet built on silver- or gold-metal frames. The color range is vast, and every bag, courtesy of the management, contains not the traditional new penny but a small triangular taffeta handkerchief of a color that either matches or complements that of the bag; \$16.50. Lord & Taylor's Fantasia Shop sells black rayon satin evening bags whose fronts are covered with either pheasant feathers or peacock feathers resting under a veil of black net. Both models are made up as clutch bags (\$19.75) or as pear-shaped pouches (\$21.95). We happen to have a strong bias in favor of anything made of ribbon, which helps account for our enthusiasm for a pouch-shaped evening bag at Macy's Little Shop; this is made of cream-colored satin ribbon and garlanded with turquoise velvet flowers. It's imported from France and costs \$35.

For daytime, we think any girl would be happy to carry a plum-colored satchel imported from Italy by the House of European Specialties. It's of satin-finished calf lined with contrasting leather, and it's built on a solid, hammered-brass frame. Besides the standard inside fittings, it contains two colored plastic pill-boxes and two transparent plastic pill bottles. The bag is \$98.50, and the recipient supplies her own vitamins, antihistamines, saccharin, and tranquilizers. If the price of M. Betrix's alligator bag (way back, among things to order) worried you—and it easily might have—visit Saks Fifth Avenue and study their French handbag made of ersatz black alligator. While the imitation is superb, we don't know, of course, whether it would fool an alligator as easily as it fooled us. The price is \$32.95, and the bag is traveller's size—big enough for a multiplicity of inner compartments to hold passports, letters of introduction, multilingual shopping

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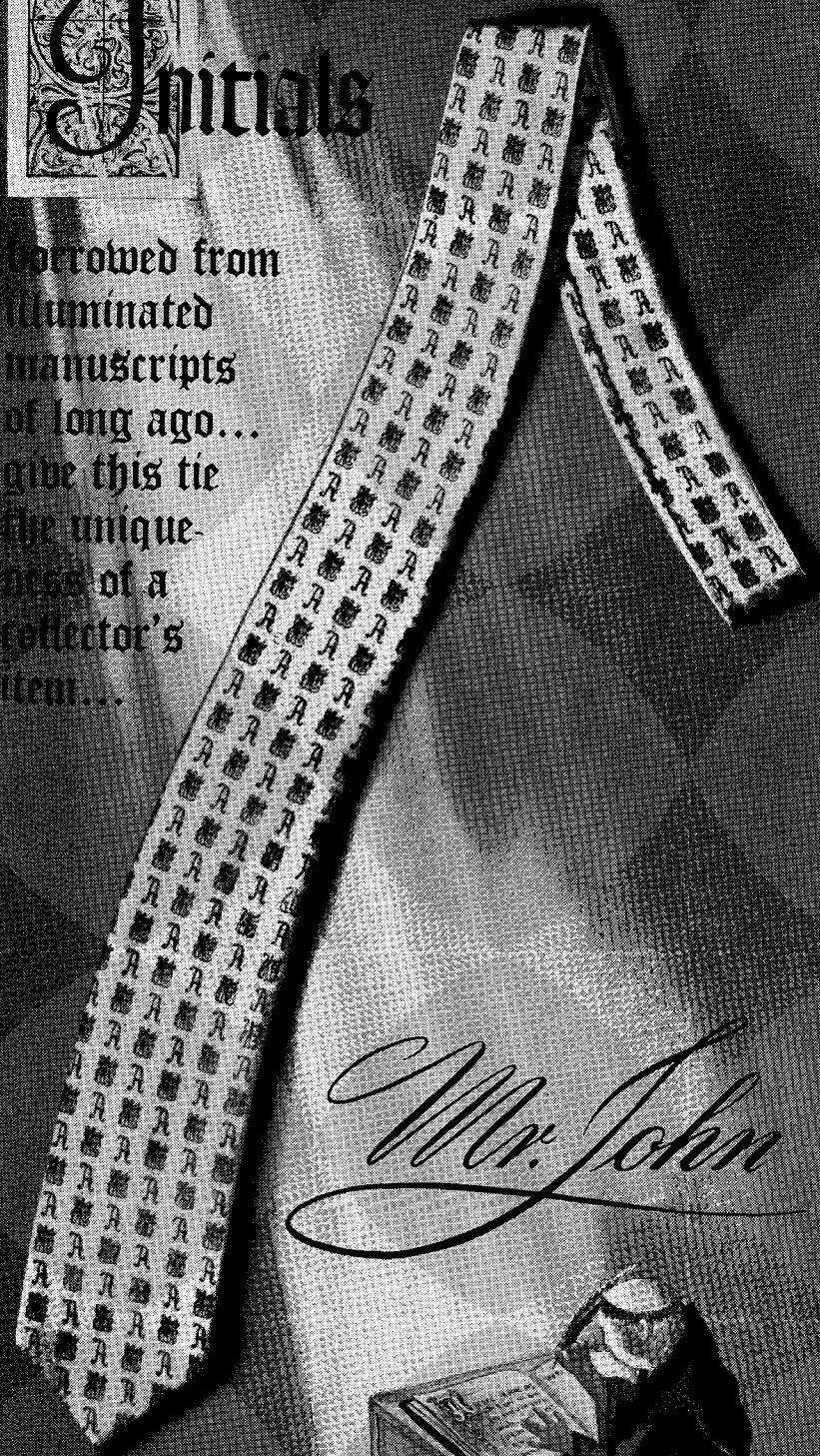
lists, and so on. Fiorentina suggests a lovely llama-calf bag, ten inches long and seven and a half inches high, with a flap that opens and closes like a safe—with a twist of a gold-metal dial. The inside fittings include a file section for important papers such as are kept in safes; the handle and the lining are both leather; and the price is \$60.50.

Battaglia, 473 Park Avenue (57th), has come up with a crescent-shaped bag, seventeen inches long, of soft-grained flexible calf. It has comfortable handles, and the store calls it to the attention of travellers or of travellers' friends. We thought that its particular merits—a zipper closing and a zippered outside pocket—would please any lady who wants to make sure she doesn't lose her possessions. Battaglia produces it in blue-gray or beige, and sells it for \$71.50. At the Seasoned Traveller, 175 West 4th Street, there's a big black rough-grained calf bag designed to hold a lot and survive hard wear. It stands on six brass studs, is about a foot high, and has two large loop handles. There's one zippered pocket and one open pocket in the suède lining; \$35.20. And here's an item to go inside a handbag—a black crocodile wallet lined with black pin-seal, for \$49.50, at Gucci. In addition to a change purse, it has roomy storage compartments for folding money, a Museum of Modern Art membership card (adv.), a permanent-personal-registration card (adv.), credit cards, and a driver's license—not to mention the cards of all the nice salespeople a lady encounters in all the nice shops.

THE formal packing of clothes into luggage is a dying art and may vanish entirely, like the technique of wrapping mummies. A friend of ours once tried to pack correctly, using tissue paper to prevent creasing, and wound up with a snarl of rumpled clothes and perhaps the biggest wad of crushed tissue paper ever assembled in a hotel bedroom. The popularity of magic wrinkleproof fabrics may have made all that lady's-maid know-how obsolete; in any case, we've found that luggage departments all over town are offering duffelbags into which clothes are to be balled, dumped, and stuffed, rather than packed. Mark Cross, the connoisseur of tidy fitted, matched pigskin cases, at 707 Fifth Avenue (55th), has added to its line of wares an assortment of duffelbags, a foot high, made of wool tweed or canvas (\$13.75 either way). A fourteen-inch-high cowhide duffelbag is something of a compromise, for it has a generous compartment in its



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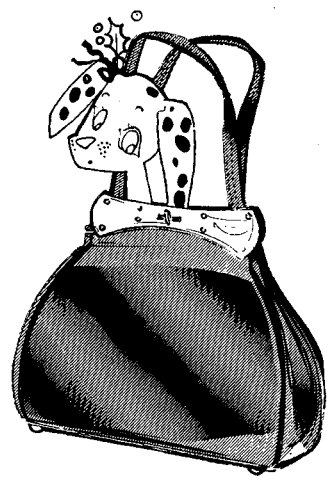
base that is fitted for cosmetics. This might be ideal for a girl who plans to run away to sea; \$43.45. The duffel-bag at Alfred Dunhill of London, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), is twenty-two inches tall and made of natural-colored flax canvas—the fanciest kind of canvas there is—with a fleur-de-lis pattern. It is bound with black leather, has black leather handles, closes with a zipper, and costs \$33. Robert John, 175 Macdougall Street (8th), makes an eighteen-inch calf carryall pouch that has no flap or zipper but is so trickily cut that as soon as anything's put inside, the top mysteriously slumps shut, reminding world travellers of the man-eating tree of Madagascar; \$22.95. Abercrombie's entry is a tote bag, roughly the size and shape of a letter carrier's pouch. It's made of hand-boarded black cowhide (\$38.50) or of heather flax (\$33), with brass fittings, and its inside zippered pocket is lined with plastic, in case anything spills. There's an outside pocket, too. The strap adjusts so that the bag can be carried in the hand or, if our girl is delivering mail, slung over the shoulder.

T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), has a jumbo "air pack," for ladies, that derives from the old Second World War flight bag and is big enough to hold fifteen hangers on a telescoping chromium rod, which can be extended, when the pack is unfolded and hanging in a closet, to let a lady on a trip get at any of the dresses she's carrying without much of a struggle. Then, there are two snap-on (or snap-off) zipper bags inside, which have handles of their own and could take side trips by themselves. When they travel piggy-back, they hold blouses and lingerie. Both the mother bag and its daughters are made of water-repellent duck bound with leather. The whole complex costs \$87.45, and solves a lady's every problem except where to pack her fifteen pairs of shoes.

Another descendant of the flight bag turns up in a most feminine guise, or second-generation-Wac model, at Bergdorf Goodman. This one is a carpetbag, flowered in pastel colors. It's big—twenty inches by thirty—and it has a jumbo outside pocket, too. It's not only bound but lined with leather, and it costs \$98.45.

Macy's Little Shop has some delightful conventionally shaped luggage from Italy, conventionally bound with black leather but made of unconventional black velveteen printed with American Beauty roses; \$55 for a train case, and on up to \$77, for a twenty-eight-

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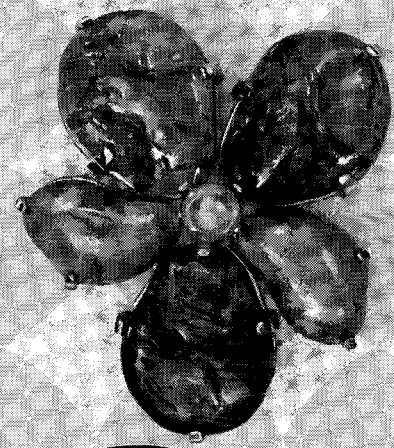


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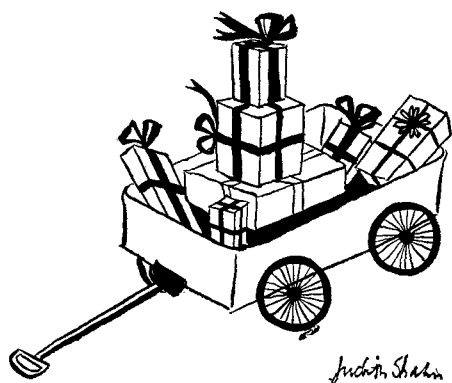


inch suitcase. A slightly more extensive set of Italian printed luggage is on display in Bonwit Teller's new luggage department—on the ground floor, to the east, or rear. The fabric here is natural burlap decorated with small tan-and-black flowers, and the leather bindings are dark brown. Train cases, suitcases, round hatboxes, and duffel-bags (even Bonwit can't resist them) range from \$23.05 to \$52.25.

Vesture has had a useful thought—a travelling jewel case. It looks for all the world like a small clutch bag, and it contains a band to hold rings and earrings, plus a detachable compartment for necklaces, bracelets, and brooches. The case is suède, the lining rayon brocade; \$9. And Helena Rubinstein's *boutique*, 655 Fifth Avenue (52nd), sells small travelling alarm clocks, packed in miniature leather suitcases and designed to wake the sleepyhead in time to catch the last train for Istanbul; \$19.95.

A lady who has things to carry and travels with the Fifth Avenue Coach Lines exclusively could probably use one of the handsome shopping bags that the Agora, at 45 Christopher Street, has imported from Greece. These are made of old fabrics, and no two are alike. We'll describe just one, running the risk that it may already have been sold. Anyway, it is about fifteen inches square, made of wine-colored wool with blue wool gussets, and it has a border of antique gold braid at the top. Its carrying cord is old-gold silk. We wanted it. It is \$10, and so are all the others in this collection.

WE'RE practically certain that there's at least one dress languishing in every girl's closet that needs only a new belt to look fresh as a daisy, so herewith a trio of belts. At Peck & Peck, there's an original combination of belt and sash that might enliven a party dress. It's a black rayon satin contour belt, about an inch and a half wide, and it hasn't got a buckle but has got two tie ends—twenty inches long—that



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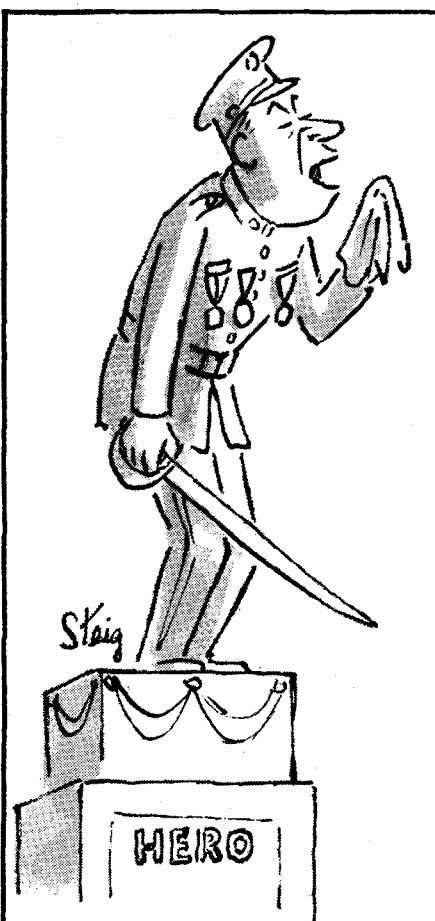
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Mon. thru Thurs. Evs.: Orch. \$8.60; Loge \$6.90; Mezz. \$5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evs.: Orch. \$9.40; Loge \$7.50; Mezz. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mats.: Orch. \$4.80; Loge \$4.30; Mezz. \$3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. \$5.40; Loge \$4.80; Mezz. \$4.30, 3.80, 3, 2.50.

WINTER GARDEN THEA. 50th Street & B'way



flare at their tips and make a big, fat, full bow; \$5. And Blanche Cassier, 698 Madison Avenue (62nd), assembles, for the waist, a wonderful wreath of overlapping leather leaves. The leaves are three and a half inches long and an inch and a half wide at their widest, and they alternate in color or material, or both, just as the customer specifies. Someone might like navy calf leaves alternating with white calf leaves, or perhaps black suede with black patent leather. These take about three days to make and cost \$15. Lord & Taylor has our pet again—ribbon. This time, it's French brocade ribbon, backed with satin, in belt form. One of the brocade ribbons—black satin, to begin with—is decorated with pink-and-gold metallic roses; blue, beige, and green butterflies; and green and gold leaves. All this shine comes to a mere \$9.95.

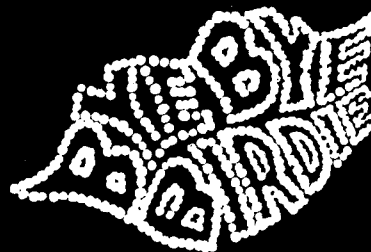
LET'S turn to children's clothes, for both sexes, and see what would make a good gift. Marcelle Julien, at 698 Madison Avenue (63rd), is a children's couturière whose work, like her prices, is imposing. (Fairy godmothers aren't supposed to care about mere money.) Miss Julien makes an imperturbable romper out of white English broadcloth and decorates the front with cerise Beauvais embroidery. (We scarcely need mention that it's all hand-work.) The romper's collar, its puffed sleeves, and its little pocket are edged with cerise rickrack; \$43.50. An older-sister dress (\$39.50) to match the romper features cerise trimmings but no rickrack; apparently that's kid stuff. Ingeborg Kuppinger, 22 East 65th Street, has designed a jumper for girls between the ages of two and four that buttons down the back and looks both seasonable and edible in Christmas-red corduroy; \$17.95. She also sells a good white cotton blouse to wear with it. The gaiety of the blouse is concentrated at the elbow, where the puff sleeve ends in a ruffle of lace; \$4.95. Another charming jumper, at Pat-Rick, 903 Madison Avenue (74th), is made of a combination of synthetics that looks like wool and drips dry; it's for toddlers and better, up to about the first-grade level (\$7.95), and there are matching shorts with bib tops for male relatives (\$4.95). The colors include navy, light blue, and red. Having suggested the presentation of these pretty clothes, we'd hate to hear that they had been quickly smeared with plum pudding, so we'll interpolate news of some perfectly wonderful linen bibs, handmade in India by nuns, that are shaped like animals—elephants, cows,



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ENDEARING COMEDY,  
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—AMIN CHAPMAN, DAILY NEWS

AMBASSADOR THEATRE 215 W. 49TH ST.  
All Evs. Orch. \$6.90; Mezz. \$5.75, 4.80; Balc. \$4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. and Sat. Mats.: Orch. \$4.80; Mezz. \$4.80, 4.05; Balc. \$3.60, 2.90, 2.30.



rabbits, owls. The rabbit, to take just one, is edged with green all around. He has a white face and he wears a yellow jacket; \$5 at A La Carte.

Trying to find out what, strictly speaking, a polo coat is, we consulted Webster; "polo," Webster declares, is "pulu" in Tibetan. That's the kind of information we can't resist passing along, because we have absolutely no use for it. If a double-breasted camel's-hair coat with a half belt in back can be described as a polo coat, which seems reasonable, Glad Rags, 1007 Madison Avenue (78th), has a fetching one, with leggings to match in the smaller sizes, for either boys or girls. It has a tan corduroy lining, a warm wool interlining, and bright gold buttons; \$47.50.

Every girl wants a beautiful, warm red robe for Christmas, and you can get one at Bloomingdale. The sizes start at 3 and run way up into the teens, which just proves that Bloomingdale agrees with our generalization. The robe is a soft drip-dry nylon fleece with fluffy white nylon lace ruffling its collar and cuffs. It closes with a red ribbon bow at the throat and four tiny red pearly buttons beneath. The prices go from \$8.98 to \$14.95, according to size. And Bloomingdale continues its campaign for Christmas red with a velvet vest for males who wear sizes 3 to 6X. It has five white buttons down the front and two sham pocket flaps; \$3.98. A young girl might like the handsome tapered lounging slacks, made in France, that Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), has on hand. The fabric is an eggshell-colored cotton, brocaded with colorful, rather Persian-looking vertical bands of stylized flowers. The slacks have elasticized waistbands, the size range is 7 to 14, and the price is \$22.95.

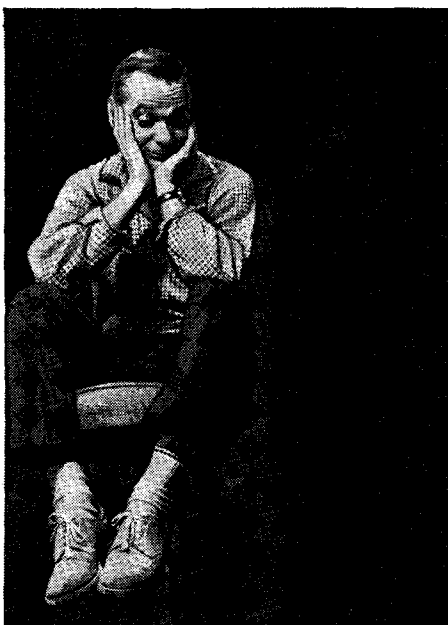
THAT'S all for children's wear (did you notice we never once used the word "adorable"?), and we're returning now to the subject of gifts for adult women. From here on, we shall deal almost exclusively with things, or objects, or *objets*, as in *objets d'art*, which is just the phrase for the fascinating Oriental "tray landscapes" that Jasmine Gifts assembles. These beautiful miniatures use pebbles, small rocks, and plant morsels to suggest vast stretches of romantic Japanese scenery, and Jasmine sells the parts of the landscape bit by bit, as well as a tray, a dish, or a bowl to set them out in. (If you have a suitable dish of your own, Jasmine will be happy to work in it.) The day we were there, the shop had just filled an oval terra-

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"A RESOUNDING SUCCESS. Has warmth and wisdom and hilarious good humor. Tennessee at his best." —McClain, Journal-American

"AFFECTIONATE AND CHARMING. Considerable humor. Charming performances. Williams loves people." —Chapman, News

"PACKED WITH LAUGHS. Tender and touching. A human play about real people. 'Period of Adjustment' has heart. It proves that Williams can make you laugh as well as cry." —Coleman, Mirror

"Since Mr. Williams is one of the finest writers in the theatre today, he could not touch any subject without bringing to it grace of style and a sure feeling for the stage. His latest play is shot through with felicitous moments. There are lines that sparkle with freshness of insight. There are scenes that erupt into laughter. There are affecting passages of barely articulated tenderness." —Taubman, Times



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cotta dish, nine and a half inches long, with craggy rock cliffs, wind-swept cypress trees, and mossy banks beside a white gravel stream spanned by a miniature bridge. An enchanted twelve-year-old boy was taking it home to his mother; he had spent \$26.95. The price can mount as high as \$200, which would get you quite an impressive piece of country. Jasmine offers these trays at both its shops—30 Rockefeller Plaza, and 1044 Madison Avenue (79th).

There aren't many women who own a silver pencil sharpener. Tiffany, whose mission in the world is to plug this sort of gap, has made a simple, petite silver block with a sharp blade in its interior that will put a fine point on any regulation-size pencil. It's \$6.50—a pretty thing for a pretty desk. While we're outfitting a lady's desk, we might consider writing paper. The Museum of Natural History (its gift shop is just inside the Seventy-seventh Street door) sells feminine writing paper—four by six inches, just big enough for a short, sweet thank-you—embellished with pressed flowers. A box of ten sheets is \$3. A woman gracious enough to write letters surely ought to get a few, and the Museum also sells a bone letter opener from India, shaped like a fish, to help her cope with incoming envelopes; \$2. One more desk accessory, this from Saks Fifth Avenue's stationery department: a safety pin, bold as brass (it *is* brass) and a good ten inches long. Saks recommends sticking its point through a bunch of bills, which may be a voodoo alternative to paying them; \$2.50.

When gardens are in operation, they're apt to be as demanding as a Florida bellhop in February, but an enthusiastic gardener with a penchant for clerical work might still find time to keep a garden log. Max Schling Seedsmen, 538 Madison Avenue (54th), is ready for her with a loose-leaf notebook, bound in green leather (\$7.95), which has some open pages for random reflections and a hundred pages, subdivided under remindful headings like "Transplant," "Fertilize," "Spray," and "Prune," to record the high spots of her gardening year. A woman whose main interest is in house plants will take pleasure in the Swedish flowerpot covers at George Kovacs, 888 Madison Avenue (72nd). These are ornamental slipons—bottomless and topless circlets made of teak, whose prices, depending on size, go from \$3.50 to \$5.50. The biggest cover is six and a quarter inches high.

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a woman who puts up an overnight guest in an apartment. It's an indoor sleeping bag—a big quilted nylon or corduroy puff with sheets inside. It can be tossed on a studio couch at night and then rolled up and stowed away in the morning; \$60, and the color combinations are myriad and lovely. A girl who likes to feed company enjoys compliments on her cooking, but she'd probably enjoy a tangible acknowledgment of her skill, too. Pot-holder mittens, for instance. Merrill Ames, 41 East 8th Street, imports some from Finland that are of gaudily printed cotton lined with bright-blue felt. These have loops to hang by, and they're washable; \$6.25 a pair. Stark Valla Emporium, 109 West 10th Street, sells bright, outsize cotton pot holders (seven and a half inches by eight and a half, say), all handmade and all one of a kind, at \$2.95; they'd be collector's items if anybody started collecting them. Some are totally abstract and others have representational appliqué. We liked a giant daisy. The same shop carries a handsome corduroy apron with four deep pockets at the hem. It's edged all around with contrasting piping—the mustard apron is piped with orange—it costs \$3.50, and, like anything else made of corduroy, it's washable. And the Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street, has an apron pretty enough for the hostess to wear all evening, and practical, too, because it's made of permanently pleated drip-dry Dacron. It costs \$4.85 and comes in rose, lavender, or apple green. A lady who takes tea seriously (no bags, please) needs a tea strainer, and we know where to find her one—at Northland Gifts, 1232 Lexington Avenue (83rd). It's plain white (\$3.25) or striped (\$3.50) Finnish china, and has its own matching drip catcher to stand on. If she prefers coffee, the United Nations Gift Shop sells beguiling demitasse cups from Austria. They're made of copper hand-enam-



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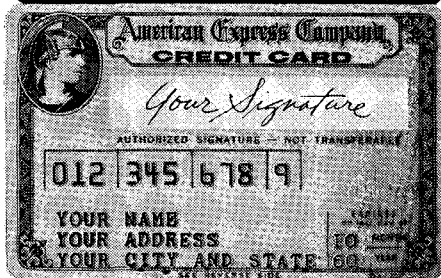
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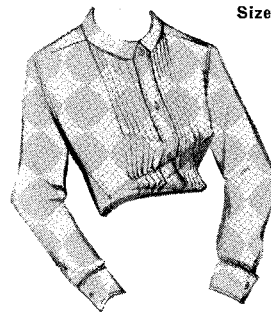
A domestic problem that every woman has struggled with and most men have never heard of is how to secure a wide-necked dress on a regulation clothes hanger. The solution, newly available at the Green Box, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd), consists of a ring that slips over the hook of a hanger. Two elasticized lace ruffles are attached to the ring, each ruffle, pink or blue, tipped with a plastic clothespin to nip the shoulder of the garment. A remarkably handy gadget, and only \$2.50. E. Braun, 717 Madison Avenue (63rd), solves another closet problem with a velvet-covered heart (red, pink, or Shocking), which has three brass hooks in front and three more in back for hanging up belts and handbags, and a brass hook for hanging itself onto the rod in the closet. It is delicately scented and edged with lace, which is romantic, but not nearly as romantic, really, as the essential utility of the thing; \$9.95.

Another heart, one of the most delicate in town—a mere eighth of an inch thick—turns up at Black, Starr & Gorham. It's a woman's cigarette lighter, made of brushed gold, easy to use, and easy to refill; \$140. The same shop provides an elegant solution to a smoker's common emergency: a girl is puffing away happily when she discovers there isn't an ashtray in sight, or a gentleman to get her one. But if Black, Starr & Gorham has had its way, she has a small sterling ashtray—two inches in diameter—in her purse, and it can be snapped shut, so the ashes don't get loose before she has a chance to empty it. It's \$8.50. Bonwit Teller suggests that you gladden the heart of the at-home smoker with a pretty matchbox that works like a toy. The box is covered with velvet, sashed with brocaded-silk ribbon, and lined with silk. The paper matches inside ignite when they're pulled out—on the order of children's party snappers, but mercifully without the bang. The box is four inches in diameter and three inches high, and costs \$15 with its hundred or so matches. It could be used to hold rings or earrings on a dressing table when the matches are gone, but refills are only \$1.

Do you have an absent-minded woman on your gift list? Henrietta Tischler, one flight up at 837 Madison Avenue (70th), makes a pretty velvet frame (nine and a half inches by fourteen and a half) with grosgrain ribbons across its front in which invitations, appointment

### Lady Milton THEATER SHIRT

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1. Choir boy collar, flattering pin-tuck pleats, box pleat back, no pocket, long shirt tail, single needle tailoring
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Extract and Toilet Water



cards, and so on, can be firmly tucked until they are accepted or kept. The frame may be propped on a dressing table or hung on a wall, and it's \$18. A smaller frame (four inches by six) is available at Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street. Its two upright panes of glass are supported by a couple of gilt-filigree cherubs, and it will hold two pictures, back to back. With luck, one might be of you, the loving donor; \$22.50.

Alice Maynard, 558 Madison Avenue (56th), purveys everything for the woman who likes to do handwork, and simplifies life for such a woman's gift-giving friends by assembling kits that make fine presents. This year, one of them contains all the makings of a needlepoint reproduction of an Old Oceania map. Besides the soft goods—yarn, et al.—the outfit includes a frame, plus glass and picture wire, in anticipation of the day when the map is finished and ready for public display; \$10.99.

A girl who stays out late could probably use a key light, and you can give her one if you can manage to borrow her key. Take it to Marchal Jewellers, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), and they will slip it permanently into a small, round fourteen-carat-gold device that, when pushed, emits enough light to illuminate a keyhole—the work of a small battery and light bulb in the interior. This is \$48. And a girl who worries about coming home in the dark should feel quite a lot safer with a personal alarm in her pocket or handbag. This is an enamelled metal contraption, about the size of an electric razor, and it produces, when its owner pushes a tricky little button, a ghastly, piercing sound that should scare the daylights out of a malefactor; it certainly scares everybody at Hammacher Schlemmer, where it sells for \$3.95.

Mme. Helen G. Albert, 760 Madison Avenue (66th), has a collection of rare old lace, and she's a good source to keep in mind if you have a newly engaged girl on your Christmas list. Some of the lace was originally worked in shapes that may be used as is; other pieces may be turned into trimmings. A ten-inch square of antique rose point costs \$100, and it might make a bridal veil or the bodice of a bride's dress.

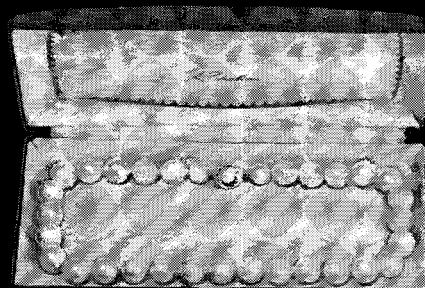
Many women have some jewelry that they wear nearly every day but take off overnight—a watch, for instance, or an engagement ring. For this regular short-term storage, Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (57th), has manufactured a large pad of velvet—an eight-inch-square cushion with a



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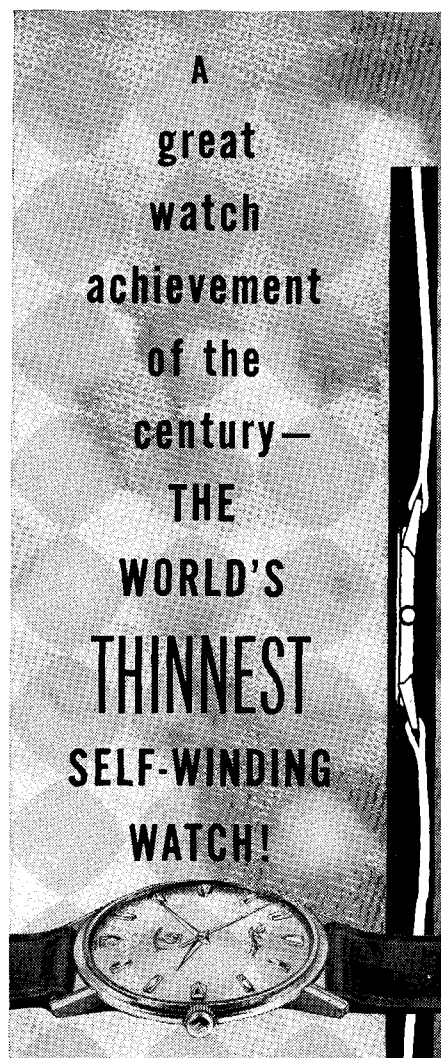
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three-inch well in its center—to sit on the bedside table and hold the gems at night; \$8.75. To keep jewelry for longer spells, Bloomingdale sells black lacquer chests made in Hong Kong in imitation of sailors' sea chests. These are a foot long and have brass fittings and velvet linings; \$50. Black lacquer boxes—these from Japan—are on sale at Hathore House, 542 Third Avenue (36th). They'll hold a ream of paper, a dozen pairs of stockings, or an incalculable number of handkerchiefs; \$10.

**W**ELL, there we are. It seems only a minute—actually, it was a whole year and in another decade at that—since we told you about the

splendid 1960 calendar-bestiarium produced by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This year, the Museum has bound its 1960 triumph in bright-red cloth, has removed the calendar, and is offering the bestiary part as a timeless Christmas gift. Its calendar for 1961 is another brilliant success; it illustrates the myths of Greece and Rome. The pictures, all from the Museum's collections, occupy the left-hand pages, and the right-hand pages, each of which spans a week of next year, hold succinct explanations of the adjacent artwork, which, as classicists know, often takes considerable explaining. Both the no-calendar bestiary and the calendar mythology cost \$1.95.

### THE CLOWN

"Practically all you newspaper people,"  
The Clown said, "get it badly mixed up  
With sentimental junk, but you are a chap

"With an intelligent face. I am not crying  
On the inside. I am no brave faker.  
On the contrary, I am a simple laugh,

"And the laugh pretends to be about  
Nothing in particular, and not the answer  
To anyone's extremely difficult question.

"Nor do I pretend that the world is really,  
In its deep center, utterly charming  
And lovely as a joke, or that it feels good

"To be crucified. Laughter is the sign  
Of an emotion that is like other emotions  
But more transient and less related

"To the problems of the man who displays it.  
It is my specialty, and all laughs  
Are mad laughs. I realize that I could argue

"That these red polka dots are spots  
Of blood, and that I laugh to explain them,  
But any reason is a false reason;

"Polka dots are as crazy as polka dots,  
Or as the light heart itself,  
Which suddenly laughs in the shuttered room

"That is real and unhappy, where the old  
Without chances talk to the young without hope.  
Men dying of cancer, even,

"Lift for a second in their hollow bodies  
No hope, but a lightness like air.  
They don't stay lifted. (What will stay lifted?)

"If even for men dying, there is my madness,  
Who puts me out of work?" The Clown  
Cartwheeled across the dressing room, and bowed.

—DONALD HALL





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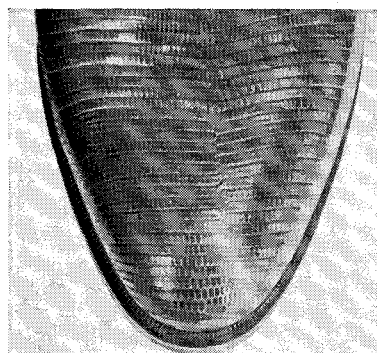
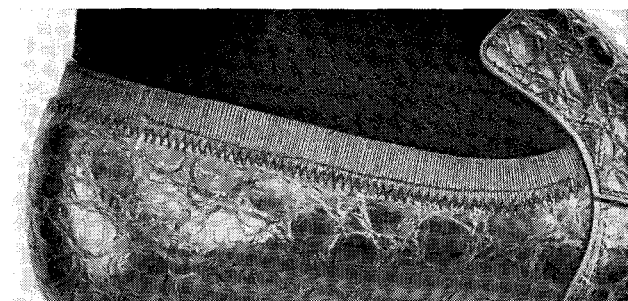
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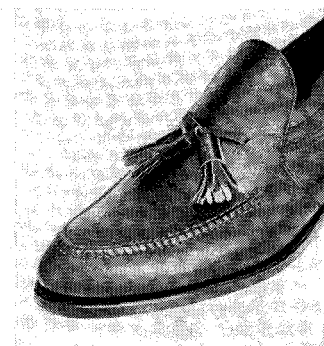
Both these reptiles are slippers. They're a very special kind of slipper, we might add. *The Boxer Top*\*—a Johnston & Murphy exclusive. It's the world's first slipper that won't slip off. The secret? Johnston &

Murphy's exclusive *Elasto-Grip*. That's the leather-encased binding you see running clear around the top.

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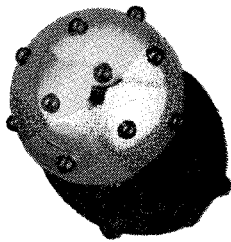
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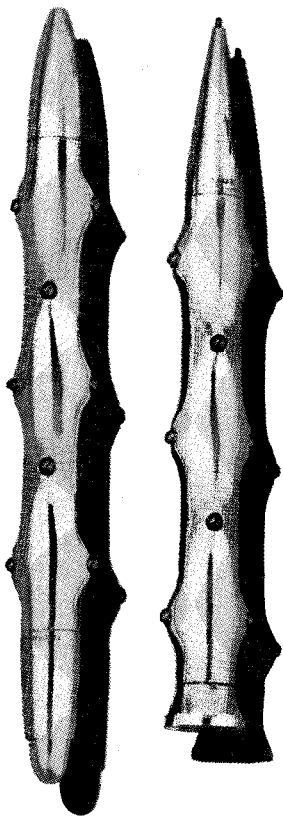
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## NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXIII~WINSTON~SALEM, N. C.

**A**L.T., 884. Pop., 87,811. Visitors to Winston-Salem first pick up the scent of tobacco about five miles out of town, in any direction. At five miles, it is a subtle hint, barely discernible. At four miles, the hint is somewhat stronger. A visitor approaching town by automobile, for example, may turn to a companion and say, "I didn't notice you lighting a cigarette." "You didn't notice me lighting a cigarette because I didn't light a cigarette," the companion will say. At three miles, the air now filled with more than a hint, the driver will say, "I need a cigarette. Light one for me, will you?" "I think I'll have one myself," his companion will say. At two miles, nonsmokers will have rolled up the windows of their cars. At the city limits, ex-smokers who have been fighting the habit are noticeably twitching. Heavy smokers stop their cars in the center of town, step outside, and inhale deeply. The air is a rich blend of choice domestic and imported tobaccos, emanating from the factories of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, all of whose manufacturing plants are in Winston-Salem.

No other city in the world produces as many cigarettes, or as much smoking tobacco or as much chewing tobacco, as Winston-Salem. No other city comes close. Reynolds is devoted to Winston-Salem, and Winston-Salem is devoted to Reynolds. The attachment is more than aromatic. Reynolds, which had been concentrating on the production of chewing tobacco, first made cigarettes—Camels—in 1913, the year the town of Winston, North Carolina, officially joined the town of Salem, North Carolina, to form the city of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Many years later, in a striking display of affection, Reynolds went about as far as a tobacco company can go without becoming maudlin: it named two cigarettes in honor of the city—Winston (filter) and Salem (menthol and filter). The Reynolds Office Building, twenty-two stories high, is the tallest in North Carolina. There is a legendary belief that townspeople are expected to bow three times when passing the building, in silent homage to the fact that Reynolds employs more than fourteen thousand persons. Also legendary is a belief that the Reynolds company has produced a hundred local millionaires, give or take a millionaire. There are no sta-

tistics to prove it, nor are there any statistics on the smoking habits of Winston-Salem residents. It is assumed that anyone over eighteen who lives in town, and has the wit to get up in the morning and dress himself, smokes, and it is further assumed that he smokes a Reynolds product. Anything else would be considered bad form. The South lays great stress on form, but signs in the elevators of the Reynolds Office Building mark a break with the traditions of Southern chivalry, advising passengers not to remove their hats—"in order to conserve space." A model camel, made entirely of shredded tobacco, stands in one of the Reynolds' manufacturing plants, near a row of clattering cigarette machines. The camel is called Old Joe, and serves no useful purpose. The Reynolds people feel sentimental about it. Old Joe sheds, and has to be replaced several times a year. There are no live camels in Winston-Salem.

**A**MONG themselves, seventy-five per cent of the residents of Winston-Salem refer to their city as Winston. As a further development, the people who live in old Salem refer to their part of the city as Old Salem. Until Western Electric moved into town, several years ago, with a large number of technical employees, Winston-Salem was known as a town with only two classes—upper and lower. Today there is a middle class. Middle and upper cross lines on Tuesdays and Fridays, when business representatives of both make a point of lunching at the Hotel Robert E. Lee and ordering New England clam chowder. The chowder is served on no other days. If the lower



classes eat New England clam chowder, they either make it themselves or buy it in cans. There is no rational explanation of the penchant of Winston-Salem's upper and middle classes for New England clam chowder. (More tobacco is chewed in North Carolina than in any other state, and nobody has to ask for an explanation of that.) The levelling influence is confined to Tuesdays, Fridays, and clam chowder. For the most part, the upper and middle classes do not mix. "We hear a good deal about the advent of a new middle class," a member of the upper class said recently, "but they have had no appreciable effect upon us. There are some, I s'pose, after all, in the Pine Brook Country Club, and possibly some in the





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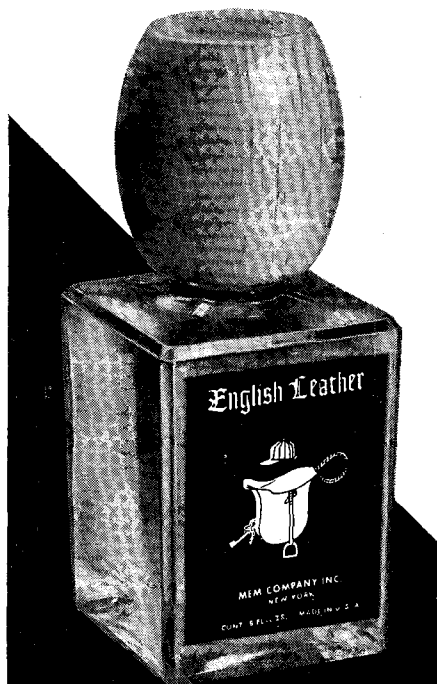




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a Hanes executive said not long ago. "He buys everything he sees that he likes, and brings it back here. I don't suppose we will ever get around to hanging all his pictures, but it's comfy to know we own them." Gordon Hanes, the son of James G. Hanes and now president of the company, worries a good deal about how his workers react to their seamless, amplified establishment. Some years ago, he candidly published, in a company booklet with an introduction beginning "Dear Folks" and signed "Gordon," the answers to such inquiries as "How INTERESTED are you IN COMPANY MATTERS?" (Very much, 48%; Right Much, 38%; Somewhat, 11%; Not Much, 3%; Not At All, 0) and "Do you know that the company has a special doctor to help you if you have trouble with your feet?" (Yes, 82%; No, 18%).

WINSTON-SALEM preserves its past in the continuing restoration of Old Salem, a village founded in 1766 as the central town of the Moravian settlement of Wachovia. "We are not to be compared sizewise to Williamsburg," an Old Salem man said recently, "but we have more original old buildings." Reynolds Tobacco people are prominent on the restoration board, and prominent among the restorations is the Miksch Tobacco Shop, which was opened in 1773, and is said to be one of the first tobacco shops in the United States. Matthew Miksch, the proprietor, manufactured mentholated snuff and king-size plugs of chewing tobacco. George III was king. General MacArthur's mother attended Salem College, then called the Salem Female Academy, and James K. Polk is reputed to have courted his future wife in a parlor directly across the hall from the office of the present president of the college. George Washington visited Salem Tavern (now restored) in 1791, and was impressed with the industry of the local workmen, who, after turning out to cheer him lustily, quietly returned to their tasks. Washington took such a shine to the Tavern that he slept there two nights.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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Each time a writer sits down with some clean sheets of paper in front of him to start a fresh piece of writing, he is like a lone explorer setting forth into a vast sea. Gales may toss him, and the sun may scorch, but...—*Letter from Writer's Digest.*

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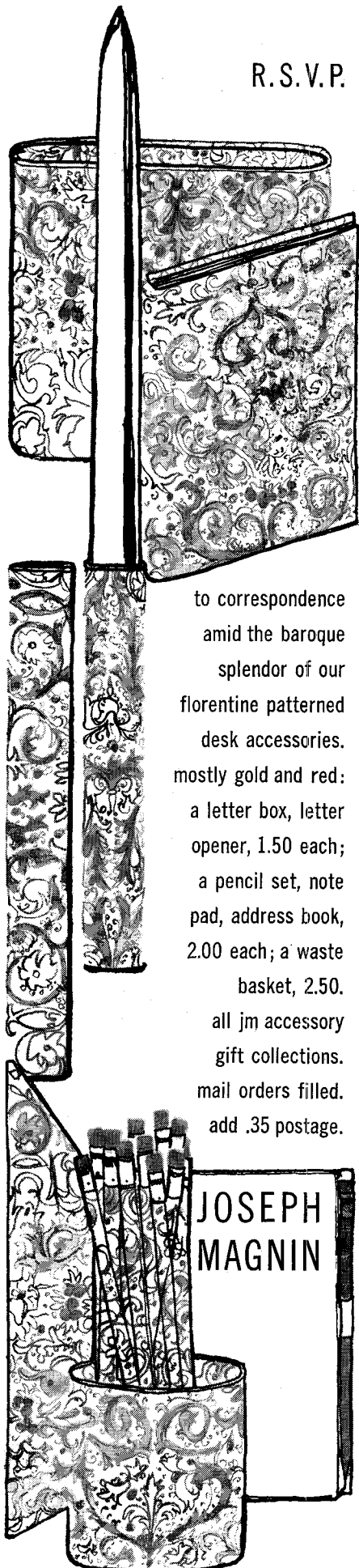
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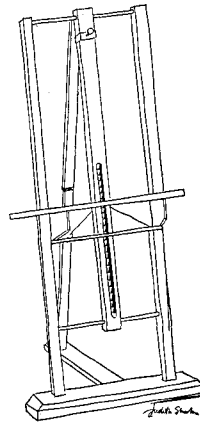
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## THE ART GALLERIES

*Turner and the Impressionists*



WE all talk a great deal about influences, in relation to both the artists who give and those who receive them; tabulating them adds a cozy sense of continuity to the rather chaotic history of art. Yet it occurs to me that many of our speculations rest on shaky foundations. Did Turner—to come down to the subject at hand, an exhibition of his water colors and drawings at the Gerson Gallery—influence the Impressionists directly, or didn't he? Though I more or less assumed so in the past, along with a number of other people, I feel now that he couldn't have done so. To a large extent, it's the present collection that has made me change my mind.

Turner was one of the forerunners of the Impressionists, both stylistically and in the purposes of his art. Like them, he sought an effect of spontaneity, striving to convey his instant reaction to the scene before him rather than a deliberately composed and worked-over one. He was interested, too, in the transient aspects of nature—the play of lights and shadows, the passage of clouds, sudden rainstorms, and so on—and, preëminently in his oils, he developed what amounted to an entirely new set of techniques for rendering such impressions.

Yet for the most part the young Impressionists, looking for masters to learn from, studied him only glancingly. To be sure, they paid their respects. Monet and Pissarro, during their visits to London, were struck by his technique, most especially by his use of divided instead of flat colors—a matter they themselves were then engrossed in. But technique is not everything, and beyond that their interest seems to have remained largely an oblique one. On the whole, they were more taken by the London fogs, which never ceased to excite them. Among the painters, they paid most tribute to such earlier men as Constable, of the English landscape school, and to Poussin, Chardin, and Claude Lorrain (curiously, one of Turner's own masters) among the French, and their rea-

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sons for doing so, as I see them, are interesting because of the light they throw on the whole question of influences in art.

The trouble—the current collection reveals what the Impressionists appear to have divined from the start—was that Turner was never really an Impressionist in essence. It is true that in his later paintings, such as the superb Harbor series, he anticipated many of their techniques. But the fact that he had preceded them in that one respect was not enough. In fact, it was a point against him. Unlike science, art seems incapable of building on itself, piling one brick of knowledge on another, to form at last a pyramid of perfection; art is constantly changing direction. No sooner does one generation find the pinnacle in sight than the succeeding one starts hacking away at the foundation, and Turner's difficulty—to the young Impressionists—was that he was still too deeply involved in the very structure they were trying to bring down.

They were, or they thought they were, scientific about the principles of color and light which so concerned them; he was grandly intuitive. Being scientists, too, they approached their subjects with calm; it is interesting to consider how bland nature generally is in an Impressionist painting, and how rarely any untoward atmospheric disturbance is permitted to intrude on the peacefulness of the scene. There's no "story," either, except in the most tenuous fashion—a couple, perhaps, sitting placidly in a garden—while Turner, still caught in the framework of his own generation, was in all this the opposite. He delighted in storms, lightning, snow flurries, and such dramatic phenomena, and if a party of travellers or a boatload of sailors happened to be caught in the turmoil, it was so much the better. It gave a fillip of romantic narrative interest to the occurrence, and the best summing up of the whole matter is suggested by an often quoted remark of Turner's: "I do not imitate Nature; I improve on it." For the Impressionists, Nature alone was enough. What it comes down to, I guess, is that the essence of art lies deeper than the superficialities of style.

But I've wandered too far from the exhibition that started all this. It's a small affair but a choice one. Some forty pieces are included, each of them a loan from here or abroad, and despite its restricted compass its coverage is considerable, from an early, precise architectural study called "Edgar Tower, Worcester Castle," done in 1796, when

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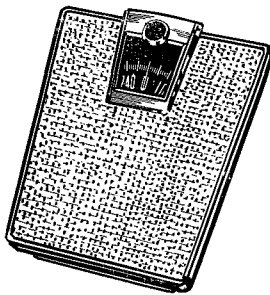


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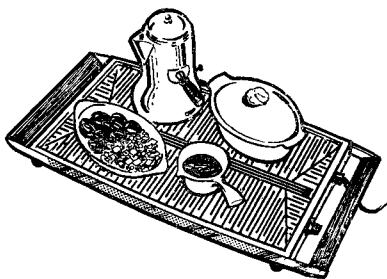
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Turner was barely into his twenties, to a group of larger, more grandiose landscapes dated around 1845. That the show is limited to water colors and drawings is in this case an advantage. Works in these media are the bare bones of an artist's production; they give a more succinct, more direct, and in many ways clearer idea of what the man is getting at than do his more elaborate oils, and in this instance the exhibition points up admirably the peculiarities of Turner's stylistic position.

A good many of the items are period pieces, in both subject and mood. The grand tour, sketchbook in hand, was what we'd now call a "must" for every artist of the day, and Turner's travels carried him through all the prescribed places—recorded in this show by, among others, "Ehrenbreitstein" and "Schaffhausen" (the Rhine Valley), "The Lake of Nemi" (Italy), "A Snowstorm on the Mont Cenis," and "An Alpine Stream," as well as such stay-at-home pieces as "Lake in Petworth Park" and "A Shooting Party on Hawksworth Moor." There is a certain amount of conventional rodomontade in a good many of them. "Snowstorm on the Mont Cenis" is enlivened, for no particular reason, by a wrecked stagecoach, its horses panicking; "Ehrenbreitstein" is far too romantic; and in the study of the tight little town of Aosta, in the Piedmont section of the Italian Alps, the mountainous quality of its setting is exaggerated enormously.

Turner, though, was by natural endowment a magnificent craftsman, and he gets much more out of such traditional subjects than other men did. He was also, like Rembrandt, a man who seems always to have been reaching out for the future, and was willing, in mid-career, to risk the loss of his popular success to follow his own bent as an artist. As a result, it is on his very late pieces, the ones his contemporaries found most unpalatable—and in which, incidentally, he came closest to Impressionist techniques—that his main fame rests. The current collection, fortunately, is particularly rich in them. I'd cite especially "Simplon Pass" and "Lake of Lucerne, from Brunnen," both large, perhaps a trifle grandiose, but full of the most delicate graduations of shifting, transparent color; the craggy "An Alpine Stream;" the smaller, less studied "Wave;" and the wild swirl of mountain landscape called "Dazio Grande," in which, far from leaning toward Impressionism, he seems to be approaching Abstract Expressionism in his treatment. Perhaps that's where

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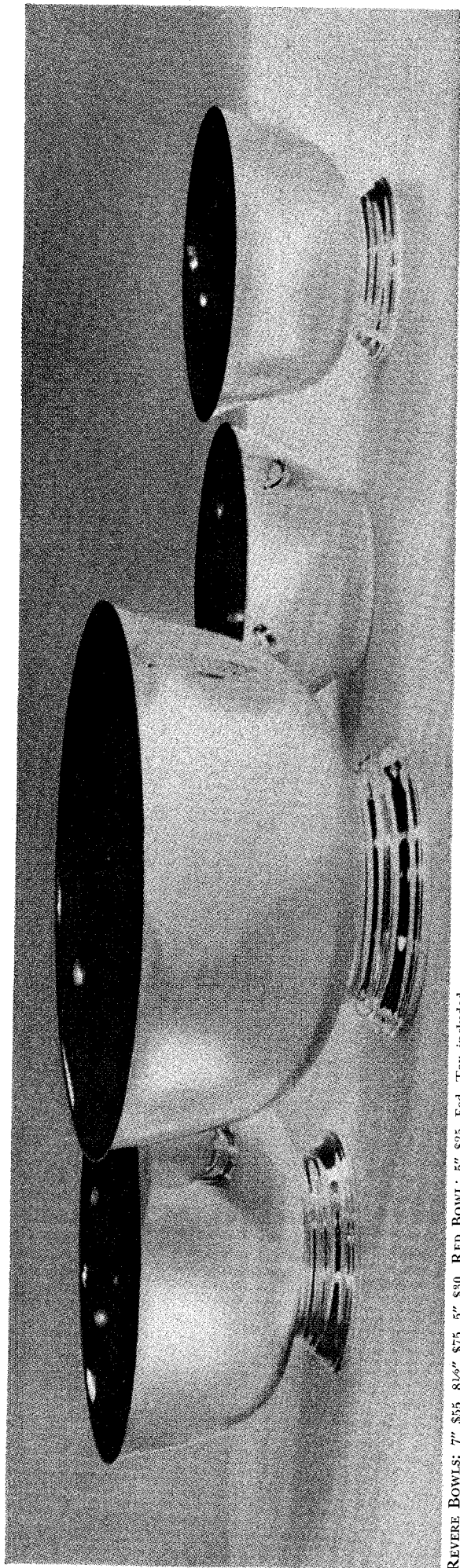
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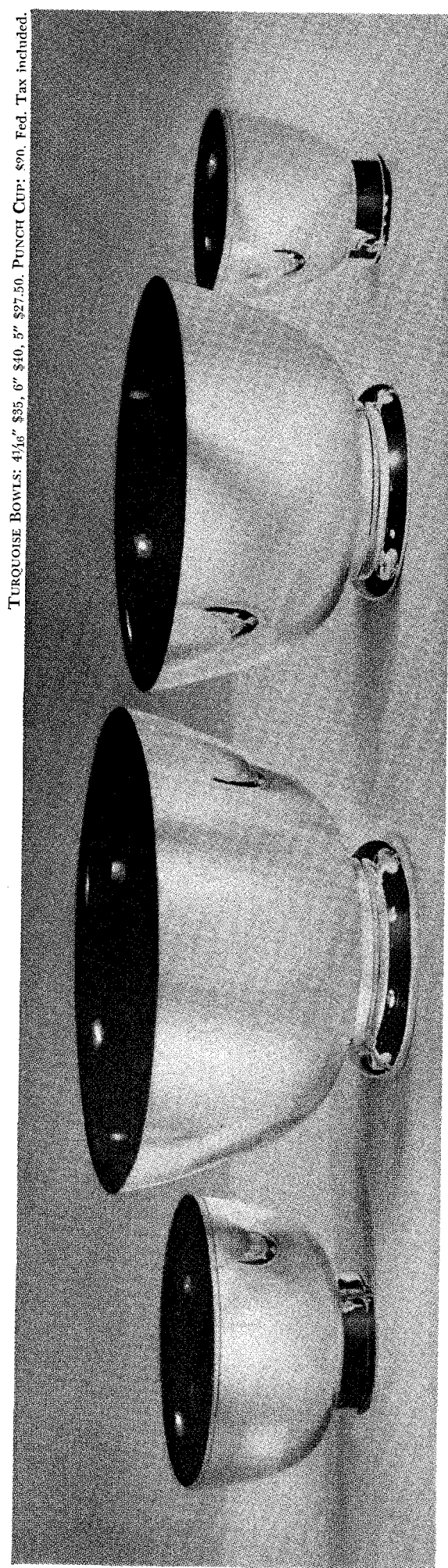


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Turner's influence will be seen to lie, in the end.

AT the Downtown Gallery is a set of new oils by Abraham Rattner, in an unusually attractive showing. Rattner, in his own way, is almost as light-struck an artist as Turner was, and at times he has seemed to be trying to outglare the sun itself in the molten intensity of his reds and yellows. In his new pieces, all done since 1956, he has toned down his color values considerably without sacrificing any of their richness, and I think that compositionally they gain in over-all effect. The sun, after all, can blind as well as illuminate. Paris, most particularly in its Gothic aspects, is the background for several of the oils, and there's a handsome series based on the gargoyles of its churches—of which I admired most "Gargoyle No. 8, Gothic," with its wild race of crockets running diagonally down the canvas, and the jaggedly patterned, ruddy-toned "Gargoyle No. 7." I liked least the curiously Tachiste "Sag Harbor No. 2," which seems pedestrian in design, as does the even more conventionally patterned abstract landscape called "Winter Composition." "The Song of Esther," though, a figure study in which Rattner returns momentarily to his old blaze of color, but more convincingly, would be a gem indeed in almost any collection. —ROBERT M. COATES

After the demonstration and games, provided by Mrs. Conroy, Mrs. Conroy served a broken glass salad with whipped cream.—*From the Henry (Ill.) News-Republican.*

Who demonstrated? And against what?

Marguerite Gignac sings Donna Elvira in a voice of purity but limited thrust, and projects the character with intensity. Jeanette Scovoti sings and acts Zerlina with Lucid Pertnes and Sherill Milnes portrays Masetto broadly yet persuasively. —*Boston Herald.*

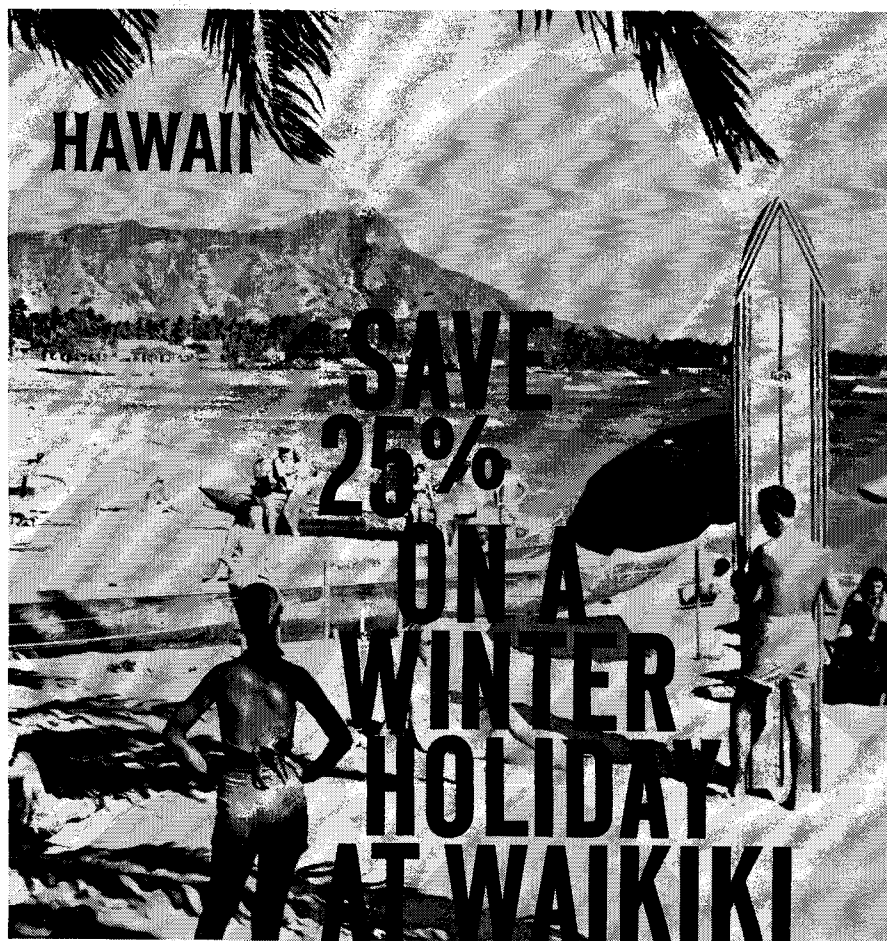
Come, now, Lucid Pertnes was the persuasive one.

#### MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *World-Telegram & Sun*]

PEORIA, Ill.—George Drenna strolled out to his mailbox to get his social security check yesterday.

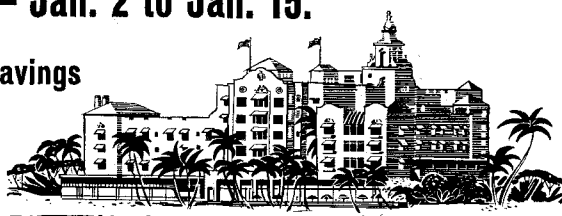
The check was not there and neither was the mailbox.



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### COMMANDER NANAVATI AND THE UNWRITTEN LAW

PEOPLE in India now say "before Independence" as Americans say "before the Revolution" and the British say "before the Norman Conquest." Nevertheless, as I discovered not long ago, certain of India's pre-Independence influences carry over in ways that seem both unexpected and unexpectedly strong to someone who, like me, lives in Britain and has also spent a good deal of time in the old British-ruled India. I am not referring to the obvious survivals, which include parliamentary government, the English language, and the sizable number of English people who still live in India, reasonably at ease under the new order. I am thinking of more subtle manifestations. Indians are frequently apt to quote Shakespeare or Milton at you, and Indian lawyers love to invoke Blackstone. Codes of morality and justice from the distant, once imperial island battle it out with codes of local origin. I have no idea how the conflict is going to be resolved. Certainly it was not resolved during the Nanavati trial and its aftermath. This affair had

nothing to do with Britain. The crime was a Bombay crime, the resulting trial an Indian one, yet a Britannic sense of rectitude hovered over the city and the courtroom throughout, to confuse the issue and to confuse, and then fascinate, the casual visitor. I may not be much of an expert on other recent Indian topics, such as Nehru's visit to Pakistan, but about the Nanavati case I'm abundantly, encyclopedically informed.

I arrived in Bombay, after a considerable absence, late last year, in a season of delayed monsoon cloudbursts and welcome cool breezes. I stayed with English friends in a very pleasant house modelled on an old Mogul palace, with carved stone screens, big, high-ceilinged rooms, and a prim formal garden. People drifted in and out—ladies like Greek figures in their cool saris, men in white clothes—everybody talking and talking, for conversation is India's most highly developed pastime, and one that, in my feminine fashion, I am not especially averse to, even when the conversation becomes repetitious, as it invariably does on the net-

lesome local subject of Bombay Province's prohibition of alcoholic beverages. Although on my first evening I was feeling drowsy and fuzzy-headed after my plane trip, I would have had to be even sleepier and mistier not to notice that two new topics had—for the time being, at least—supplanted prohibition in interest. One of them was China's threat to India's northeast borders. The other had to do with someone named Nanavati, and it was a mystery to me. When I admitted this, my friends were scornful. They said I couldn't have been reading the *Times* of London with proper care lately. The affairs of the unfortunate Nanavati had evidently been mentioned in the *Times*, and these Bombay residents were clearly both proud and ashamed of such august publicity. They at once set out to dispel my ignorance, and within a day or so, with their help and that of the abundant and gossipy local newspapers, I was able to hold my own on the topic.

I learned that a prominent naval officer, Commander Kavas M. Nanavati, second-in-command of the Indian flagship Mysore, was being tried for the murder of one Prem Bhagwandas Ahuja. The alleged motive was a fam-

familiar one—revenge for a broken home. During his naval training at Portsmouth, England, in 1949, Nanavati had married his handsome young English wife, Sylvia, who had borne him three children (and who, my Indian acquaintances said, had often been praised by Nanavati's Parsi family for the graceful way she had gone through a trying process of acclimatization). In 1958, Sylvia had met Miss Memmi Ahuja, who lived with her bachelor brother, Prem Ahuja, and several servants in a modern apartment house in a good residential district of Bombay. Ahuja was a successful automobile importer—and also, gossip said, a great comfort to neglected wives (but I am not sure whether gossip started saying this before or after the tragedy). In any case, Nanavati pres-



*"My God, if you can't even make out during the Renaissance, I should think you'd wise up!"*



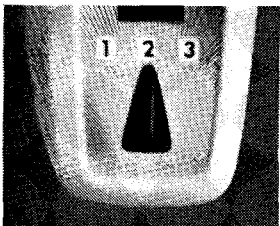
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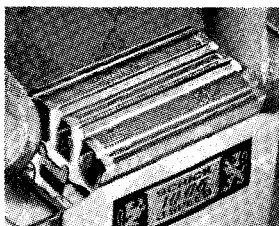
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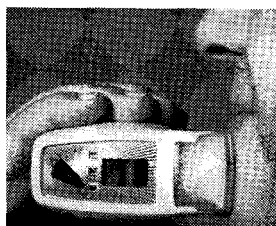
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*Dad*

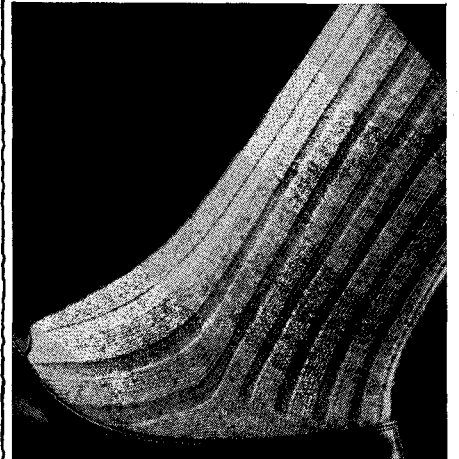


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ently noticed that his wife seemed to be seeing more and more of her new friend Memmi Ahuja. This hadn't worried him, he subsequently told the court, until April, 1959, when he came home on leave to discover that Sylvia had ignored what he considered her proper familial duties. Specifically, she had failed to attend a dinner given by his brother, on the plea that she had a previous engagement with Memmi Ahuja. Parsi family life is close and, from our point of view, demanding. A brother-in-law's dinner should, in the ordinary way, take precedence over any non-family function, and Miss Ahuja, the Commander felt resentfully, would surely have understood Sylvia's action if she had begged off. He began to wonder about her ties with the Ahujas, particularly since Sylvia seemed to be acting rather cool and distant. At first, she denied that anything was the matter, but then, on the morning of the dreadful day everyone in Bombay was now talking about—it was April 27th—he accused her of having an affair with Prem Ahuja, and she admitted it. His first urge, Nanavati later testified, had been to commit suicide, and in order to carry out this plan he had driven to his ship and obtained a pistol and ammunition from the small-arms locker, explaining to his commanding officer that he wanted the weapon for protection on a forthcoming motor trip. Nanavati's next moves that afternoon, and his reasons for them, were the crucial matters in his trial and the inexhaustible subjects of Bombay debate. It was Nanavati's assertion that, far from wanting to kill Prem Ahuja, he had simply intended to confront the man and try to make him promise to marry Sylvia. In any case, the Commander, after obtaining the pistol, went first to Ahuja's place of business and then to the apartment shared by Prem and Memmi Ahuja.

The events there were described for the prosecution by Miss Ahuja. She told the court she had taken some sort of sleeping potion for migraine that afternoon and had been napping at the time of Nanavati's arrival. Awakened by the bell, she had come to the door of her room in time to watch a servant lead a man she could see only from the back to her brother's room. She said she saw the visitor enter the room rapidly, and heard him address Prem Ahuja by name. A moment or so later, Miss Ahuja heard two shots in quick succession, and then a third, followed by a crash. She and the servants rushed into her brother's room, where

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they found Commander Nanavati, revolver in hand, standing a few feet from Prem Ahuja's lifeless body, which was clad only in a bath towel; as the police later figured it out, the victim had knotted the towel around his waist as he emerged from a shower just before Nanavati's arrival. The Commander, without a word to anyone, now turned and strode from the apartment.

His next act was to go straight to the home of Commander M. B. Samuel, Provost-Marshal of the Indian Navy, to report that he had been involved in a shooting and to ask what he should do next. Ultimately, he was put in naval custody at a Bombay shore installation, and there he was billeted for several months before his trial and during the trial itself. This circumstance outraged the prosecution, whose counsel argued, whenever the opportunity arose, that the defendant in a civil murder case should be in civil custody. The circumstance also especially irritated a pair of English friends of mine in Bombay, named Jeffrey and Peggy Drawe, who followed the trial with a proprietary anxiety that I found completely irrational. When we talked it over, which we and almost everyone else in Bombay at the time did whenever the opportunity arose, I would ask what was so terrible about the prisoner's being in naval custody, and the Drawes would invariably retort that it wasn't according to British law.

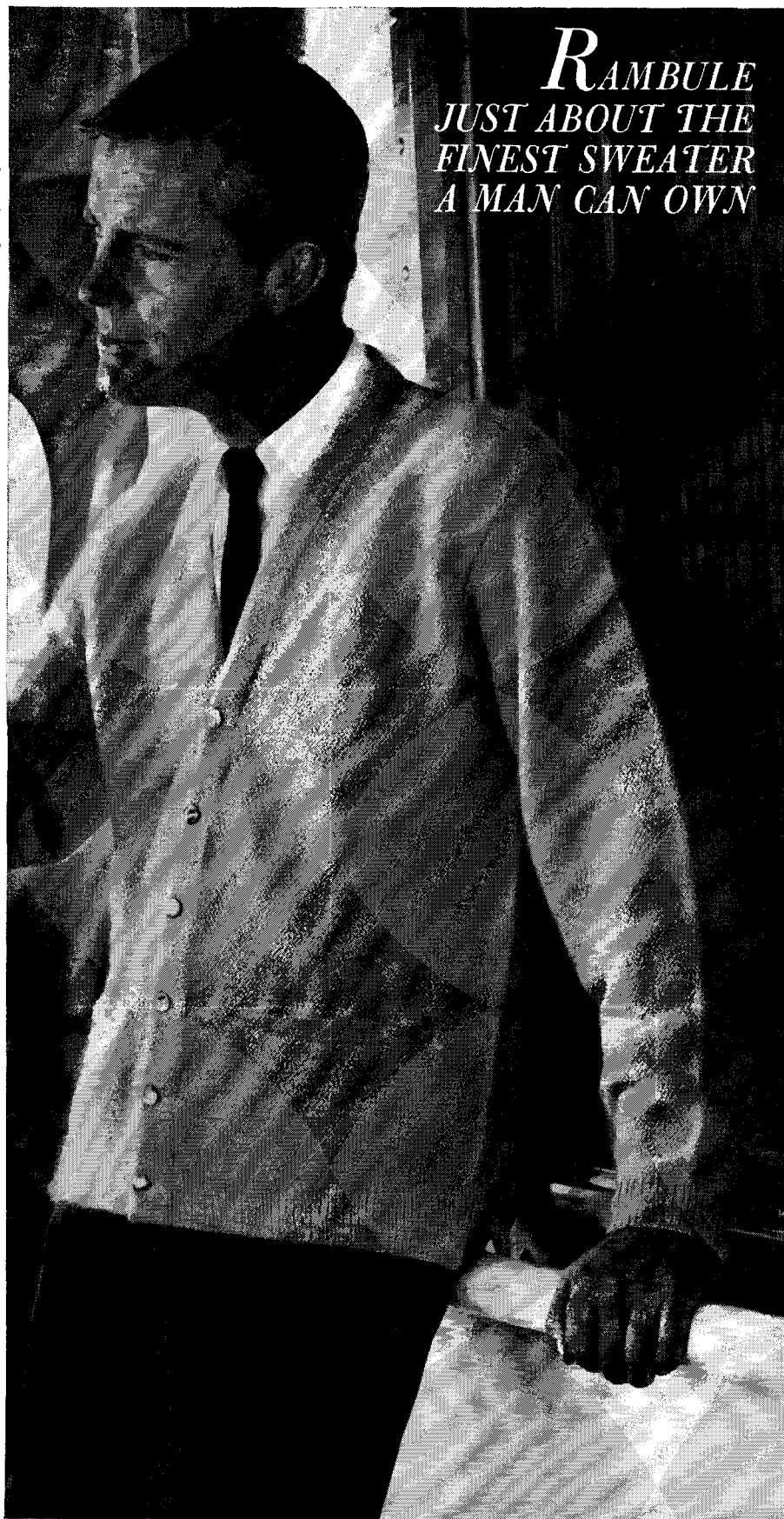
During one discussion, Peggy Drawe said, "It's simply most improper. The man is accused of committing a civil crime, and he should be in civil custody."

"And I'll tell you something worse than that," added her husband, Jeff. "The fellow has been appearing in court all along in uniform. You'd hardly believe it, would you? There he stands in his *naval uniform* in the prisoner's box. I admit the stripes have been cut off, but he's wearing all his medals. Oh, it's terribly improper."

I felt, and no doubt looked, stupid. I asked, "Why is it so improper?"

Jeff said, "When you bring the uniform to trial, it's just the same as trying the Queen—or, rather, I mean to say, trying the government of the country." He looked slightly embarrassed at having forgotten that Indians were no longer subjects of Her Majesty.

Peggy put in, "It's an appeal to public sympathy, pure and simple. The Navy is not playing fair. Why, they've actually brought down the highest officers from Delhi—admirals and all—to testify to Nanavati's character, and



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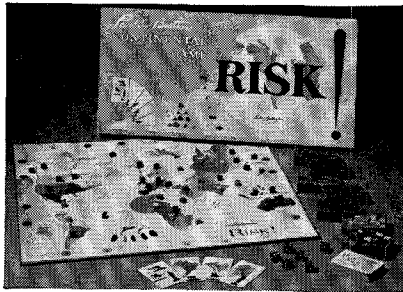
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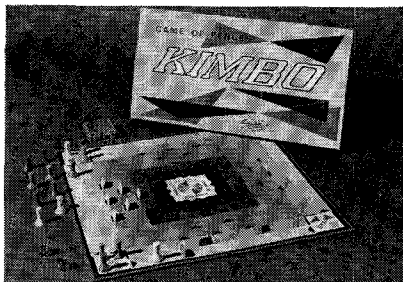
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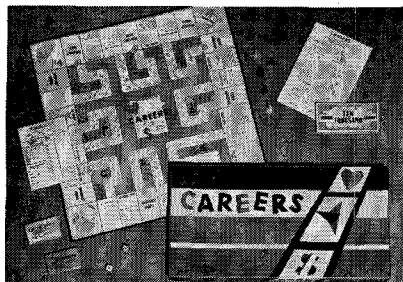
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they were in full uniform, too. If you ask me, Krishna Menon's behind it all, as Minister for Defense."

In fairness, the Drawes had to admit that the naval authorities were not the only people who were pro-Nanavati. The courtroom and its environs were usually packed with the Commander's enthusiastic rooters. Sometimes, when a prosecution witness was giving evidence, the majesty of the law was rudely disturbed by onlookers who interrupted with such remarks as "Shut up!" and "Sit down!" On these occasions, the Sessions Court judge, Mr. R. B. Mehta, was naturally annoyed, and said some fairly severe things. "Silence!" he cried once. "This is not a tamasha." (A tamasha is a public spectacle or pageant.) At other times, he threatened to clear the court, and once he actually gave the order to do so, but various spectators flatly refused to move, so the trial proceeded without anybody's making too much of a point of the incident. I admired the judge intensely. I doubt whether anyone in India has had to cope with more problems, or more perplexing ones, in the space of twenty-two days.

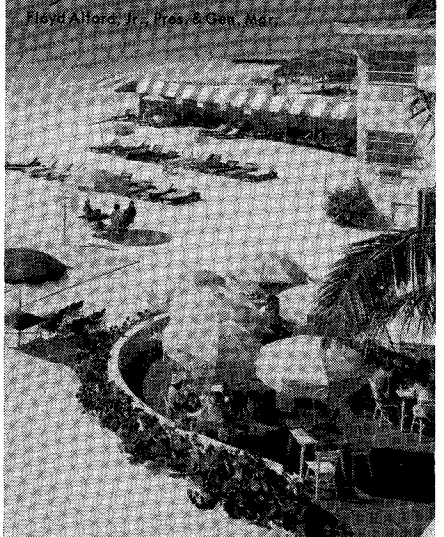
The case for the defense was built mainly around Nanavati's contention that the shooting had occurred accidentally, during a scuffle between him and Ahuja over the pistol. When he entered Ahuja's apartment, the Commander told the court, he had been carrying the weapon in a brown paper envelope, which he had put it in aboard the Mysore. Face to face with Ahuja, Nanavati had told him he knew of his wife's affair and had asked whether Ahuja would marry her if given the opportunity. The retort, according to the accused man, had been a maddening one: "Do I have to marry every woman that I sleep with?" The Commander declared that he had then put the gun down, in its wrapping, on top of a cabinet, and had rushed at Ahuja to give him what he called "a good thrashing." The other man, Nanavati claimed, had apparently guessed what was in the paper parcel and had made a grab for it, whereupon there had been a battle for possession of the weapon, which, according to Nanavati's recollection, had gone off twice. Three times? Nanavati didn't remember three explosions, but perhaps, he said, there had been three.

The prosecution argued, in rebuttal, that there couldn't have been any struggle. Miss Memmi Ahuja, backed up by the Ahuja servants, testified that between the shutting of her brother's bedroom door and the sound of the shots

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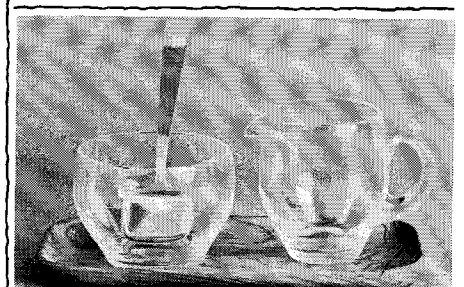


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there hadn't been time for all the events Nanavati described. The defense was also faced with all sorts of minor discrepancies concerning the position of the body, the place where one of Ahuja's sandals was lying, and the fact that when he died, the towel, which would very likely have fallen off in a struggle, was still knotted about his waist. The prosecution staff had prepared its case so thoroughly that it even produced a model of a human skull pierced by a hole purportedly identical with that made by one of Nanavati's bullets, the other two of which had entered Ahuja's chest. Nevertheless, the chief public prosecutor, Mr. C. M. Trivedi, had given a broad hint that he might not hold out rigidly for a verdict of willful murder but might settle for a culpable-homicide conviction, which would carry a lighter sentence. It was at this point in the trial that I arrived in town.

By the time I finished catching up on the case through the newspaper reports, I had become as keenly interested in it as anybody else, yet I still wondered why we should all be so worked up. After all, it was by no means the first murder that had taken place in Bombay; Indian tempers are as quick as those in any other nation. I don't suppose anybody can ever say for certain why a particular crime catches the public imagination, but in this instance I tried to figure it out—first by asking an Indian friend I shall call Susheela, a woman born and brought up in Bombay, who dropped in to see me a day or so after my arrival. Susheela said, "I suppose it's partly their social status. I don't mean that they're so terribly important, but they're like us—Nanavati himself, and Sylvia, and the Ahujas, and all these relatives you keep reading about. Incidentally, did you know that Sylvia and the children are living with her in-laws while all this is going on? The family has behaved wonderfully. What I mean is, I don't know the Nanavatis myself, or the Ahujas, either, but I might easily have met them. As a matter of fact, I stopped by to ask if you'd like to go with me to the trial tomorrow. I've got passes for two, and my husband thinks it's shocking and disgusting that I should want to go. He says nothing would induce him to enter that courtroom."

I wasn't entirely satisfied with her explanation, but I quickly accepted the invitation. When her husband heard that I had done so, he told both of us he was shocked and disgusted, but I refused to be talked out of going, and so did Susheela. "I tell you it is *not* morbid curiosity," she said to him defiant-

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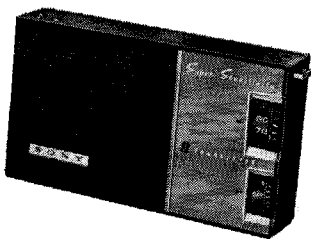
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ly. "I'm simply interested. They say the crowd is made up for the most part of young people cutting their classes at Bombay University, and I want to see if it's true."

NEXT morning, Susheela called for me in a car driven by one of her servants, and we made our slow way across town toward the Sessions Court. The narrow street leading to the courthouse entrance was jam-packed with people. The car drew to a halt at the porch, where we stepped out between two rows of guards, smartly dressed in white tunics with red belts, who were holding back a crowd of spectators on either side. Not that the spectators seemed to need much holding back; they were a peaceful lot—mostly women, who had, I thought, taken considerable trouble to make themselves look nice. Up a flight of steps, we found many more patiently waiting women, in a long, thin line along the gallery leading to the courtroom. As we walked past them, we were hailed by someone in the line. It turned out to be a girl Susheela had introduced me to not long before, who works on a women's magazine.

"Hello, Shirin," said Susheela. "What's the matter? Haven't you got a press pass for the courtroom?"

Shirin said, "Yes, but I'm getting background material out here. I'll join you inside when the trial starts up. Have you ever seen anything like these women? The police have tried to make those who don't have passes go downstairs, but they just sit down on the floor and won't move. Look—some are carrying garlands."

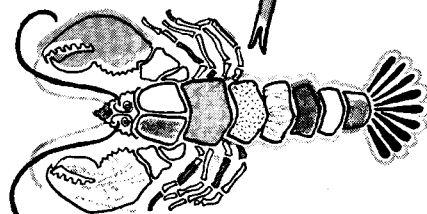
"What for?" I asked.

Shirin rolled her eyes ceilingward. "For him," she said disgustedly. "Nanavati."

We went on into the courtroom and found seats, which were close to, and below, a tall wooden structure that I deduced was the judge's bench. Then, as the court was called to order, I had my first glimpse of Judge Mehta—a slight, good-looking man with a small mustache. Susheela now pointed out, in front of us, the defense counsel, Mr. Karl J. Khandalawalla, flanked by his two assistants, and, not far off, the prosecutor, Mr. Trivedi, with his helpers. The judge and all the gentlemen of the law were dressed in black gowns and white neckbands, just as they would have been in England, but they weren't wearing wigs—which in Bombay's climate would really have been too much, even for the majesty of justice. Beyond the lawyers' tables were seated the spec-

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tators, row after row, all but filling the not very big room—lots of women, most of them glamorous-looking types, and a few stripling males. Around the ends of the rows of seats and along the back of the room, tucked into every corner, more people were standing. Along the wall to my right was the jury box, high up, like a bleacher section. "Only nine jurors?" I whispered to Susheela in surprise. She nodded. Indian law specifies nine jurors—or, if nine qualified ones aren't available, seven—in cases such as Nanavati's. Another Indian variation from Western practice, I had already learned, was that the jury did not have to reach a unanimous verdict but could decide a case by a bare majority, provided the judge agreed with the majority decision; if he did not, he could refer the case to the next higher court. The Nanavati jurors were all men—a matter about which I decided to interrogate Susheela later—and they all seemed to be of about the same indeterminate age and appearance.

I couldn't find the prisoner until Susheela pointed him out, down at the opposite end of the room, in a high seat that was almost on a level with that of the judge. Nanavati was tall, with a thin, handsome face, and, sure enough, he was wearing a starched, spotless white uniform adorned with a row of colorful decorations. He seemed alert but calm—not assertively self-assured but not frightened, either. His expression could fairly be described as one of polite indifference—a social expression, a party face. But as the proceedings got under way I decided that there might be some excuse for even the prisoner's feeling indifferent at this particular stage. His counsel, Mr. Khandalawalla, had reached the tedious summing-up period, when small points of evidence must be reexamined. I had heard a good deal about Khandalawalla, who, unlike the prisoner, was well known to many Bombay people of my acquaintance, not only as a brilliant lawyer but as a passionately keen student of Indian painting and sculpture, an author of books on both subjects, and an expert on all the famous Bombay collections. It was said that he had taken on this particular case only reluctantly, because he didn't really want to spend time away from his pictures and bronzes. But now, according to reports from my friends, he thought of nothing and worked at nothing but Nanavati's defense.

As I settled down to listen to Mr. Khandalawalla, I found it hard at first to get my bearings, despite the fact that, like most of the others involved, he spoke

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excellent English. (The few non-English-speaking participants—some minor witnesses—were, I was told, provided with interpreters.) Presently, though, I realized that the defense counsel was attacking the probity of the Ahuja domestic staff, whose testimony had tended to refute Nanavati's contention that there had been a struggle between him and Ahuja. Now Khandalawalla pointed out small discrepancies in this testimony and made much of them. It was slow, if necessary, work, and I'm afraid I began fidgeting. Susheela must have felt restless, too. At any rate, she whispered, "It was much more exciting a few days ago, when Sylvia was in court." Then she began to look worried as her eyes roved over the room. She said, "They are cutting classes, I'm sure of it, these young people. All this is bad for them. Do you see that woman in the back row, dressed up as if she were going to the opera? It's shocking, I must say."

Mr. Khandalawalla got involved in a wrangle with the judge over precedent, and began to rummage in a law-book to find a point to support his stand. The crowd took advantage of the pause to chat, and a companionable buzz filled the room. I decided to ask Susheela about an aspect of the proceedings that had been on my mind, and I brought it up as delicately as I could.

"I know it's not the thing nowadays to mention religion, but the fact that Nanavati is a Parsi and Ahuja was a Hindu—will that affect the outcome?" I said. Susheela stared at me perplexedly, and I felt somewhat daunted, but I went on, "There's the defense counsel—he's a Parsi—and the prosecuting attorney is a Hindu. Is it pure coincidence?"

Susheela smiled and patted my shoulder. "The religious element may enter into it," she said, in the tone of a teacher addressing a child, "but not in that way. Ahuja was a Hindu, all right, but he was a Sindhi. A lot of Hindus don't care much for Sindhis, so it cancels out."

"I see," I said, knowing only that Sindhis were from the northern state of Sind, now part of Pakistan, and hence regarded somewhat as outlanders in Bombay.

Mr. Khandalawalla had resumed his discussion, and the court quieted down. The defense counsel's topic now was the testimony of Miss Memmi Ahuja, who, he reminded the court, until the police found a collection of passionate letters from women in her brother's room and showed them to her, had flatly denied knowing anything

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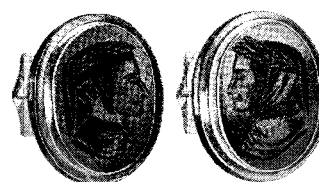
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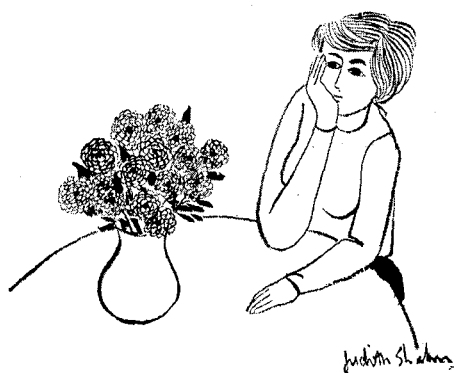
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about his love affairs. As for his entanglement with Sylvia, Miss Ahuja had finally admitted in court that she first learned of that during a trip she and her brother made to Agra several months before his death. By chance (or at least Memmi had assumed it was by chance), Sylvia Nanavati had been staying at the same Agra hotel, and, through what seemed a natural series of circumstances, the Ahujas had offered her a place in their car for the trip back to Bombay. The party had stopped overnight at a small hotel, and there, Memmi had testified, her brother had come to her room to tell her of his passion for Sylvia, whom he said he wished to marry. Memmi said she had been shocked at the prospect of Prem's breaking up the Nanavati home, let alone that of his marrying a woman with three children by another man. She had tried to dissuade him, she said, but he had been determined. No, she had told the court, she would not agree that he had later cooled toward Sylvia. And no, Mr. Khandalawalla abruptly, and seemingly inexplicably, quoted Memmi Ahuja as testifying, she had not known that her brother had twenty-one bottles of liquor concealed under the bed in his Bombay room. This sudden switch on the part of the defense lawyer mystified me at first. After all, it was not too surprising for Prem Ahuja, a businessman dealing with Western salesmen and customers, to keep some liquor on hand—although the quantity was far beyond that allowed by the medical permit that he, like a good many Bombayans of his status, held. Was the barrister using this instance of lawbreaking to cast discredit on the dead man? And if so, was it good strategy? I doubted if he was really hurting Ahuja much, since too many Bombay people were in the same boat, and some might be feeling sympathy for Ahuja for the first time. Anyway, I was—until I realized that I had been too hasty in my interpretation of Mr. Khandalawalla's strategy. His purpose was to discredit not Prem's character but Memmi's veracity,



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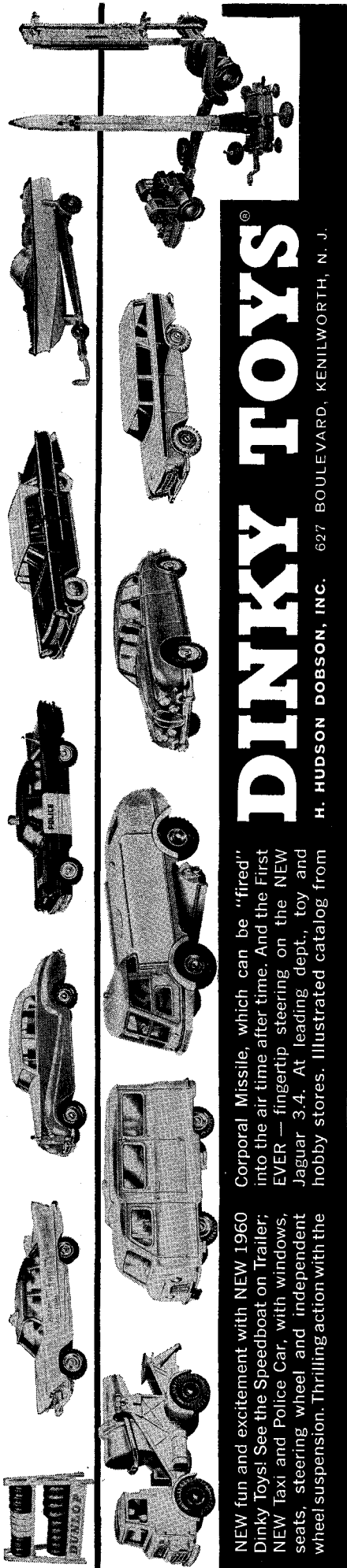


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for he now poured scorn on her claim that she could not be expected to know that her brother was hiding the twenty-one bottles beneath his bed. How, Mr. Khandalawalla asked, could any conscientious housekeeper remain unaware of such a thing? Nobody, he said, could really believe such a nonsensical statement, any more than anybody could credit Memmi's declaration that she hadn't known what was going on between Mrs. Nanavati and her brother. Memmi was lying, said Mr. Khandalawalla. Mentally, I apologized to the lawyer for having doubted his acumen. He had certainly made a point. Presently, he made another—that Memmi, dopey from her migraine medicine, could scarcely have judged clearly the elapsed time between Nanavati's arrival and the shooting.

At last, Mr. Khandalawalla sat down, and, when the noontime recess was called soon afterward, we left, encountering Shirin on the way.

"What do you think of it?" she demanded. "It's pretty obvious, isn't it? The man's guilty." She looked defiantly at Susheela, whom she evidently suspected of harboring a different opinion, and continued, "Prem Ahuja was a friend of mine, you know. I went to his funeral, which is more than I can say for a lot of people who should have been there."

"I never knew him," said Susheela. "What was he like?"

"He was charming, perfectly charming. There was no harm in him at all," said Shirin. "And I happen to believe that he really did plan to marry Sylvia and settle down. And that fool Nanavati—" She broke off, shaking her head.

Susheela and I rode home through baking streets. There was no breeze through the open windows of the moving car. Susheela broke a long silence to say, "I wonder if Karl Khandalawalla is taking the right line. If Nanavati had simply said, 'Everything went red when he insulted my wife, and I shot him,' I think he'd have got off easy, with a sentence of a few years in prison, perhaps, and even that commuted. But, of course, with such a verdict he would have to resign his commission, and what could the poor man do for a living the rest of his life? I suppose the defense is fighting for all or nothing. I don't envy that poor Sylvia. It must be terrible for the children, too. And all those young girls at the trial in love with Nanavati! Really, the sooner this is over, the better for all concerned."

I muttered something absently. My



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mind was on an interesting question: How universal is the sentiment that has given us in America and Europe the concept of the Unwritten Law? This was not the first time somebody in Bombay—in addition to the Drawes, that is, who would naturally have expressed the idea in any case—had implied that Nanavati should have stood up and said he'd done what any red-blooded man would do in the circumstances and was prepared to take his medicine. How much of this feeling, I wondered, stemmed from an alien Western code, and how much reflected Asian traditions?

I said, "Susheela, the murders I've read about in your papers—you know, murders among countrypeople, rather than among such people as Nanavati and Ahuja—are not often stirred up by women, as I recall."

"Oh, I don't know. Some of them are," said Susheela.

I continued, "But I seem to have got the idea that most men in India, when they catch their wives straying, take it out on the wives rather than the lovers, don't they? For instance, there's that fine old custom of the jealous husband's cutting off his wife's nose." Susheela nodded. "And another thing," I added. "What do you think might happen if you had women on that jury, instead of men? I understand your women don't do jury duty."

"Oh, in some cases—"

"Well, anyway, there are no women on this jury," I said, sweeping along. "What I'm getting at is this—wouldn't it be a better thing for Nanavati's chances if there were some women in the jury box? They'd be apt to favor him—I don't mean because he's good-looking but because they would understand his feelings, and would be sympathetic to him *and* to Sylvia."

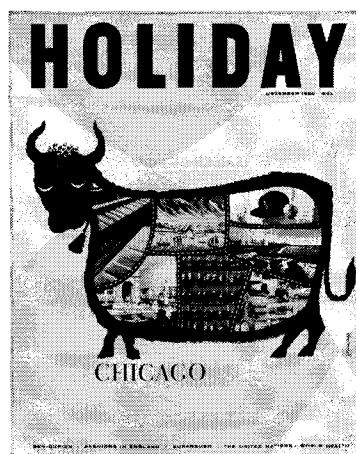
Susheela gave me a sudden, mischievous grin. "Don't you believe it," she said. "Last night I was at dinner with a whole lot of ladies, some of them Navy wives, and they were unanimous in disapproving of Nanavati. They said he was quite right to kill Ahuja, of course, but he should then have killed Sylvia and committed suicide."

For the rest of the trip, I was silent.

THE following week, Judge Mehta made his summation to the jury, which the newspapers carried verbatim. He explained, as if he were writing a primer on law, exactly what the jury was supposed to do, and gave his opinion as to certain points made by each side. Various discrepancies in the testimony

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cited by Mr. Khandalawalla he dismissed, by implication, as natural slips of memory. He called attention to evidence that he considered significant (for instance, the fact that the towel was still around Ahuja's waist despite an allegedly fierce struggle), and he finished by reminding the jurors that the prosecutor himself had mentioned an alternative verdict to murder—culpable homicide, the nature of which he painstakingly explained.

The jury was still out that evening, when I went to dinner at the home of some Parsi friends. Save for the Drawes and me, it was a family party. We actually managed to stay off the subject of the Nanavati case for some minutes, talking, instead, of a trip we three Westerners were going to make next morning to Aurangabad, to see the caves of Ellora and Ajanta. But it was inevitable that we should soon abandon idle chatter and get back to serious business. Everyone in this family knew Karl Khandalawalla well and had been watching his performance with anxious, if critical, pride. None of them knew Nanavati personally, but after all he, too, was a Parsi, and so there was a strong interest in him. The members of the family seemed to have few opinions in common except that it was a terrible affair. An elderly aunt was violently pro-Nanavati, and nothing that our hostess, her niece, said could shake this lady's conviction that he should go scot-free.

"But if he *did* it, Auntie—" began the hostess.

"He didn't," said Auntie, "and anyway, if he did he had ample provocation."

The head of the house plumped for a verdict of culpable homicide. His young cousin, sitting across the table from me, was willing to accept Nanavati's contention that there had been a struggle, but the cousin's wife was impatient with all this shilly-shallying. Law is law, she declared, and common sense is common sense, and according to both Nanavati was guilty. I argued that he might have been temporarily insane, but Jeff Drawe caught me up. "So are all murderers, if it comes to that," he said sharply. "If I were asked to decide, I would have only two questions to ask: 'Who had the gun?' 'Who is dead?'" He sat back and looked around defiantly at us.

Just then, the young cousin remarked that we were nine in number, like the jury. "Let's hold a vote," he said excitedly. "Let's ballot. I'll keep score."

He went to find a pencil and paper,

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and the rest of us went on arguing: "I repeat—who had the gun, and who's dead?" "There were no witnesses." "Sylvia should never have confessed to a man in that state of mind."

"Silence!" commanded our self-appointed foreman. "I shall start at the head of the table and go around clockwise." He pointed his pencil at our hostess. "What's your verdict?"

"Guilty!" she said, and folded her arms.

"Auntie?"

"Not guilty," snapped Auntie, and folded her arms right back at her niece.

"Jeff?"

"Who had the gun?" demanded Jeff automatically. "Oh, I'm sorry. Guilty, of course."

In the final count, we had three outright "guilty"s, two "innocent"s, and four assorted weasel clauses, one of which I thought up. Because it was too late at night for us to go on with the tussle, we voted to leave it a hung jury. We kept up our debate out on the porch until the Drawes pulled me away with them and put me in their car. Even then we could hear scraps of argument ringing out after us, and the three of us were still talking about Nanavati when the car pulled up outside the door of the house where I was staying.

"I do take it to heart, I admit it," Peggy said, "and I should think you would, too. If you're so fond of India, can't you see how much depends on this? The country's standing in the eyes of the world, its claim to be a mature, self-governing nation—"

"In the eyes of what world?" I demanded, with midnight belligerence. "England? England's not the whole world, Peggy."

Jeff interposed. "I don't know just what you girls are arguing about, but nobody can reasonably deny that thinking Indians want to maintain the principles of justice in a dignified manner. Now, for God's sake, let's get to bed. Remember, we have to make an early start for Aurangabad in the morning."

IT takes a long time to get out of Bombay by the only road inland, which is potholed from its endless traffic and jammed to suffocation with trucks, cars, bicycles, dogs, cattle, and thousands of pedestrians. By the time we reached the gentle curves of a good road leading through the greenery of the Ghats, we were so relieved and relaxed that for once the Nanavati trial didn't enter our heads. And, what with a picnic by the roadside, then the hotel at Aurangabad, with its green lawns that



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are the pride of British old-timers in India, and our visits to the caves, we had all of a day and a half without Nanavati. If from time to time some minor legal point crossed my mind, I kept quiet about it, and I suspected that the Drawes were exercising similar restraint. Then, late in the afternoon of the second day, while I was on the ground floor and they were upstairs, the hotel bearer brought me a copy of the *Indian Express*. As soon as I saw the big black headline, I realized that it was what I had been expecting all along: "NANAVATI INNOCENT." I ran upstairs, knocked on the Drawes' door, and burst in with the news. Peggy and Jeff, in dressing gowns, were drinking tea and eating cake. I could tell by their expressions that they were even more surprised and distressed than I had expected they would be, and I was sorry I had been so gay and casual about telling them.

After a short silence, Jeff spoke, raspingly. "Didn't they find Ahuja guilty while they were at it?"

"It's too much," Peggy declared. "No, really, this is awful. This is the end."

I said, "Oh, cheer up, Peggy. The judge is referring it to the High Court, and I suppose there'll be a retrial, and..."

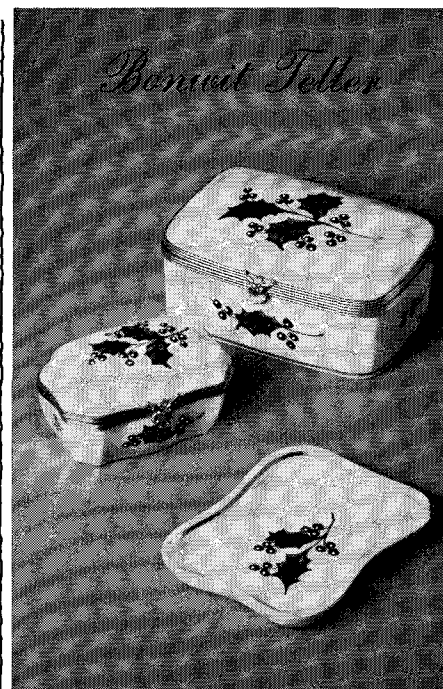
Jeff explained that there could not be a retrial, and that although the High Court judges could reverse the verdict of the Sessions Court jury, the High Court ruling could, in turn, be reversed by the Supreme Court.

While he talked, I went through the *Express* story, reading aloud whenever I came to an especially interesting bit. "It says here the crowd outside garlanded him. Scenes of wild exultation, et cetera, et cetera. . . Stop groaning, Peggy. He's not home free!"

"You simply won't understand," said Peggy, "and it's no good trying to be sarcastic, either. A person can't help feeling somehow responsible. We've failed. Can't you see?"

"Poor old girl," said Jeff, half seriously, and patted her shoulder.

Back in my room, I settled down to a thorough perusal of the story. The *Indian Express* is, in general format and style, rather like a London penny paper, as they are still called, even though they cost tuppence-ha'penny nowadays. Some of India's English-language publications are modelled on such sedate London sheets as the *Times* and the *Telegraph*, but the *Express* resolutely avoids that category. Still, no Indian paper, even though it may be printed in the



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English language, quite follows any English or American prototype, and I, for one, am glad of it; Indian papers sound more like the people who write them and read them than ours do. I began reading:

Commander Nanavati, looking serene as the Pacific Ocean, where he has been on good-will cruises, was removed, as usual, to the I.N.S. Kunjali [The Indian Navy, in the manner of navies, identified the shore installation where Nanavati was detained by a ship's name.] . . . Thus the last scene of the second act of the Ahuja "murder" melodrama ended with the declaration of the innocence of Commander Nanavati by the vast majority of the special jury, amidst scenes of almost incredible, and certainly unprecedented, popular rejoicing in Bombay's Flora Fountain [a sort of square not far from the courthouse].

The jurors had stayed out about two and a quarter hours. It was dark by the time they came back, but the waiting people in the quadrangle below saw them.

There arose a cheer for the men in whose hands mainly lay the life and liberty of the officer who is second in command of the nation's flagship, the I.N.S. Mysore. Commander Nanavati was the only one in the crowded court who seemed utterly unperturbed by the scenes around him. The judge came back to his bench, and pin-drop silence reigned all round. The registrar . . . asked the foreman of the jury, "Mr. Foreman, have you gentlemen arrived at a decision?" The answer was, "Yes." "Is it unanimous?" asked the registrar. "No," came the prompt reply, while in Flora Fountain the spectators surged forward and were held back by the police.

The next question was what their verdict was on the charge of murder under Section 302 of the Indian Penal Code. The foreman replied, "It is eight to one 'Not guilty.'"

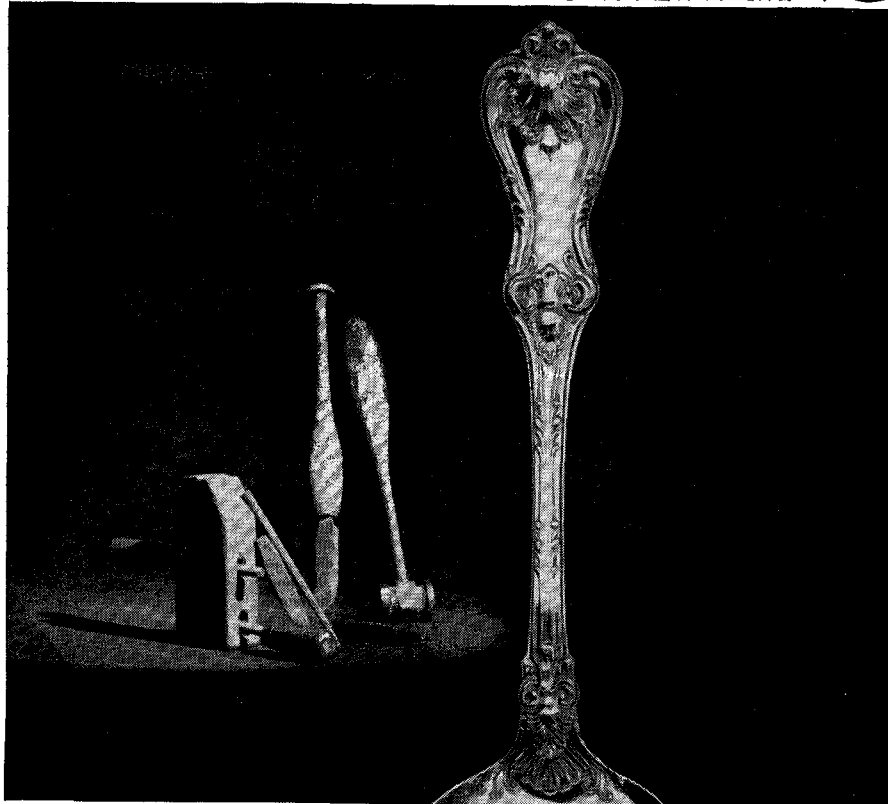
This was the signal for a mighty roar of relief, joy and sense of triumph for a large number of those in the court. . . . The judge, red in the face with anger, pushed his chair behind and brusquely ordered, "Clear the crowd," and withdrew to his chamber. . . . While plainclothes policemen began herding out the noisy ones, two or three persons dashed down the staircases shouting, "Not guilty, eight to one," in a cry which reached below in a matter of seconds and spread through the city and the country in a matter only of minutes.

Meanwhile, it seemed that although the efforts to clear the court had been more or less unavailing, the people there had got at least a momentary grip on themselves. The *Express* account continued:

A hush fell on the room and at exactly 7:10 P.M. the judge was ushered in. The registrar . . . again asked the foreman to repeat the jury verdict, declaring that in the hubbub their first reply was not audible.

The reply was again a firm "Not guilty,"

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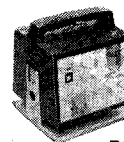
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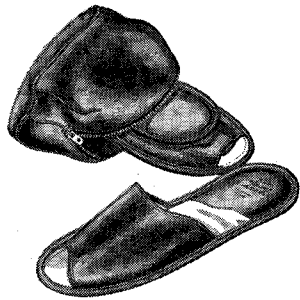


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eight to one" as regards the first charge. When the foreman was asked what the jury's verdict on the second charge, of culpable homicide under Section 304, Part I, I.P.C., was, the verdict and the tally were the same as on the first charge.

Commander Nanavati, who was standing in the dock, his medals glittering in the glow of electric lights, smiled ever so faintly. Then he relapsed into his usual unruffled mood during the entire trial.

"It is my view that the verdict is—" began the judge.

"Patently perverse, most perverse," asseverated Mr. Trivedi... Mr. Khandalawalla also was speaking simultaneously. Mr. Mehta asked caustically, "Can't we carry on the work of the court in a dignified way? I am really surprised at the way things have been going on. You are supposed to be under the rule of law."

In fact, poor Mr. Mehta at last showed a distinct tendency toward waspishness on that memorable day. He was quoted as saying, while the counsels continued to squabble, "I think our whole law is on trial. Our constitution is on trial. What I saw in the court after the verdict was disgusting and nauseating. I did not want the crowd here. I allowed it because I did not want to be harsh. This is most annoying and disgraceful and nauseating..."

The newspaper report went on:

Glowing with his partial victory, Mr. Khandalawalla hastened to his chamber in the first floor of the building. It was a thrilling spectacle to see the defense counsel being cheered with strange slogans like "Karl Zindabad!" ["Hail Karl!"] by his admirers who found his surname too long for a chorus.

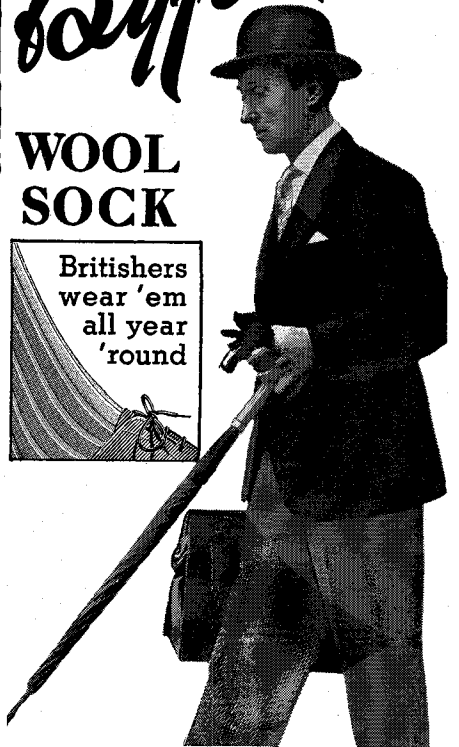
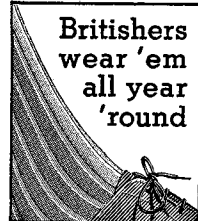
Commander Nanavati was taken out through a back door. Those in the quadrangle were disappointed but others elsewhere gave him a thunderous ovation. "Nanavati Zindabad!" "Nanavati Congratulations" were on all lips... The jury, as they drove away one by one, also came in for warm applause by the spectators, who said, "Well done, gentlemen!" Never before has such a spectacle been witnessed in India.

THE spectacle has continued for months. If anything, it has assumed even less probable aspects, involving dignitaries up to and including Prime Minister Nehru himself. This spring, a Division Bench of the Bombay High Court reversed the jury's verdict, finding Nanavati guilty of murder and sentencing him to life imprisonment—a decision that must have solaced Mr. Mehta's outraged sense of justice. Nanavati had, of course, the right to appeal the High Court's decision to the Supreme Court, and before he did so he applied to the naval authorities for permission to remain in their custody. It seems that this application was brought to the attention of Nehru by the naval

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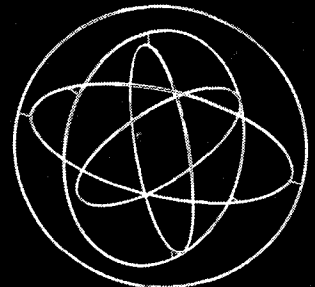
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chief of staff, and Nehru, in an effort to be helpful, suggested that Nanavati could probably remain where he was if the governor of Bombay Province would suspend his prison sentence until his application for an appeal was granted. This would ordinarily have meant that as soon as the application *was* granted, Nanavati would have to leave naval custody. The governor of Bombay apparently wanted to please Nehru, so he went further than this; he issued a decree that made it unnecessary for the Commander to go to jail *at all* until the Supreme Court ruled on his case. There was such indignation at this sign of what many considered gross favoritism that the High Court judges convened to rule on whether the governor's action had been constitutional, which they decided it was. So Nanavati stayed in his comfortable naval quarters. He was there right up until several weeks ago, when the Supreme Court of India overruled both the governor and the High Court on the question of his custody and ordered him to a civil prison, where he will remain unless the Supreme Court puts his case on its crowded calendar and reverses his conviction. The Commander has at last doffed his uniform, and Indian justice may regain its standing in the eyes of the Drawes.

—EMILY HAHN

Michelangelo da Caravaggio is not to be confused with Michelangelo Buonmato who painted the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican.—*The Times*.

And neither of them is to be confused with Michelangelo Buonarroti, who dabbled in painting, sculpture, and poetry, and then settled for architecture.

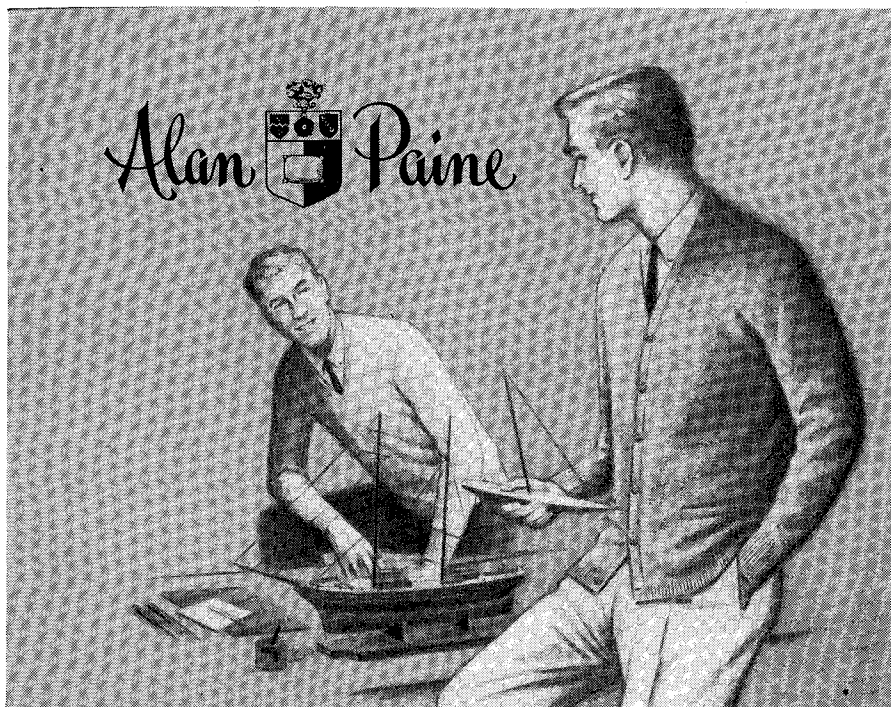
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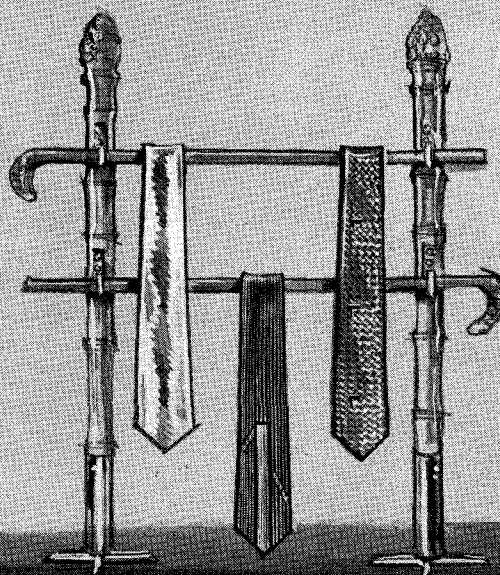


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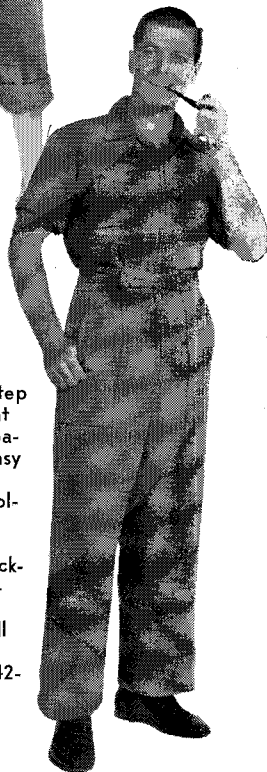


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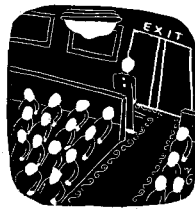
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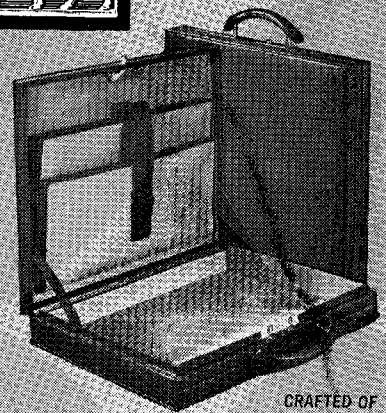


LET me step to the very front edge of the platform and announce in a loud voice that a marvelous picture has come to town and that everyone within earshot is please to go and see it. The picture is called "General della Rovere." A joint production of Zebra Film, in Rome, and S.N.E. Gaumont, in Paris, it was directed by Roberto Rossellini from a story and screenplay by Sergio Amidei, Diego Fabri, and Indro Montanelli, and stars Vittorio De Sica in the title role. Much as I would like to praise everyone else who had a hand in the picture, I find that it would make an impossibly long list; instead, I appoint Mr. Rossellini to serve as stand-in for his gifted associates. This shouldn't prove too inconvenient, since I was going to call on him, anyhow, to receive the lion's share of my little Oscars. Lion No. 2 is unquestionably Mr. De Sica, who gives an almost perfect performance, and if so formidable a pair of lions will permit a third to join them, I propose that it be Hannes Messemer, who plays General della Rovere's implacable nemesis.

"Noble" is a word that does well to rust from disuse in the vocabulary of reviewers, for few novels, plays, or pictures are noble in intention, and of these there are fewer still that contrive to be nobly executed; I affirm that "General della Rovere" is one of this small company. Most of our contemporary tragedies show us a not very good man driven by circumstances to become a worse man than he wished to be, and his death—our death—is often scarcely more than a pitiable accident, from which, like that of a dog run over in the street, we awkwardly turn away. It is the welcome, and even thrilling, distinction of "General della Rovere" that it shows us a far from good man driven by circumstances to become a better man than he wished to be, and his death is purposeful and splendid—a death by which he redeems his own shoddy past and the shoddy pasts of all his fellows. Before our eyes, the venal and self-indulgent scoundrel that Mr. De Sica embodies becomes not merely a better man than he wishes to be but a much greater one than he had ever known how to be; little by little, and almost



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unawares, having consented from cowardice to impersonate a brave and great man who has been killed, he accumulates within himself the materials of courage and greatness, which he at first puts on like a strange, ill-fitting garment and which, at the very moment of death, he learns how to wear like his own skin. He has become, as if born to it, a hero, and since it is in the nature of heroes to die for others, we cannot hope for him not to die.

Nobility aside, "General della Rovere" is a stirring melodrama, and the less I say about the twists and turns of its adroit plot the better. The place is Genoa and the time is 1943, when the city was under German rule, and Rossellini has recaptured the period with consummate skill. We see the city black, white, and gray—a thousand shades of grainy Rossellini gray—and we note with fascination the tension mounting between the conquerors and the conquered. De Sica is almost never out of our sight, and he enriches his role with what appears to be a bottomless abundance of intelligence and feeling. One of his scenes—his response to a bombing by night of the prison in which he is confined—I'm sure I'll never forget; it has the true note of terror in it, and it made me quail. "General della Rovere" is being widely saluted as Rossellini's "comeback" picture. I assure him that it is worth whatever it may have cost him in expense of spirit to be away.

—BRENDAN GILL

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#### DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the *Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press*]

Mrs. Ralph D. Plumb, L.L.C. program chairman, must have felt more uneasy than she looked on Wednesday. To begin with, Mr. Packard had been grounded in Toledo at midnight, finally arrived here BY TAXI at 5:30 A.M. A forthcoming lecturer had cancelled because of leaving the country, and the excellent replacement she secured had dropped dead the next day. The life of a program chairman is indeed full of excitement.



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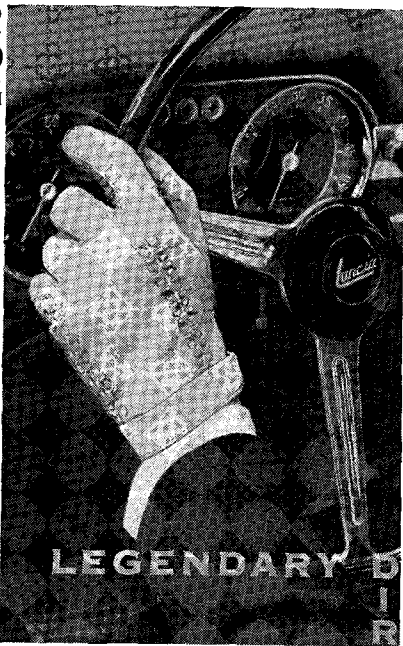
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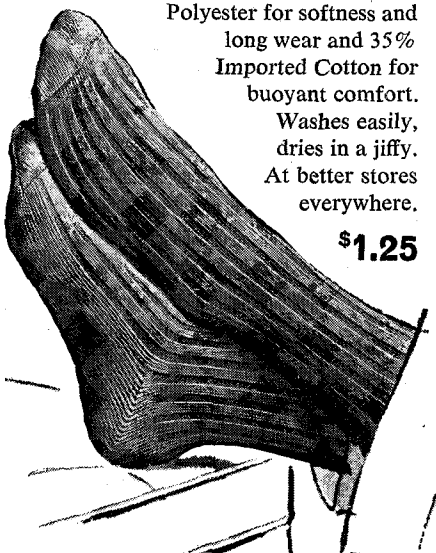
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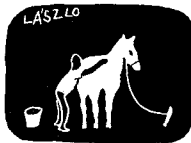
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## THE RACE TRACK

*Doldrums*



WITH the advent of what are known as the Melancholy Days, Aqueduct has taken on the informal air of an end-of-the-season meeting. We've had almost nothing but claiming races, and the runners in them have been out so many times they've become old, familiar faces. One reason for this is that a lot of stables have shipped South—to Tropical Park or the New Orleans Fair Grounds, both of which open on Thanksgiving Day—or to California, although racing at Santa Anita doesn't begin till the day after Christmas. Another reason is that just about all the better horses are taking a short rest. Only half a dozen sprinters came out the other afternoon for the Sport Page Handicap. For the record, April Skies, who had been campaigning out of town, led all the way comfortably; Mail Order, winner of the Vought Handicap last month, was second; and Four Lane, winner of the Fall Highweight Handicap, was third. There's not much to say about the other races last week, except that one almost broke up the happy home of a jockey. It seems that his wife is an ardent horseplayer, and he tips her the wink when anything he rides is all right, as the saying goes. Recently, the lady had a big bet on a good thing that finished second, with her husband's mount third. The other day, the same horses met again, and Mrs. Jockey looked for a sign, but none was given her, so she bought a hatful of tickets on the colt she'd backed before—and a few more for good measure. Well, her choice led into the stretch, where her husband came on with his mount and won going away. She isn't cooled out yet.

THIS being the time of year for it, here are a couple of books for your Christmas list. John Hislop, whose "Steeplechasing" is remembered with pleasure by those who like jumping races, and with admiration by this department for its description of the Liverpool Grand National, has written a most entertaining account of his development from a weak and incompetent rider into a finished horseman. It is called "Far from a Gentleman" (the title comes from the English definition of an amateur rider as "far from a gentleman,

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anything but a jockey"), and should fit neatly into any collection of noteworthy books about English racing. Invalidated out of Sandhurst as a cadet in the late nineteen-twenties, Mr. Hislop entered the Victor Gilpin stable, one of the best at Newmarket, as a paying pupil (an old British custom), to learn to be a race rider and a trainer—an ambition he'd cherished since early boyhood. There he groomed and exercised horses, cleaned out their stalls, and washed their equipment, schooling jumpers in his spare time and riding in point-to-point races at every opportunity. He had his full share of disappointments and frustrations, and makes no bones about them, but he wound up as one of the leading amateur riders over fences and on the flat, and he had a lot of fun. No green hand as a writer, he has a charming talent for recalling the horses and men he knew in the years when he was with Gilpin.

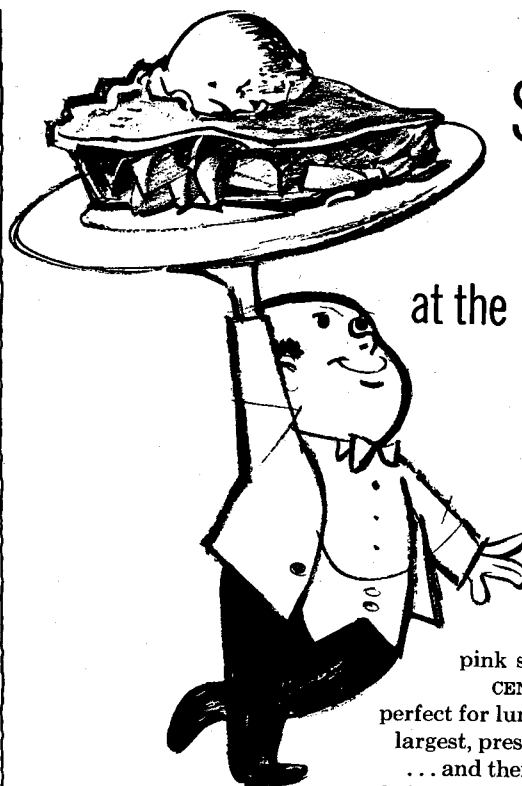
In "Giants of the Turf," Dan M. Bowmar III has done a series of portraits—very careful, rather formal, and statistical—of some men who have had a major influence on racing in America: the Alexanders, who were the first to establish thoroughbred breeding on a grand scale in Kentucky; the Belmonts, father and son, who ruled the Jockey Club with an iron hand; James R. Keene, whose horses were more spectacular than Calumet's; and the Whitneys, William Collin and his sons Harry Payne and Payne, who together probably had the greatest stable of them all. The book also has many pictures of famous racers and some quaint pictures of owners and trainers. I wish there were more in it about Jimmy Rowe, who, in my not so humble opinion, was the top American trainer. He worked for the elder Belmont, for Keene, and for Harry Payne Whitney, and he developed such stars as Commando, Colin (who was never beaten), Sysonby, Peter Pan, Sweep, and Regret, to name only a few. At Laurel on the day of the International, I ran across Marshall Lilly, who was Rowe's head lad for many years. He's one of the last links with the great stables of the past.

—AUDAX MINOR

**CHESHAM**—A food sale featuring berry pies will be held today from 10 to 12 a. m. at Chesham church. Proceeds will go to the Sunday school.

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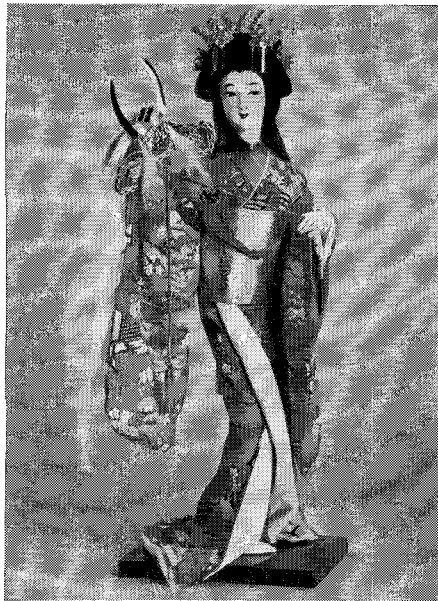
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## LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 15

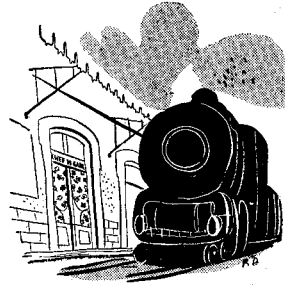
BECAUSE of world tension, France's unrest, and the unclassical youthfulness of both the Democratic and the Republican candidates, our Presidential election last week aroused exceptional interest and worry among the French. The spectacular athletic-endurance quality of the last days of the campaign, the dramatic narrow margin of the victory, and, above all, the corporeal image that the contest set up in the active imagination of the French (themselves accustomed only to seated, elderly politicians), of two young men running a foot race for votes through the vast geography of the United States and ending, in a sweat, close to equal—all this stirred up almost as much spectator interest as political excitement among Parisians. What some of the French were worried about was money, of course—fear for their boom and prosperity, and fear of the effect that President-elect Kennedy's projected spending program could have on the dollar and the franc. In general, the well-to-do Parisians were the ones who spoke nostalgically of Vice-President Nixon; the modest-pursed ones seemed glad that Kennedy had won. Elderly Parisians—rich or poor, male or female—spoke as if they were convinced the United States had gone crazy in trusting its fate to a pair of such youthful politicians, with Kennedy, because he is four years the younger, regarded as exactly four years the less trustworthy of the two.

Until the Presidential election is over and won, Paris newspapers, as is their prudent quadrennial custom, print little that is personal about the two contestants except biographical material. Then all the papers, each representing and influenced by its own special national and political inclination, produce their editorial analyses and portraits of the new incumbent. Of all the papers, last Thursday morning's *Figaro* gave the heartiest, most unexpected editorial welcome to Kennedy. As the leading morning guide of the *haute bourgeoisie*, it is ultra-conservative, old-fashioned, and pious—though supercritical, it is true, of the second Eisenhower regime. "Audacity and intelligence greatly aided John Fitzgerald Kennedy during the electoral campaign," it wrote, in part. "These are precisely the qualities that the thirty-

fifth President of the United States most needs in facing up to the major problems that confront his country and all the West. The man is young, dynamic." Then it added, with an anti-Ike flourish, "The White House will find again the all-powerful quality it knew in the time of F. D. Roosevelt," and noted how easily Kennedy had "swept aside the old religious prejudices," without mentioning that the newspaper itself and the bases of those old religious prejudices are all Catholic. The liberals', the artists', and the intellectuals' modest morning paper, *Combat*, wrote, "Good luck to you, M. John Kennedy!" It then said, "The first

ambition of this young chief of the American Democrats seems to be to cut loose from the geopolitical ignorance that in the past dictated to the Washington State Department its many awkward and unfortunate efforts"—a reference to the ghost of the unpopular Mr. Dulles. Then it criticized Kennedy, too, for thinking that America could help settle France's Algerian impasse. The extreme Rightist *Aurore*, fiery leader of the *Algérie Française* Army coterie and the colonial hotheads, ran its election editorial on Wednesday morning, addressed to "Monsieur le Président des États-Unis, whoever you may be, Nixon or Kennedy, Richard or John." It warned him that "your compatriots know little about Algerian affairs and are more susceptible than most to slogans, of which the latest is anti-colonialism," and advised him strongly to revise his opinions. What France was fighting for in Algeria, it said, was "a bastion against Communism," which could otherwise overrun the West "and you Americans, too." At the other political extreme, the Communist *Humanité* also addressed itself to both candidates, in an Election Day cartoon that showed each of them stuffing bundles of dollar bills into the ballot box. Its later editorial italicized its opinion that the United States had "voted not for Kennedy but against Nixon."

As for *Le Monde*, the dean of post-war French and international analytical political thinking, in the very first sentence of its Friday editorial it went straight to what it clearly considered the only real major point of the American election. It said, "The entire world is asking itself what consequences M. Ken-







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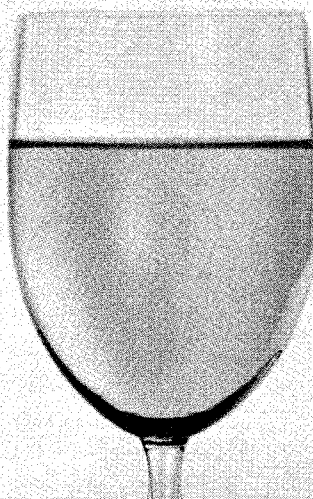
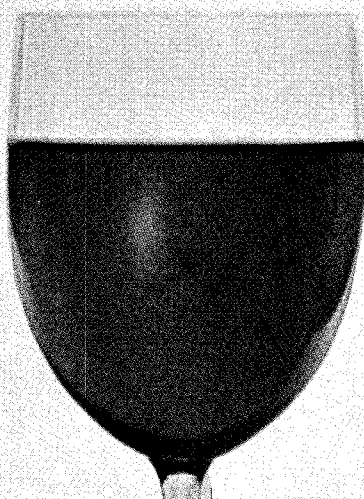
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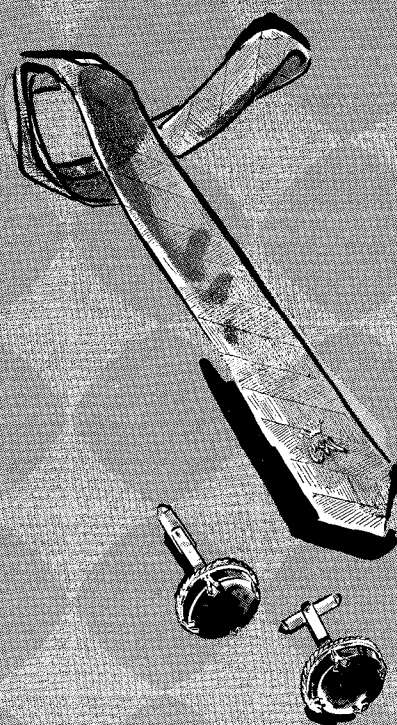
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nedy's election may have on foreign policy." It stated that, at forty-three years of age, his ambition was not only to be elected this time but to be elected again in 1964. "The fragility of his Tuesday victory will thus force him to raise his own prestige, which the voters clearly let him know had not dazzled them." It thought that, with the vote being so close, Kennedy might well implement a favorite theme of his, the Rooseveltian bipartisan policy, possibly including a post for Nixon, because of his "quality and experience"—for, "paradoxically, the American voters could have legitimately counted on receiving from either candidate a new style in the direction of the state."

The most personal French appreciation of Senator Kennedy's victory was addressed not to him but to his wife, née Jacqueline Bouvier, from the southern village of Pont-Saint-Esprit, down in the Gard, where her French ancestors lived in the seventeenth century. It consisted of a long and surely costly cablegram sent to her by the village mayor and the municipal council, which offered "to the President and to yourself our warm felicitations and our ardent and respectful good wishes," adding, "The unanimous population of this little French town, the cradle of your family, salutes with enthusiasm and pride your entry into the White House."

THE new winter theatrical season in Paris has so far offered more oddities than hits. Two of France's best-known playwrights have been associated with curious and eccentric productions, the first being André Roussin's "Les Glorieuses," a farce written in rhyme—if you can believe it without hearing it—as verbal quilting to cover its rather skinny plot about glory-hungry wives of talented men. The other peculiar piece is Félicien Marceau's aberration, at the Renaissance, called "L'Étouffe-Chrétien"—an old culinary gibe describing any dish so indigestible that it could suffocate a Christian. It certainly took the breath out of the critics on opening night. Perhaps never has a postwar play received such a lambasting. Jean-Jacques Gautier's criticism in *Figaro* read like a dreadful glossary of its errors—"platitudes, vulgarity, grossness, obsession with filth, lubricity, low puns, pornography, lack of taste, and also boring." Among other regrettable incidents in the life of the play's leading character, who is the Emperor Nero, is that he is seen onstage marrying another man and planning incest with his mother. "The Good



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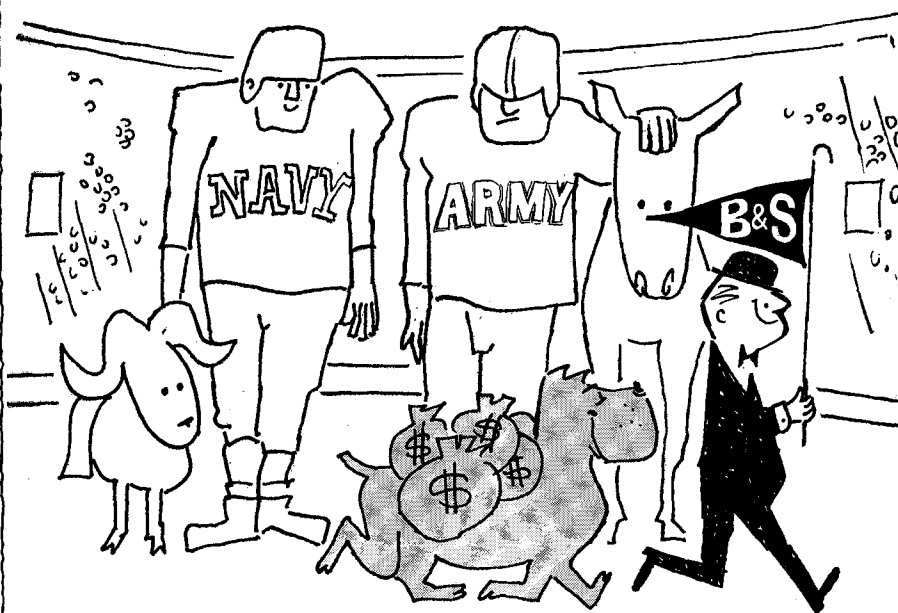
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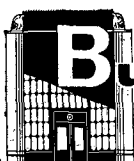
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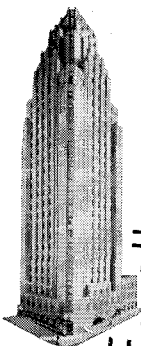
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Soup," Marceau's second play, recently failed in New York after being a tremendous success here. His first one, "The Egg," served as the fascinating announcement of a new, strange, and destructive theatre talent. "L'Étouffé-Chrétien" seems to be nobody's theatrical dish.

In the recent and rare complete performances of Tchaikovsky's "La Belle au Bois Dormant" by the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas, Paris saw for the last time in our day one of those fastuously costumed troupes and immense spectacles of active or posed grace that are the exclusive appanage of a Maecenas, offered, in his pride, to public view. Cuevas, now an ill old man, was brought into the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in a wheelchair to witness this final pleasure. He had stated that to put on this ballet cost him the last portion of his personal fortune—the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. The most costly ballet of all, its first European production—in London in 1921—began Diaghilev's decline into bankruptcy and dependence on the generosity of friends. Its presentation here marked the fourteenth season of the Cuevas troupe—its most glamorous and, of course, its most melancholy. No statement was made as to what was to become of his dancers—of their practiced limbs, their muscular knowledge, the memory in their lifted arms, their sure, trained levitation through space. The "Sleeping Beauty" costumes and décors, by Cuevas' nephew, Count de Larrain, were doubtless too plumed, too floral, too enticingly enriched in color and imagination, but they gave magic and pleasure in equal exaggeration. Mlle. Lyane Daydé, borrowed as *ballerina assoluta* from the Paris Opéra, was the smallest Princess Aurore yet seen, of golden punctilio in her brilliant technique. The impressively wicked fairy Carabosse was Olga Adabache, and Prince Florimond was brought to full animation by Serge Golovine, with his noble gait and heroic elevations. The Cuevas "Sleeping Beauty" will long be recalled here with gratitude as an apotheosis that furnished enchantment.

THE spectacular *procès des barricades*, or trial of the leaders of the January 24th Algiers insurrection, is now in its second week in the grandiose Cour d'Assises in the Palais de Justice by the Seine. The military tribunal on the bench is an imposing sight, with three red-robed civilian judges, and four generals and two colonels in medals and uniform. Their combined duty



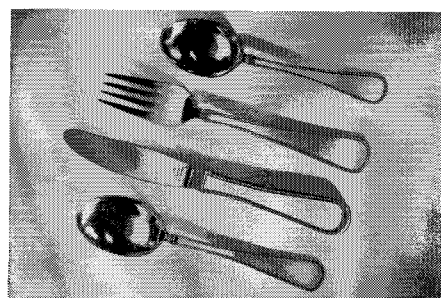
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is to ascertain whether the sixteen accused men—four more are absent in flight—who crowd each afternoon into the prisoner's box, below a gigantic wall tapestry portraying some boy king of France on his throne, are guilty, as charged, of attempting to overthrow the French government and inciting to rebellion and involuntary homicide when they took up arms behind their Algiers barricades. Twenty-four people were killed, including fourteen gendarmes, and more than a hundred people were injured in their bloody riot against President de Gaulle's then new policy of self-determination for Algeria. Algeria is, of course, the complete essence of the trial—in the fact that these prisoners, in their way, represent all those other French who still violently believe or have believed that Algeria must remain a possession of France; in the fact that the courtroom houses the climax, at last and at law, of the dangerous division between de Gaulle's progressing Algerian policies and those of the *Algérie Française ultras*, civil or military, and their repeatedly rumored coups d'état; and, finally, in the fact that, with three hundred witnesses to be called and a brigade of forty defense lawyers, all *ultras* (among them Maître Isorni, who was the defense lawyer for Marshal Pétain at his trial), the trial is bound to become a forum for anti-de Gaulle, pro-*Algérie Française* propaganda, and an attempt to expose the government to embarrassments, which have, indeed, already begun.

The trial opened with a Gallic bit of *opéra bouffe*, when one of the prisoners, against military orders, insisted on appearing in court in his insurrectional commando parachutist's uniform and



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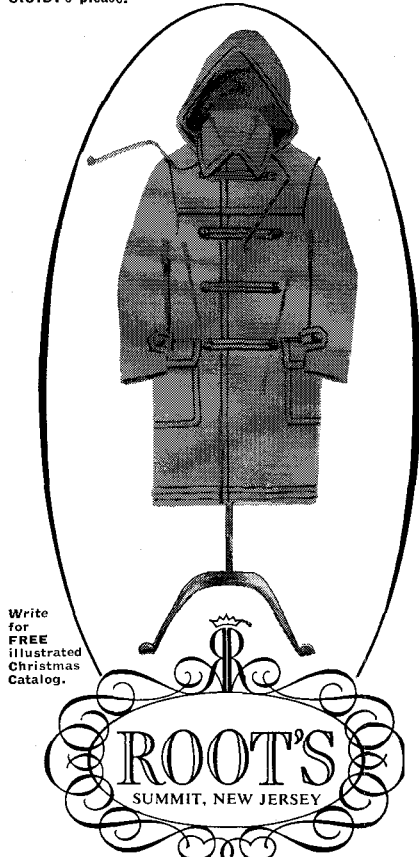
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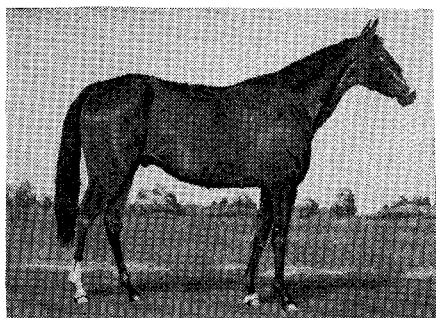


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was sent back to prison to change. Socially, the prisoners are a mixed lot of colonial Frenchmen, including a bank director, a *bistro* owner, several doctors, some insurance and real-estate agents, a professor (Comte Le Moyné de Sérigny, who was the editor of the *ultras'* newspaper, *L'Écho d'Alger*), and one lone Army officer. Wearing twenty-eight decorations on his pale-blue dolman, the intelligent, monk-faced Colonel Gardes, former chief of the Army's Algerian Fifth Bureau of Psychological Warfare, talked for a total of nearly thirteen hours during two afternoon court sessions, before crowds of lawyers who had nothing to do with the case but had come in from all over the Palais just to hear such a good talker. Among other strange items, he explained how he had been ordered by his Army chiefs to present de Gaulle's Algerian self-determination policy to pro-French Moslems and French *ultras* as "merely a maneuver to get around the United Nations debate on Algeria." The most important prisoner, the bearded, hawk-featured young lawyer-deputy Pierre Lagaille, regarded as the leader and hero of the barricades, where he stuck it out for eight days, was unexpectedly released on parole Wednesday, on a technicality concerning his Parliamentary immunity. Coming after two days of his brilliant, arrogant self-defense under cross-examination, the judges' sudden announcement of his release created pandemonium and apparently one of the most melodramatic scenes ever witnessed in Palais history, with the defense lawyers and the *ultras* among the spectators screaming "Algérie Française!" in victory, and then singing the "Marseillaise" while the prisoners in the box stood patriotically at attention, after which armed guards rushed through the crowd, clearing the court. The government, even before Lagaille's release, which was considered a slap in the face for it, had already been badly embarrassed by the lawyer defending Dr. Bernard Lefèvre, who declared that the Doctor's part in the insurrection had been inspired by some May, 1958, writings of de Gaulle's Prime Minister Debré in the political review *Courrier de la Colère*. There he had written, "When the government violates the people's rights, insurrection becomes the most imperious duty"—naturally meaning the Fourth Republic government, and naturally meaning the May 13th insurrection that brought de Gaulle to power. Under cross-examination, Lagaille had also greatly damaged the government's po-

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sition on legitimacy by stating, "I took part in the attack against the government on May 13th, in uniform and armed"—naturally meaning the Fourth Republic government. "I am informing you that no punishment was ever prescribed. If you want to judge me for what happened on January 24, 1960, I demand that I be indicted for my activities on May 13th, which were of a much more highly insurrectional character."

On Wednesday, General de Gaulle also made his expected announcement of his proposal for a national referendum early in January on the new Algerian state, which he describes as an Algerian Republic, related to or independent of France, whichever the Algerians wish. In the incredibly aggravated present tension, many French now wonder whether planning anything in 1961 is not looking dangerously far into the future. —GENÊT

When we were redecorating our daughter's room we wanted to make it seem larger and give it a girlish and different look. We painted the ceiling an off-white made by mixing in a small amount of pink. To make the room look larger, we dropped the ceiling color even with the tops of the door frames and painted the lower walls, including door and window frames and baseboard, pink.

I cut inverted scalloped strips of ming blue silver lined adhesive paper and covered the dividing line between the dropped ceiling and walls. In casting about for something different to decorate the plain off-white dropped ceiling effect, we decided on varying sized parasols. A variety of gift papers, such as those for wrapping shower gifts, can be used. I cut the desired parasols—large, medium, small, and fluffy—and pasted them on the off-white border at random to give a windblown effect.

Because the paper is not heavy, I was able to use ordinary glue with satisfactory results. We have had many complaints on the original appearance of the room.

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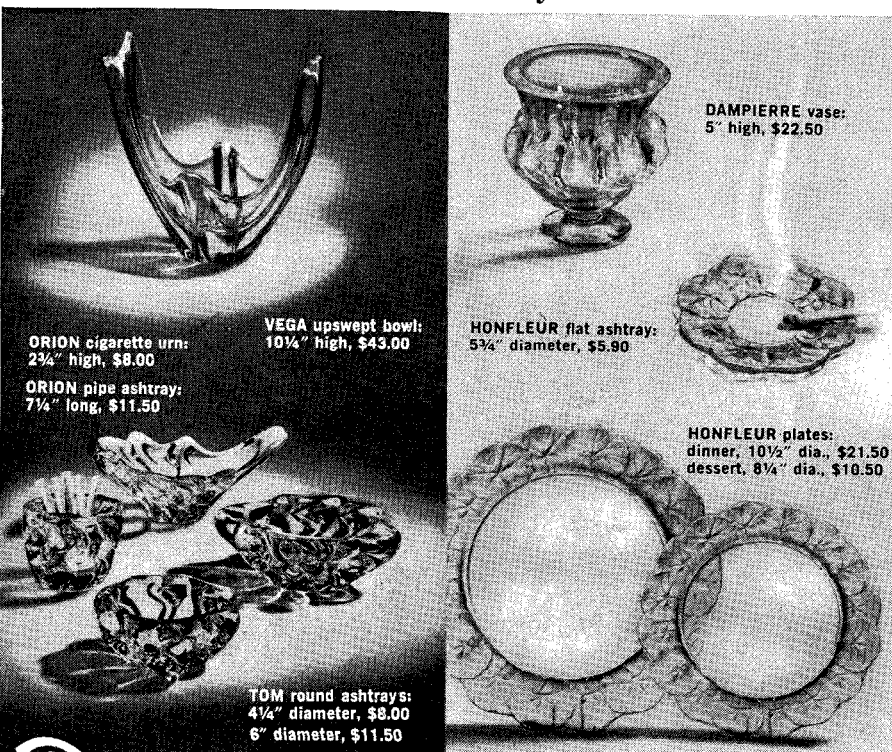


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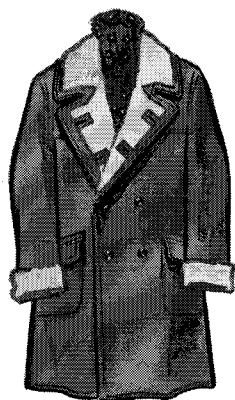
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ONE morning back in 1949, a young man in Camden, New Jersey, went out for a stroll, put a good many bullet holes in a good many people, and then barricaded himself in his room to shoot it out with fifty cops. The officers of the law, armed with tear gas and riot guns, cordoned off the area, holding back the public and the press. During the ensuing gun battle, one enterprising reporter thought to telephone the holed-up desperado to ask him how things were going. No sooner did the bell jangle in that shambles of an apartment than the young gunman dropped everything and hustled right over to pick up the telephone. The conversation, as given by the reporter in his exclusive story at the time, went like this:

"Why are you killing people?"

"I can't answer that yet. I'll have to talk to you later. I'm too busy."

The young man was captured and later judged legally insane. The court-appointed psychiatrists made it clear that the main reason they found him legally insane was that he went around shooting people he didn't know very well.

Nowhere in the record did they suggest that his answering the telephone in the middle of a gun battle was an aberration.

I have been brooding about this case for more than a decade, and I am now ready to take my stand on the side of the psychiatrists. I think that under similar circumstances I would have answered that telephone. I think anybody would. Every day, millions of telephones ring millions and millions of times. Nobody has to answer them, but everybody does. People hurry to answer them. Unthinkingly, illogically, blindly, they rush to answer them. It is undeniably a mass compulsion.

One of the explanations for this, it seems to me, lies in the way the modern instrument rings. The party-line telephone we had when I was a boy had a cheery, tinkling bell. The caller would crank the handle at his end—"ringidy, ringidy, ring, ring, ring"—and would wait patiently for you to put in order whatever you were doing and pick up the receiver. The ring was an invitation, not a command, and its duration was under human control.

The modern ring, being automatic, is

under nobody's control. Its tone, as we all know, is shrewish and insistent. But the most fiendishly clever fact about the ring is that it is not incessant. The concept behind it is identical to that underlying the Chinese water torture, in which water falls on the victim's forehead not in a steady stream but drop by drop: shock . . . surcease . . . shock . . . surcease. "Rinning!" . . . "Rinning!" . . . "Rinning!" . . . There is a simple reason for this, of course; if the ring of a telephone brought peace of mind, few of us would pick up the receiver, and the Telephone Company would eventually go out of business. In my decade of research, I have been unable to discover the name of the genius in the Telephone Company who figured all this out, but I think of him often. I see him as the Vice-President in Charge of Ringing—a heavy-jowled, BB-eyed executive, who sometimes confides to friends down at his club, "Alexander Graham Bell was all right in his day, but he didn't know beans about motivational psychology. It took my Anxious Ring to put his little gadget on its feet."

IT is clear that the ringing of a telephone produces a Pavlovian response. But answering the phone might still conceivably be justified in logic if human experience showed that the majority of calls brought more pleasure

than displeasure. I have

just completed a research project in this tricky area, and I am prepared to announce the results here. My procedure was to mount a large chart, divided into three columns, on the wall next to my telephone. Each time I hung up, I would jot down in the appropriate column who had called,



why they had called, and whether I was "Glad" or "Sorry" or "Indifferent" that I had answered the ring. During the two weeks' duration of the experiment, I answered the telephone a total of thirty-seven times. Here is the breakdown: "Glad"—2; "Sorry"—24; "Indifferent"—11. Now, setting aside the Indifferents for the moment, the data, on being reduced and extrapolated, show clearly that the odds are twelve to one that anyone who answers the telephone will regret it.

These statistics will undoubtedly be challenged, but I think it can be said



that I have leaned over backward to be fair. I will be the first to admit that assessing the pleasure factors of incoming telephone calls is fraught with dangers. Sometimes it's easy: "Good evening, sir. You don't know me but I represent..." Or: "I'm a friend of Al Brown's and I was just passing through town... No, *Al* Brown..." Or: "I know you're always getting dunned for some cause or other, but this one really..." Or: "What do you *mean* this isn't Chichester 6-4370?"

I assume no one will argue about these being Sorrys. Other calls, to be sure, are open to debate. Take the time I was in the back yard practicing genocide on aphids and hurried indoors to answer the telephone only to have it stop ringing just as I reached it. In my irritation, I chalked this up as a Sorry, and perhaps this was somewhat unreasonable. After all, I wasn't sorry that whoever called me did so, but I was sorry he didn't hang on until I got there. Nevertheless, the odds are twelve to one I would have been sorry if whoever it was had been more patient.

On the other side of the ledger, however, is a similarly disputable case—a call from Aunt Gloria that I listed as a Glad. I don't wish to be misunderstood. I'm always glad to hear from Aunt Gloria, who took a flyer in General Motors forty years ago, but I was a wee bit sorry to miss the last twenty-five minutes of "Playhouse 90."

The Indifferents, to get around to them, consisted primarily of taking messages for absent members of the household. I feel that entering these chores as Indifferents illustrates my objectivity in this project. Putting down my paper and getting up from my chair to chronicle the warning to my absent wife that she had better-call-Louise-because-Marianne-says-Valerie-is-perfectly-furious-because-the-new-drapes-for-the-clubhouse-look-like-raw-hamburger-and-she-wasn't-even-consulted might very well be classified as a Sorry by a less tolerant man.

We have proceeded by inexorable steps to the conclusion that answering the telephone is not only a Pavlovian response but an illogical Pavlovian response. The question immediately arises, what should we do about it? And here I stumbled across the most frightening aspect of the entire business: you can't turn a telephone off. We have in our house a radio, a television set, a low-fi phonograph, and a dishwasher with a squeaky bearing. Any time I don't like the noise any of these devices is making, I can get up and flick a switch. Further-



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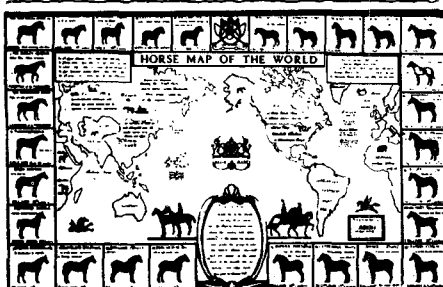
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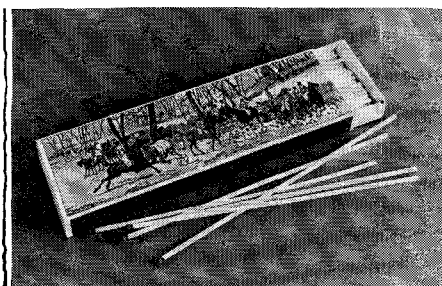
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more, when I do I feel no guilt. Indeed, I feel a marked sense of superiority—a tiny glow of pride in the fact that the human race is still the master of some of the machines it has created. But there is no switch on my telephone. There is no known way—at least no way known to me—to shut off the ring.

PROGRESS is what the Telephone Company loves. In an old movie, circa 1932, I saw on Channel 2 the other night, the hero, who wished to sleep undisturbed, took the receiver of his telephone off the hook and stuffed it into the drawer of his bedside table. At this moment, I felt as though I had spied a gleam of light at the end of a long, dark tunnel. But I soon discovered that my old nemesis the Vice-President in Charge of Ringing had seen the same movie, probably while it was still playing in theatres. Nowadays, if you kidnap the receiver and lock it in a drawer, it sets up a mounting banshee wail—"Oooooee!"—that is more than I can bear. It keeps this up until you are forced to turn it loose and restore it to its cradle.

I know, of course, that some telephones do have shut-off switches. One morning after a troubled sleep—troubled by a giggly caller who wanted to know at 2:13 A.M. if the party was still going on—I went so far as to call the Telephone Company and complain about the lack of a switch on my own instrument. "Certainly, sir," said the Voice-with-a-Smile, who went on to tell me the cost of these switches. "If you wish this service," she said, "our representative will be dispatched to install a switch on each of your extension telephones as soon as possible. How many extensions do you have?" I said I had only one telephone and that it was almost more than I could stand. "Oh, we are sor-ry, sir," said the V.-with-a-S., "we can only install these switches on extension telephones. The bell on at least one telephone in the home must always be in working order. It's the rule." I said did they mean to tell me, by God, that I couldn't put a switch on my own instrument if I wanted to? I was told, politely but firmly, that it wasn't my own instrument at all, it was their own instrument; I merely rented it. At last I understood: I can be peremptorily summoned at any hour of the day or night, from garden, bathtub, or slumber, to talk to someone I probably don't want to talk to, by an uncontrollable machine I don't even own.

There it goes again, screaming, screeching, shrilling, shrieking. A man



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has to take a stand somewhere. I have taken mine. I haven't answered my telephone for two weeks and three days. Whenever it rings now, I grit my teeth and keep repeating to myself, "The odds are twelve to one. The odds are twelve to one." In sticking to this new resolve, I have discovered one aspect of the problem I had overlooked—the illogical optimism and equally illogical pessimism that alternately pervade the human spirit. Perhaps, I muse, listening to the discordant jangle of the lying bell, this is a Glad. Perhaps this particular one is that invitation to riches, romance, adventure. Or perhaps, I think, descending abruptly to paranoiac depths, this is a *real* Sorry. A lightning attack of bubonic plague has just struck my children's school. The Air Force, in another unsuccessful attempt to catch a rocket in midair, has inadvertently squashed my wife. Only my iron discipline keeps me from leaping for the receiver.

These are the times when I feel strongly that the only way to preserve my contact with reality is to rip my telephone out by the roots. I would, too, except that another survey I made showed conclusively that the overwhelming majority of calls I make are Glads.

—ARTHUR HOPPE

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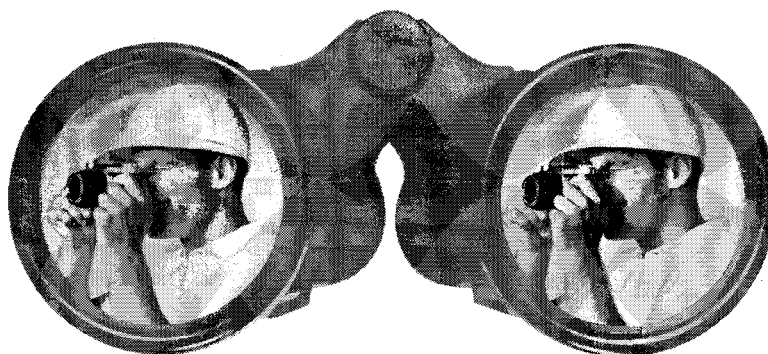
"We certainly had no inkling that the boys were about to pull anything like this. It was an absolute surprise. Larry and the others ought to thank their lucky stars the coast guard caught up with them as soon as it did," said Dr. Reitz.

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—Los Angeles Herald-Express.

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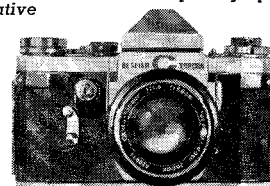
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## BOOKS

*Morley Callaghan of Toronto*

THE Canadian Morley Callaghan, at one time well known in the United States, is today perhaps the most unjustly neglected novelist in the English-speaking world. In his youth, he worked on the *Toronto Star*—Toronto is his native city—at the time when Ernest Hemingway had a job on the same paper, and, through Hemingway, who took his manuscripts to Paris, some of Callaghan's early short stories were accepted by Ezra Pound for his little magazine *Exile*. Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's was impressed by these stories and had them reprinted in *Scribner's Magazine*, which later published other stories by Callaghan. His novels were published by Scribner's. Morley Callaghan was a friend of Fitzgerald and Hemingway and was praised by Ring Lardner, and he belonged to the literary scene of the twenties. He appeared in *transition* as well as in *Scribner's* and he spent a good deal of time in Paris and the United States. But eventually he went back to Canada, and it is one of the most striking signs of the partial isolation of that country from the rest of the cultural world that—in spite of the fact that his stories continued to appear in *The New Yorker* up to the end of the thirties—he should quickly have been forgotten in the United States and should be almost unknown in England. Several summers ago, on a visit to Toronto, I had given me a copy of the Canadian edition of a novel of his called "The Loved and the Lost." It seemed to me so remarkable that I expected it to attract attention in England and the United States. But it was never published in England, and it re-

ceived so little notice in the United States that I imagined it had not been published here either. I found that when I talked about Callaghan, such people as remembered his existence were likely to think he was dead. When I checked, I discovered that the book *had* been published here without ever having been adequately reviewed, but that it had later sold pretty well in paperback. A volume of Morley Callaghan's collected short stories was published last year in Toronto but not in the United States or England. This season a new novel by him—"The Many Colored Coat"—has been brought out simultaneously in Canada (by Macmillan) and in New York (by Coward-McCann).

I want to talk in this review about both these two novels of Callaghan's—I have read only one of his earlier books—and to speculate first on the reasons for the current indifference to his work. This has no doubt been part-

ly due to the peculiar relation of Canada to England and the United States. The Canadian background of Morley Callaghan's stories seems alien to both these other countries and at the same time not strange enough to exercise the spell of the truly exotic. To the reviewer, this background has much interest and charm. Montreal, with its snow-dazzling mountain, its passionate winter sports, its hearty and busy bars, its jealously guarded French culture, and its pealing of bells from French churches, side by side with the solid Presbyterianism of its Anglo-Scottish best people, is a world I find it pleasant to explore. It is curious to see how much this world has been influenced—in its language, in its amusements, its press—by the "Americans," as they still call us, and how far—in, for example, its parliamentary politics and its social and moral codes—it rests on somewhat different foundations. But Mr. Callaghan is not

writing about Canada from the point of view of "local color." In the second of these two novels, he does not even tell the reader that the scene of the story is Montreal. The landscapes, the streets and the houses, the atmosphere of the various milieux are known intimately and sensitively observed, but they are made to figure quite unobtrusively; there are no very long descriptions and nothing like "documentation." We simply find ourselves living with the characters and taking for granted, as they do, their habits and customs and assumptions, their Arctic climate and their split nationality. Still less is Mr. Callaghan occupied with specifically Canadian problems. The new and militant Canadian nationalism—in these novels, at least—does not touch him; he is not here concerned with the question of "what it means to be a Cana-



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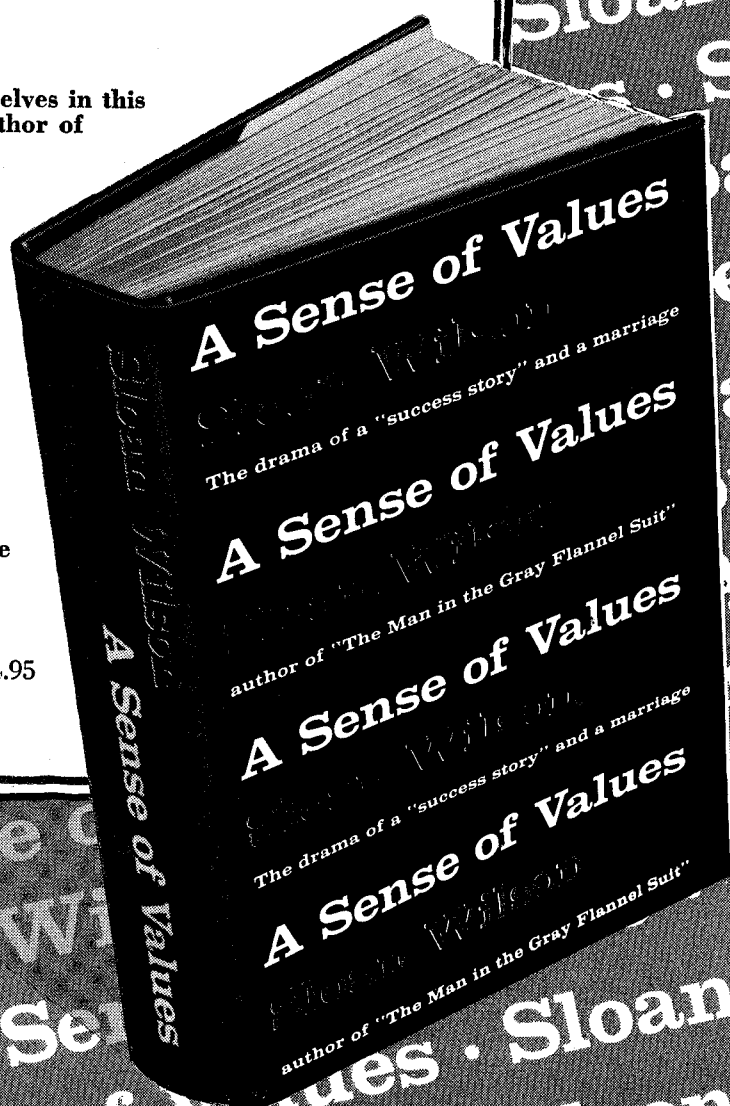
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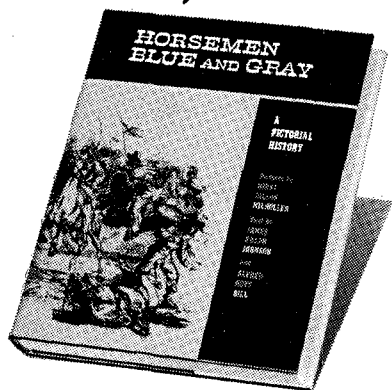
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dian." And the result of this has been, I believe, that a public, both here and in England, whose taste in contemporary American fiction has been formed by the exploiters of violent effects—and these include some of our best writers as well as our worst—does not find itself at home with, does not really comprehend, the more sober effects of Callaghan. In his novels one finds acts of violence and a certain amount of sensuality, but these are not used for melodrama or even for "symbolic" fables of the kind that is at present fashionable. There are no love stories that follow an expected course, not even any that eventually come out right. It is impossible to imagine these books transposed into any kind of terms that would make them acceptable to Hollywood.

THE novels of Morley Callaghan do not deal, then, with his native Canada in any editorial or informative way, nor are they aimed at any popular taste, Canadian, "American," or British. They center on situations of primarily psychological interest that are treated from a moral point of view yet without making moral judgments of any conventional kind, and it is in consequence peculiarly difficult to convey the implications of one of these books by attempting to retell the story. The revelation of personality, of tacit conflict, of reciprocal emotion is conducted in so subtle a way that we are never quite certain what the characters are up to—they are often not certain themselves—or what the upshot of their relationships will be.

In the earlier of the two novels under discussion, "The Loved and the Lost" (not, perhaps, a very happy title), an eccentric but attractive young girl who exerts a mysterious spiritual charm, the daughter of a minister who has lost his faith, has become—as the result of a girlhood association, particularly warm and close, with the one colored family in her neighborhood—much addicted to the society of Negroes. After graduating from college in Montreal, she continues to live in that city, and goes often to a Negro night club, at which she becomes so well known to the customers and the management both that they regard her as a part of the establishment. This arouses the suspicions of her white employers and eventually makes her Negro friends uncomfortable. The former assume that she has Negro lovers and decide not to keep her on, and the latter do not know what to make of her. She evidently—though we are never told ex-

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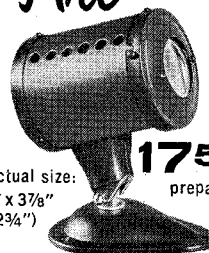
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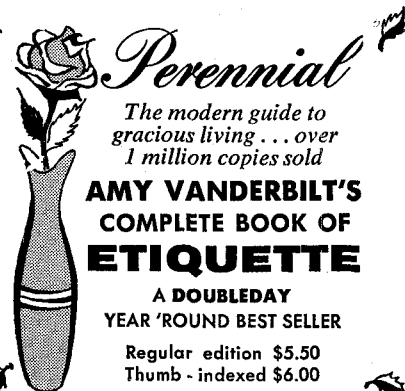
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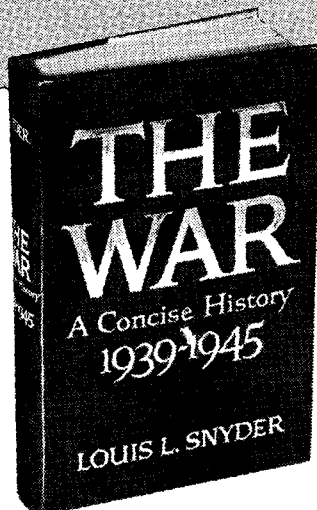
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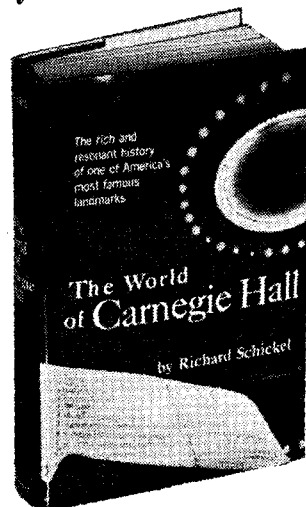
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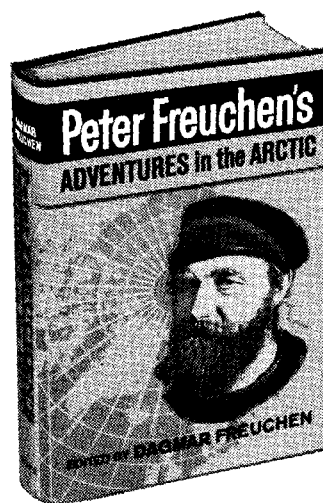
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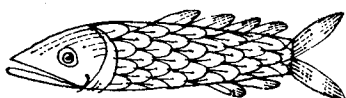
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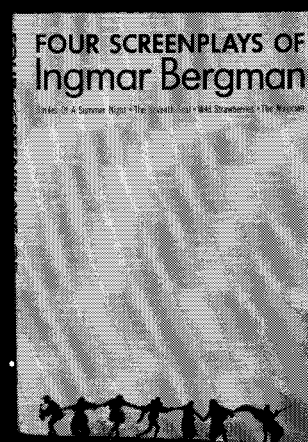
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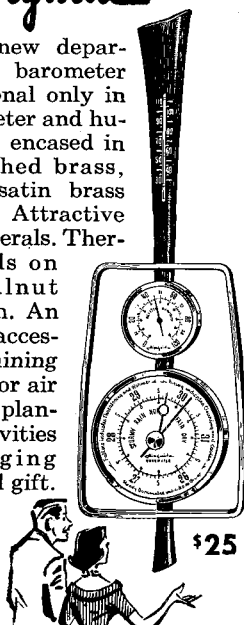
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a person as she exists. In the end, a dreadful brawl in the night club is provoked by her presence there, and she is raped and strangled that night by a white man who has been laying siege to her, who has set off the brawl in the Negro night club by his brutal public advances, and who has been badly beaten up by the Negroes.

IN the other of these novels, "The Many Colored Coat," a young man named Harry Lane, personable, able, and likable, and on the edge of Montreal's upper crust, has proved a spectacular success in a public-relations job for a Canadian whiskey distiller. He forms a friendship that to some seems incongruous with an amiable but very middle-class bank manager whose quietness and modesty and apparent good sense the young man finds reassuring in contrast to the company of those whom he is constantly, in the line of business, gladhanding and entertaining. But this middle-aged man, who seems sound and wise, is to become in his turn so beglamored by the handsome and delightful Harry that he cannot help desiring for himself a little more of the freedom of Harry's world and for his son some of Harry's advantages. An old friend of Harry's turns up, who, out of gratitude for former kindness, has made him a present of some "Western Oil" stock. Now that a drilling is about to take place, the shares will be immensely valuable, and he will sell him some more at a dollar apiece. The manager offers Harry a loan from the bank and succeeds in putting it through, but only by misrepresenting—though Harry does not know this—the amount of his friend's security, which consists of the shares he already owns; then, rather to Harry's surprise, he asks for a slice of the stock in return for negotiating the loan. He hopes, of course, to make good the difference between the fraudulent figure and the real one from the profits to accrue from the stock. But "Western Oil" now turns out to be worthless, and the manager is sent to jail. He kills himself in prison without having let it be known that it was he who proposed the loan and that he wanted some of the stock for himself, leaving Harry to bear the odium of having ruined the much-respected banker by inducing him to commit the fraud. Not to be popular is for Harry intolerable; it completely throws him off his base and makes him unexpectedly vindictive. But this does not help the situation. He suffers the fate of Joseph, who has been envied by his brethren for his



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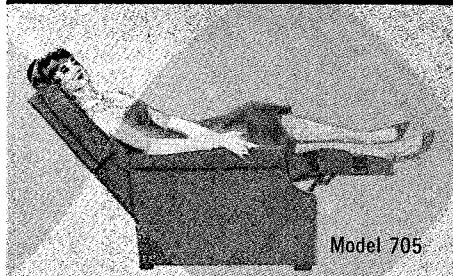




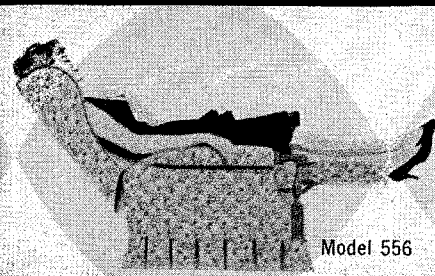
# Have you a chair this beautiful



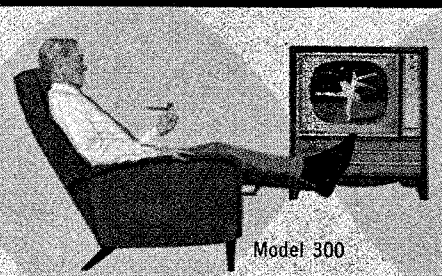
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many-colored coat—that is, his popularity, his charm, his easy superiority. His old companions put him in Coventry, and in his vehemence to assert his innocence, to avenge himself on the dead man who has wronged him, he is carried to grotesque and almost lunatic lengths. He becomes such an obnoxious character that he can no longer have any value as a public-relations man, and his boss has to let him go. He has started a feud with a tailor, an ex-pugilist friend of the bank manager's who has always distrusted Harry and who, at the trial, has given testimony against him which, though based on a misunderstood conversation, has convinced the jury of Harry's guilt. They finally come to blows in a restaurant, and it is only when Harry, badly injured, is beginning to clear up in a hospital that he knows he has behaved ignobly. The author seems to leave him at the moment just before he is to wake to the horror of realizing that he himself, through the falsity and fatuity of his previous life, has actually shared in the guilt of his friend and let him in for his sordid disaster. The expugilist, brought again into court to answer for his assault on Harry, now confesses quite gratuitously and to the horror of his lawyer that he had never really known what had happened between Harry and his friend the bank manager and that he had never had the right to judge Harry. In the case of this remarkable novel, the subject is likely to sound so unpromising that it is hard to suggest the interest that Callaghan has made it generate.

THESE stories are extremely well told. The details, neither stereotyped nor clever—the casual gestures of the characters, the little incidents that have no direct bearing on their purposes or their actions, the people they see in restaurants or pass on the street—have a naturalness that gives the illusion of not having been invented, of that seeming irrelevance of life that is still somehow inextricably relevant. The narrative moves quietly but rapidly, and Mr. Callaghan is a master of suspense. The first hundred pages of "The Many Colored Coat" are an excellent example of this. Nothing overtly exciting occurs; the characters—though with subtly changing relationships—seem to be following the normal routine of their lives, yet you know you are approaching a climax without ever having been given a hint of what this climax is going to be. The style is very clear and spare, sometimes a bit commonplace, but always intent on its purpose, always making exactly its



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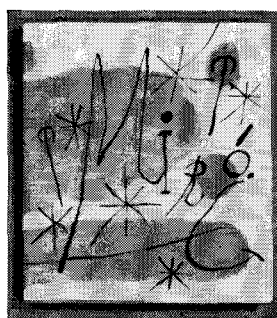
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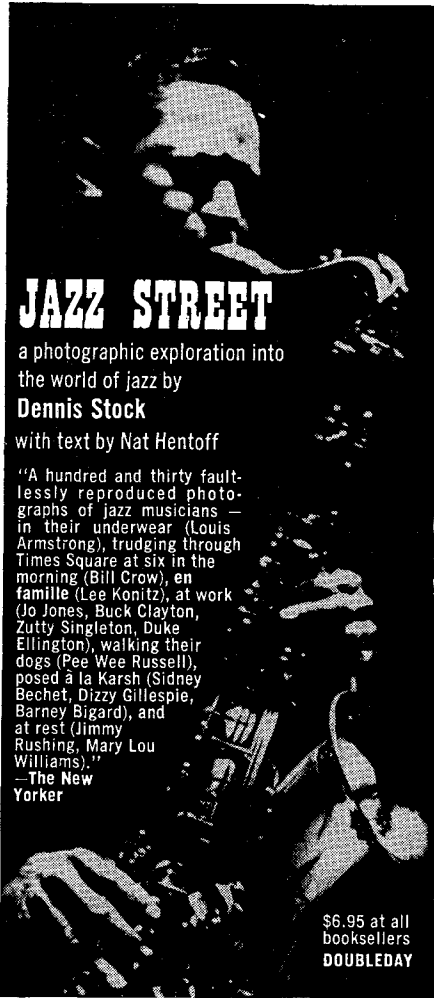
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Ellington), walking their  
dogs (Pee Wee Russell),  
posed à la Karsh (Sidney  
Bechet, Dizzy Gillespie,  
Barney Bigard), and  
at rest (Jimmy  
Rushing, Mary Lou  
Williams)." —  
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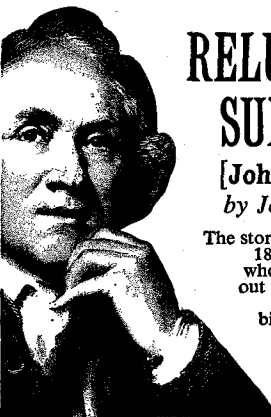
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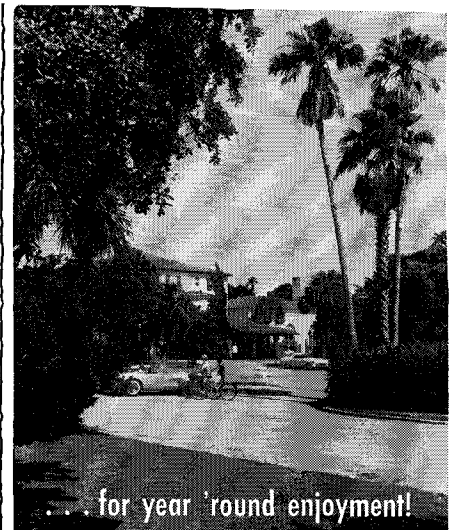
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points; these novels are as different as possible from the contemporary bagful of words that forms the substance of so many current American books which are nevertheless taken seriously. (The one conspicuous lapse from this standard in "The Many Colored Coat" is page 208, on which "husky" or "huskily" occurs three times, having previously occurred just before, on page 205, in the same general context, and on which you find the following somewhat cockeyed sentence: "This time she was like herself as they had known her in her good days and those deep warm erotic notes came out huskily and exultant, one shoulder strap falling off, and she went on singing, her face aglow with pride and happiness, letting them see she could have sung all night." It may happen with even a very careful writer who scrupulously rewrites and revises that there is some page or passage which he always slights—whether because it deals with something that bores him, or because he knows it isn't right but doesn't know how to correct it, or because of some personal anxiety which afflicted him at the time of writing and of which he shrinks from being reminded.) Mr. Callaghan's underplaying of drama and the unemphatic tone of his style are accompanied by a certain grayness of atmosphere, but this might also be said of Chekhov, whose short stories his sometimes resemble.

These books, so unconventional in subject, are at the same time expertly "plotted." The motivations are handled with such delicacy that one hesitates to say there are moments when this plotting seems a little contrived. Both these novels involve young men as to whom it is assumed at the beginning that they are going to marry young girls—more or less sympathetic and intelligent—of the Anglicizing upper class. In each case, this central young man is to become completely demoralized, and irremediably alienated from his fiancée by something that comes from outside that class and eventually excludes him from it. McAlpine in "The Loved and the Lost" falls in love with the offbeat girl; Harry Lane in "The Many Colored Coat" is derailed by his friendship with the bank manager. Both are left adrift, almost friendless, wandering about in the streets, alone with their guilty misgivings, which it will take a long time to allay. But the reader is troubled a little, in connection with certain turns of the narrative, by the feeling that the author has given a push to land these unreliable young men in their



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# THE NEW YORKER

## LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

**The Bottom of the Harbor**, by Joseph Mitchell (*Little, Brown*, \$3.95).

A collection of six pieces about the waterfront of this city, as it is and as it used to be, and about the lives (private and professional) and the ideas (on change and permanence and other matters) of a number of humorous, contemplative men whom Mr. Mitchell has met on his rounds. They include Ellery Thompson, a dragger captain from Stonington, Connecticut; Harry Lyons, a shad fisherman from Edgewater, New Jersey; and Louis Morino, the proprietor of Sloppy Louie's, at the Fulton Fish Market.

**Summoned by Bells**, by John Betjeman (*Houghton Mifflin*, \$3).

Recollections, in blank verse, of a middle-class Englishman's youth. The Englishman is also a poet, with the result that this autobiography is not only shorter but spiritually and emotionally more communicative than blank-prose memoirs are apt to be.

**A Winter Come, a Summer Gone**, by Howard Moss (*Scribners*, \$3.50).

Poems, both old and new (1946 to 1960), suitable for being sung to the lyre. In the absence of a lyre, they can be read, without any loss of tone.

**The Big Drink**, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Random House*, \$3.50).

The big drink is Coca-Cola. Mr. Kahn charts its progress over the seventy-four years since it was first concocted in an iron tub in an Atlanta back yard, and the progress, as well, of the Coca-Cola Company—syrup-makers, bottlers, distributors—under whose tender promotional care the big drink has all but saturated the earth.

**The Pattern of Perfection**, by Nancy Hale (*Little, Brown*, \$4).

Short stories that, in essence, are simply about people who are trying to be perfect and who are gummed up by perfectionism.

**Apologies to the Iroquois**, by Edmund Wilson, together with a study of the Mohawks in High Steel, by Joseph Mitchell (*Farrar, Straus & Cudahy*, \$4.95).

Mr. Wilson, making amends for his previous ignorance about the Indians of New York, investigates their ceremonies and traditions and their present-day lives on several reservations throughout the state, and (pointing the way to further amends by federal and local authorities) records their continuing struggle to hang on to the lands they have been granted by treaty. Mr. Mitchell, for his part, reports on gangs of riveters from a Mohawk reservation in Quebec who have worked on many local skyscrapers and bridges and who spend much of their time off the job in the North Gowanus section of Brooklyn.

**Sermons and Soda-Water**, by John O'Hara (*Random House*, \$5.95).

Three novellas bound separately but with certain characters in common. "We're Friends Again" and "The Girl on the Baggage Truck" have to do with Hollywood or

Broadway people moving in Long Island society. In "Imagine Kissing Pete" Mr. O'Hara returns, lovingly, to the Gibbville, Pa., of "Appointment in Samarra."

**Oh, Happy, Happy, Happy!**, by Charles Saxon (*Golden Press*, \$3.95).

An album of more than a hundred and fifty cartoons in which Mr. Saxon's success-oriented American natives can be seen coping with the problems that arise wherever they happen to be. More often than not, they happen to be at the other end of the 5:24.

**Walking the Indian Streets**, by Ved Mehta (*Atlantic-Little, Brown*, \$3.50).

After his graduation from Oxford and an absence of ten years, Mr. Mehta returned to India. This book is a record of his impressions of people and places. It is also a record of the feelings, among them that of being a stranger in his own country, that kept intruding on his high vacation spirits.

**The View from Here**, by Robert M. Coates (*Harcourt, Brace*, \$3.95).

Some events in the peripatetic life of the author and of the cars that got him around—certain significant events that would never appear in a *Who's Who* biography but that shed more light on why who is who.

**The Neutral Spirit**, by Berton Roueche (*Little, Brown*, \$3.50).

An examination of alcohol. Mr. Roueche outlines its history, uses, and abuses, and, remaining entirely nonpartisan, sorts out its actual powers from among the powers that have been falsely attributed to it by those who condemn it or recommend it or simply claim it cures a cold.

**All the Emperor's Horses**, by David Kidd (*Macmillan*, \$3.50).

An account of the year that the author and his Chinese wife spent in her huge family's hundred-room mansion in Peking, shortly after the Communists took over in 1949. While the new regime huffed and puffed at the front gate, the family used the back gate in a hopeless effort to be inconspicuous, for their house, alas, was not built of bricks.

**Stanley's Way**, by Thomas Sterling (*Athenaeum*, \$4).

A biography of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, which is combined with a first-hand report on the author's exploration of the places that Stanley discovered some ninety years ago. Mr. Sterling, whose attitude toward the people of Africa differs considerably from Stanley's, made a few discoveries of his own, along more human lines.

**Kiss Kiss**, by Roald Dahl (*Knopf*, \$3.95). Eleven stories by the master of the silent scream.

**No Room in the Ark**, by Alan Moorehead (*Harper*, \$5).

Mr. Moorehead, whose boots were swiped by a hyena in Kenya and who met a gorilla at the summit of a mountain there, brings

news of the wild animals and birds of Africa. His report on a journey through game preserves and primitive villages is compounded of observation, adventure, and affection in roughly equal proportions.

**Times Three**, by Phyllis McGinley (*Viking*, \$5).

Selected verse of three decades, with a foreword by W. H. Auden. These poems make up a feminine guide to living that deals with every facet except the kitchen sink's.

**Portrait of Max**, by S. N. Behrman (*Random House*, \$6).

A Profile of Sir Max Beerbohm (1872-1956), much of it based on his brilliant, gossip conversations with Mr. Behrman at Rapallo during the last few summers of his life. Together, author and subject re-created an ageless Max, surrounded by his friends, in the lovely world of Edwardian and early Georgian London, where he flourished as a dandy, a humorist, a drama critic, and a caricaturist, and where, in a sense, he always remained. Mr. Behrman has rounded out this portrait of two eras with many selections from Beerbohm's writings and with many of his drawings.

**The Light in the Piazza**, by Elizabeth Spencer (*McGraw-Hill*, \$3).

A novel with a plausible complication that will leave readers with enough ambivalent feelings about the characters to fuel some lengthy arguments.

**Our Last Family Countess and Related Stories**, by Antonio Barolini (*Harper*, \$3.75).

Recollections of the author's Italian past which have the coziness of favorite bedtime stories and none of the nostalgia that suggests the old days were the best.

**Kreuger**, by Robert Shaplen (*Knopf*, \$4.50).

The life and crimes of the Swedish match king and deadpan embezzler whose hand (in any number of international tills) was quicker than the eye of even the wariest of international financiers. Mr. Shaplen has added a great deal of material to his dossier on the late Ivar Kreuger as it first appeared in this magazine. Introduction by John Kenneth Galbraith.

**Black Maria**, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster*, \$3.95).

Mr. Addams' ghouls rush in, and appear quite at home in places where, by tradition, angels have been treading for years.

**A Quota of Seaweed**, by Hamilton Basso (*Doubleday*, \$3.95).

Reports on a scattering of places where the pressures of life are slight and the temperature rarely drops below balmy, and on the pleasures of getting to them slowly by boat.

**Stories from the New Yorker** (*Simon & Schuster*, \$7.50).

Forty-seven stories published in this magazine since 1950.



## Yes, Real Fraises des Bois . . . .

DEAR MRS. RICHARDS:

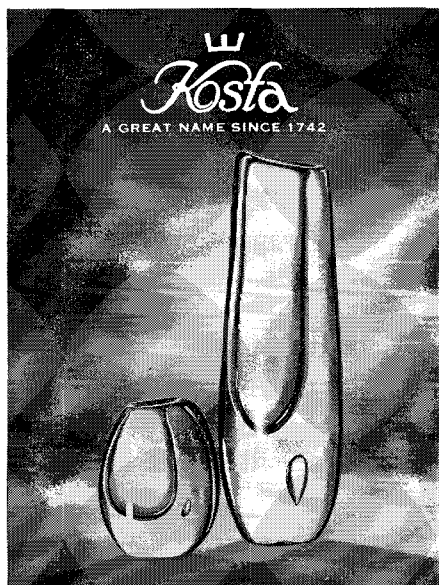
Can you think of a nicer or more unique remembrance than 12 husky plants of Fraises des Bois (Wild Strawberries from France) for those gourmet-gardening friends of yours? These berries were developed by us from French stock. They are called Charles V—after the French ruler who first (in 1365 A.D.) brought wild strawberries from the woods and cultivated them in the gardens of the Louvre. Fraises des Bois begin bearing luscious fruit the end of June and do not stop bearing until frost. Yes, they do, Mrs. Richards, they *certainly* do, and they require nothing but sun and water.

Also, these plants (clumps of cool green leaves, white blossoms and red berries) make delightful edging plants for borders, for they grow upright (8" high, 12" diameter) and do not throw runners. We provide propagating instructions so that anyone starting with only 12 plants of Charles V can multiply them into fifty or a hundred plants in two to three years, enough to supply ample servings of this gourmet's delight every week.

This is the present that can't go wrong, because we won't let it. Here's the way you send Fraises des Bois as Christmas gifts. Give us the names of those whom you wish to remember. We send gift cards now, then ship the plants early next spring (Florida and California orders shipped for Christmas). One dozen Charles V \$8.95. Larger quantities to one address: 25 for \$14.95; 50 for \$27.50. Delivery free. Be sure to enclose gift cards, addresses and other instructions. And please do it now, for there isn't much time left before Christmas.—**Amos Pettingill.**

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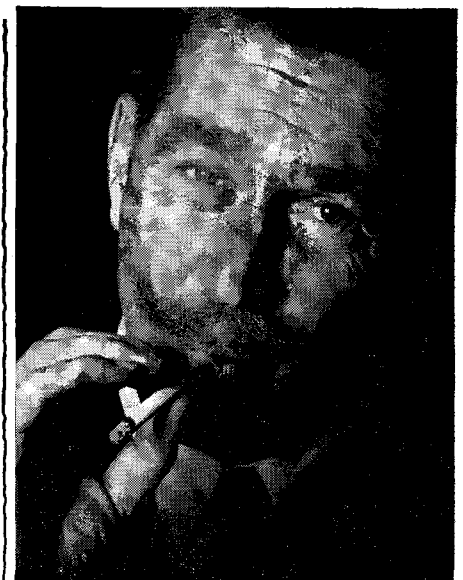
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miserable situations. One finds it rather hard to believe that McAlpine would have left his frightened girl alone and unprotected in her room. After the ugly affair in the night club, he had, to be sure, very honorable reasons for not wanting, under the circumstances, to make love to the girl that night, when she was willing for the first time, apparently, to surrender herself to him, but he had previously seen somebody prowling around and she obviously needed to be reassured; he ought to have been aware of the danger and have spent the night in her room. In the case of the downfall of Harry Lane, it hardly seems probable that his fellow-townsmen—almost, apparently, to a man—should have been ready to believe the worst of him.

But one's tendency, in writing of these novels, to speak of what the characters "ought to" have done is a proof of the extraordinary effect of reality which—by simply presenting their behavior—Mr. Callaghan succeeds in producing. His people, though the dramas they enact have more than individual significance, are never allowed to appear as anything other than individuals. They never become types or abstractions, nor do they ever loom larger than life. They are never removed from our common humanity, and there is never any simple opposition of beautiful and horrible, of lofty and base. The tragedies in these two books are the results of the interactions of the weaknesses and strengths of several characters, none of whom is either entirely responsible or entirely without responsibility for the outcome that concerns them all. But in order to describe these books properly, one must explain that the central element in them, the spirit that pervades the whole, is deeply if undogmatically Christian. Though they depend on no scaffolding of theology, though they embody an original vision, they have evidently somewhere behind them the tradition of the Catholic Church. This is not the acquired doctrine of the self-conscious Catholic convert—of Graham Greene or Evelyn Waugh. One is scarcely aware of doctrine at all; what one gets is, rather, an intuitive sense of the meaning of Christianity. An earlier novel, "Such Is My Beloved," which was first published in 1934 and has now been reprinted by McClelland & Stewart of Toronto in the New Canadian Library series, deals with a Catholic priest who both undercuts and transcends the official level of the religion of his church—in his unworldliness, he has something in common with the girl of "The Loved



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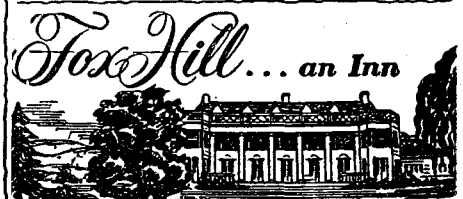
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and the Lost"—and who, making a certain genuine if precarious connection with the sinners he wishes to befriend but becoming an embarrassment to his bishop, is reprimanded by this superior and alienated from the objects of his solicitude—two prostitutes, who are forced to leave town. Thus cruelly driven in on himself, he loses all contact with reality, or what the world considers reality, and is sent to a mental institution, where, in his madness, he achieves a kind of sanctity. So the keynote of "The Many Colored Coat" is sounded by a Catholic priest—in the only scene in which he appears—who attempts, without any success, to suggest to the indignant Harry Lane that his behavior is dictated by spiritual pride. But in these two most recent novels of Callaghan's, this sense of Christian moral values is introduced even more unobtrusively than the Canadian climate and landscape and the true motivations of the characters.

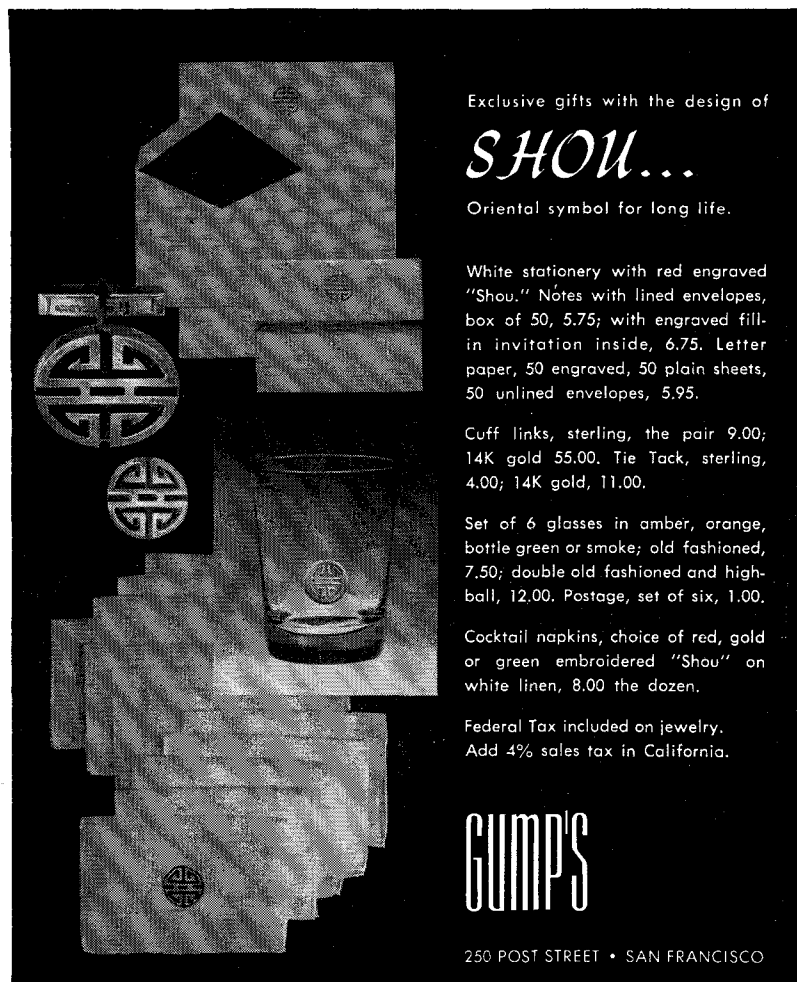
THE reviewer, at the end of this article, after trying to give an account of these books, is now wondering whether the primary reason for the current underestimation of Morley Callaghan may not be simply a general incapacity—apparently shared by his compatriots—for believing that a writer whose work may be mentioned without absurdity in association with Chekhov's and Turgenev's can possibly exist in our day in Toronto.

—EDMUND WILSON

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE HOUSE OF FIVE TALENTS, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin). In his ninth novel, Mr. Auchincloss defies the Jamesian interdict on the first person singular and tells the story of the New York family of Millinder in the character of Augusta, the spinster granddaughter of the founder of the great Millinder fortune. Grandfather Millinder, who was of the generation of Jay Gould and J. P. Morgan, left his children every chance to make their children members of an American oligarchy that might have, in time, become an aristocracy. Augusta's deceptively artless narrative, running from 1886 to 1948, shows why this did not happen, and why the Millinder name never came to stand for anything more than a heap of money. It was not that history and the social trend were against them; it was that they



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failed as people. Augusta recounts a series of episodes, critical for each successive generation, in which the Millinders are weighed in the balance and found wanting. They are not wicked, but they never realize the responsibilities of their wealth and their position, and they never develop a sense of personal honor to keep them out of mediocre situations and bad company. The saddest story of all concerns the Millinder art collection, a sterile accumulation of the products of other times and other cultures, in which there was no place for the work of any living artist or craftsman. Under the surface of this consistently entertaining family chronicle there is the delicate subsidiary comedy of the contrast between the author's wit and knowingness, on the one hand, and the supposed narrator's simplicity and innocence, on the other.

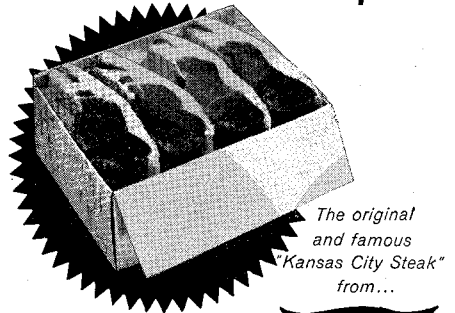
THE DOOMED OASIS, by Hammond Innes (Knopf). A wild Arabian melodrama about a one-eyed Englishman turned Moslem and his jailbird bastard son (together with a bearded chorus of Hamids and Alis and Salims) and oil. Oh, yes—there is also a pretty English nurse and a pretty Algerian whore. The story is told by a Welsh lawyer named Grant, who wears "a little silver medallion of St. Christopher given me by a mission boy in Tanganyika after I'd saved his life," and he tells it with stiff-lipped perfection: "I didn't realize it then, but this was the covenant, sworn in the midst of the quicksands of the Umm al Samim, that was to take him to that fort on top of Jebel al-Akhbar and to the terrible final tragedy." The result falls something short of tragedy, but it's terrible, all right. A Literary Guild selection.

NOTE: "Sermons and Soda-Water," three novellas by John O'Hara, has been published by Random House. One of them—"Imagine Kissing Pete"—first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . Also recently published, by McGraw-Hill, is "The Light in the Piazza," a novel by Elizabeth Spencer. Much of the book was originally printed in this magazine, in somewhat different form.

#### GENERAL

TOURIST IN AFRICA, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown). On the cover of this worked-over version of a diary kept on an African trip between December, 1958, and the following March, the publishers state that "it

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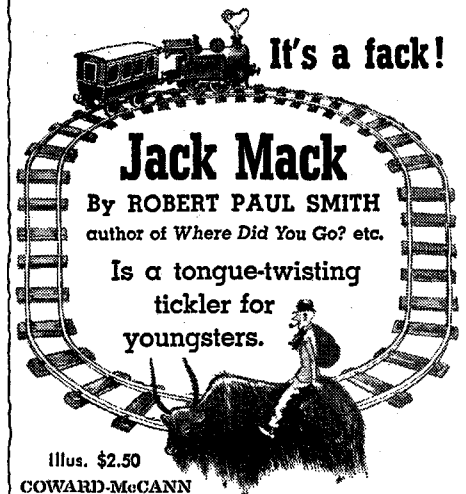
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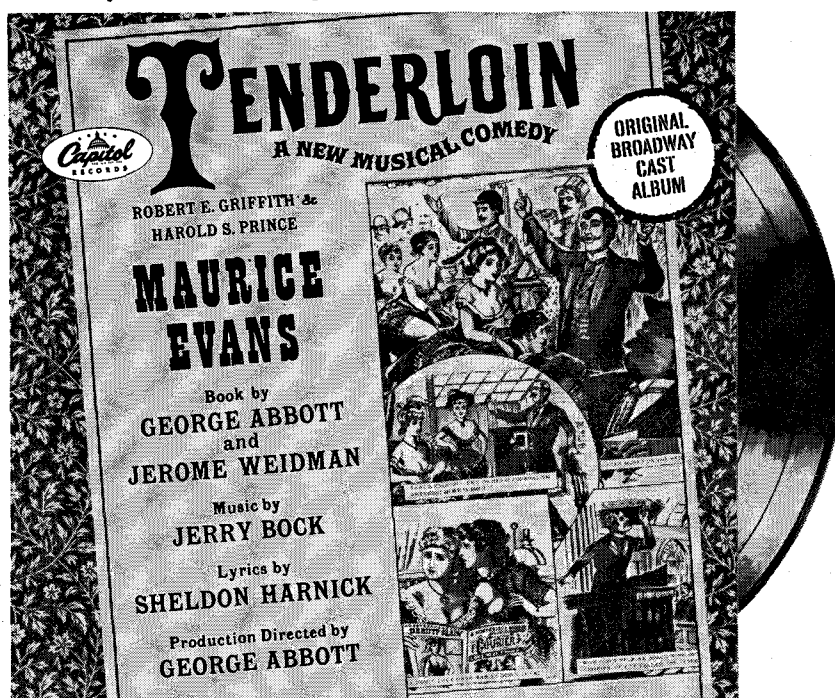


is impossible for Evelyn Waugh to write uninterestingly." This is not, strictly speaking, true, since Mr. Waugh can do pretty nearly anything in the writing line that he sets out to do. His diary is written from the viewpoint of the country gentleman of the old school—the crusted Tory who is so confoundedly well-bred that he has all the right feelings by instinct and doesn't have to be intelligent or brainy in any way. The prevailing tone is a plummy amounting to parody: "Politics do not seem to be a major concern in Mombasa. Much of our conversation that evening was about the prospects of developing the Kenya coast as a holiday resort." The book would be altogether intolerable if Mr. Waugh had not been knocked off his perch when he reached the Union of South Africa, where the pretensions of the master race forced him into revealing himself as the sensitive, thoughtful, and humane being he really is. The appearance of the true Waugh is, however, tantalizingly brief, and there is not enough of his pungency and shrewdness to save this short book from seeming very long. Photographs.

**GROWING UP ABSURD: PROBLEMS OF YOUTH IN THE ORGANIZED SYSTEM**, by Paul Goodman (Random House). This book is the spearhead of an impassioned assault on America's "eclectic, sensational . . . phony" culture. By culture, Mr. Goodman means absolutely everything—economics, politics, art, speech, government. Instead of attacking all along this broad front, he concentrates on the difficulties of boys and young men, who receive, he thinks, a stupefying education to fit them into a society that offers little honest work except farming or dishwashing, and



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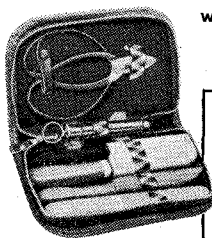




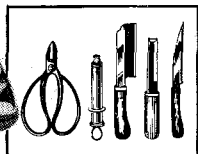
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that they all perceive to be ridiculous. Mr. Goodman maintains that delinquency, beatness, and conformity—three responses to this disastrous state of affairs—have common psychological roots. In a parenthetical chapter, he explains that our current crisis is the culmination of "missed and compromised revolutions" dating back to the sixteenth century, but though he offers us a glimpse of a perfect planned society, he is less assured about the future than about the past, and offers no hint of how or when we may expect to arrive at his utopia.

**THE HYPHENATED FAMILY**, by Hermann Hagedorn (Macmillan). A biography of the Hagedorn family, centering on the author's father, who came to this country from the little German principality of Hanover as a young man, in the eighteen-sixties. In the United States, Hagedorn *père* married a German-born, German-speaking girl, raised a family of six children in a Brooklyn neighborhood where all contacts were with other displaced Germans, and, for many years, made an annual pilgrimage, *en famille*, to Göttingen and the strict, *echt deutsch* household of his domineering and possessive mother. Even after all the years that have passed, the author, who is now in his eightieth year, cannot write without anguish of the divided allegiances and painful disorientation that this kind of upbringing meant for him, his brothers and sisters, and his mother. Real tragedy came to the Hagedorns with the First World War, which found the father living in well-to-do retirement in a mansion on the Rhine and the rest of the family split up—some members in America and some in Germany. Mr. Hagedorn writes this moving story—a grand-scale soap opera, without the mawkishness—with a sure eye for detail and a powerful ability to evoke the good things of the past. Of himself and his career as a writer and biographer he says no more than is necessary to get on with the unfolding of a compelling tale.

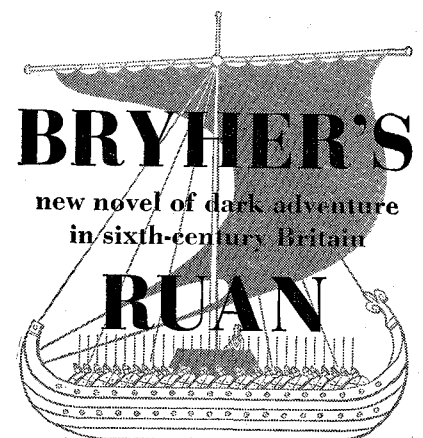
**THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL LORD ISMAY (Viking)**. During the Second World War, the author wore an imposing collection of brass hats: he was a member of Great Britain's Chiefs of Staff Committee, head of the Office of the Minister of Defense, and Churchill's Chief of Staff Officer—or, in the Prime Minister's phrase, the man in charge of his "handling machine" for everything



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military. In this autobiography, Lord Ismay tells about his career before the war and after it (he was NATO's first secretary-general), but the war years, in which he worked at the top level of the English and, later, the Anglo-American command, are the heart of the book. He conveys the excitements, joys, irritations, and glories of serving under an illustrious leader. He knew and dealt with most of the important American figures—Roosevelt, Marshall, Eisenhower—and he describes them, as he does many of his British colleagues, with precision, admiration, and no gush. He defines the differences of opinion between the English and the Americans with a clear detachment that must have made him invaluable during the war; his exposition is invaluable now. The absence of acerbity in this general's memoirs is a relief. In Lord Ismay's very broad view, the most striking military success of the Second World War was not the triumph of any particular person or strategy but the unprecedented intimacy of the Anglo-American coalition.

**KHRUSHCHEV: THE MAKING OF A DICTATOR**, by George Palocz-Horvath (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A careful and impressive biography. The author, a former Hungarian Communist, has worked from Communist sources and knows how to interpret them—he understands the real meanings of the obligatory adjectives, and can deduce a lot from the order of names in a list of functionaries. He can appreciate, and explain to his readers, what Khrushchev did in the various oddly titled jobs he held on his way up, and calculate his importance in the Soviet hierarchy on any given day. Khrushchev appears as a lucky, insensitive, and able man who is good at verbalizing the Party line and managing the Party bureaucracy. Yet the policies he espoused under Stalin and on his own have been, Mr. Palocz-Horvath believes, merely convenient; in the author's view, Khrushchev has no particular convictions about Communism (except that someday it will rule the world) and merely wishes to be Russia's dictator, as Stalin was. Mr. Palocz-Horvath also thinks—and he is most persuasive—that Khrushchev's power is not yet assured, which makes his future behavior incalculable.

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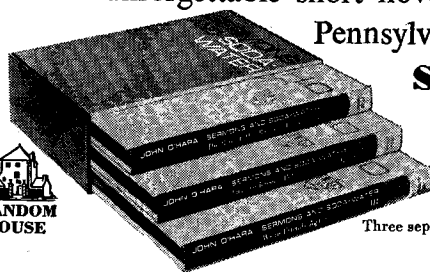
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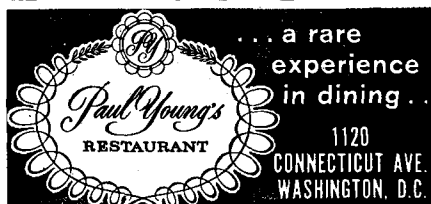
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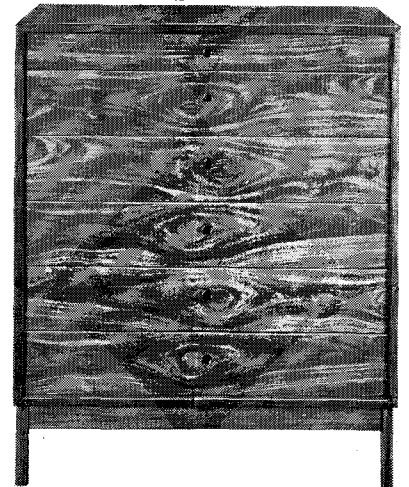
by Sepp Schüller, translated from the German by James Cleugh (Putnam). An entertaining account of some noteworthy episodes in the history of art forgery, from the days of Dürer to the present. Mr. Schüller's book combines the fascinations of aesthetics and of crime, and its subject seems to follow the pattern of military history, in which every new offense has been matched by a new defense, through one cycle after another; according to Mr. Schüller, the ingenuity of forgers and the ingenuity of experts at the detection of forgery have pretty much cancelled each other out over the centuries. The art collector has no absolute protection against fakes, Mr. Schüller thinks, except buying the works of living artists right out of their studios—a good idea on several counts. Ask any living artist.

A CLASH OF DESTINIES: THE ARAB-JEWISH WAR AND THE FOUNDING OF THE STATE OF ISRAEL, by Jon and David Kimche (Praeger). A thoughtful history of the events of 1948 in Palestine. The authors have first-hand knowledge of the war between the Jews and the Arabs—one reported it as a newspaperman and one served in the Israeli Army—and they tell about the fighting in detail, criticizing both armies' organization, strategic misapprehensions, and tactical errors. They are more interested, though, in the war as a political event that brought new cohesiveness and self-confidence to the Jews and exposed deficiencies and rivalries among the Arab states. Neither side achieved all its aims, and neither can be called an unqualified victor, but the Kimches think there was an unqualified loser—Great Britain, whose tergiversations persuaded the Arabs that she was no longer a great power. The Kimches' assessment—that 1948 made Britain's decline in the Middle East inevitable—may benefit from hindsight, but hindsight, after all, is a privilege of the historian. The authors' opinions are shrewd and convincing.

GERMANY DIVIDED: THE LEGACY OF THE NAZI ERA, by Terence Prittie (Atlantic-Little, Brown). An impressive report on contemporary Germany by the head of the Manchester Guardian's German bureau. The author believes that a democratic West Germany allied to the NATO powers is essential to the survival of non-Communist Europe, but he feels that the West Germans have not yet be-

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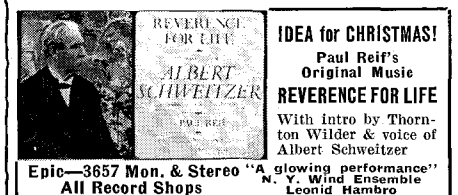


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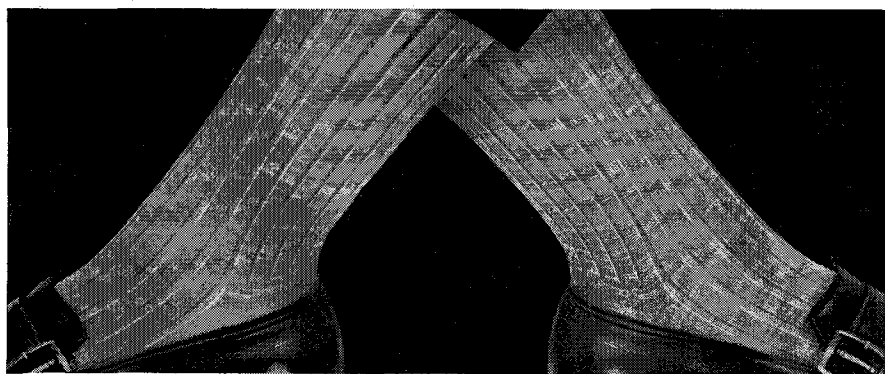
gun to understand democracy or to develop the sense of civic responsibility that makes this possible. As Mr. Prittie surveys West Germany's deficiencies, the reader may find himself concluding that the Hun is unteachable. That's not what Mr. Prittie thinks, though. He insists that Great Britain and the United States, for their own security, must help the Germans appreciate liberty, and he offers the reader a candid look at a difficult but, in his opinion, not insoluble problem. A tremendously useful book.

**THE MUTE STONES SPEAK**, by Paul MacKendrick (St. Martin's). A fine popular account of archeology in Italy by a classics professor who has done his share of digging. Archeologically, we are introduced to such marvels as air surveying; dating techniques that range from Miss E. B. Van Deman's (she dated bricks by the taste of the mortar), to carbon 14; and the deciphering of Etruscan, which is technically indecipherable, although we now know a hundred and twenty-two words. With the Roman Empire, Professor MacKendrick's emphasis becomes architectural, and he is both learned and understandable about Herculaneum and Pompeii, as well as about such remarkable buildings as the Colosseum, the warehouses in Ostia, and the Baths of Caracalla—the models for Harvard Stadium, the Boston Public Library, and Pennsylvania Station, respectively. Extensively illustrated.

**THE LIFE OF LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN**, by Alexander Wheelock Thayer, with an introduction by Alan Pryce-Jones (Southern Illinois). The first man to come to grips with the notably ambivalent personality of Beethoven—to attempt, that is, an explanation of how some of the



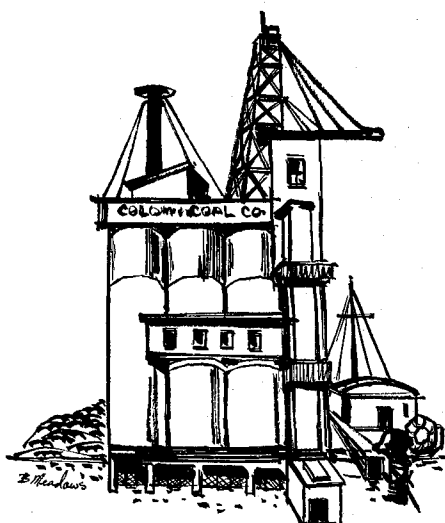
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noblest music ever penned could emerge from a mind that otherwise seems to have been that of a boorish misanthrope of downright fiendish habits—was his great American biographer Alexander Wheelock Thayer, a Yankee from South Natick, Massachusetts, who went to Europe shortly after his graduation from Harvard, in 1843, and devoted most of his life to this fascinating subject. Thayer died before finishing the biography (it is said that his ill health was occasioned, in part, by his distress over the obvious personal shortcomings of his subject), and it was finally brought to completion and translated by various German scholars. It did not appear in the original English until 1914, many years after his death—in an edition put together by the noted New York critic Henry Edward Krehbiel, and now long out of print. The appearance of the present edition (in three volumes) is very welcome, not only because it resuscitates a long-neglected work of scholarship but because Thayer's work remains by far the most thoroughgoing, well-documented, and authoritative biography of Beethoven in existence. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

IN KERRY LONG AGO, by John O'Donoghue (Norton). More about the author's barefoot youth on a mountain potato farm in the west of Ireland in the early nineteen-hundreds. The events that Mr. O'Donoghue describes, like those that made up his earlier memoir, "In a Quiet Land," could hardly be less eventful—spring plowing, a holiday trip to Bantry Bay, cutting turf for fuel, an evening of fireside gossip—but, as before, he brings to the telling such earnestness, such artless wonder and simplicity ("Dogs... would follow me about without the least encouragement, making me feel a cad because I could not return their liking"), that we contentedly hear him out.

THE EMERALD WHALER, by William J. Laubenstein (Bobbs-Merrill). An account of the almost incredible rescue of six Irish patriots from the British penal colony at Fremantle, Australia, by a Yankee whaling captain in 1876. This is one of the great stories of escape and adventure at sea, almost garish in its picturesqueness; all it needs is an author. Although this is the story's second time around in book form, it must seek further, for Mr. Laubenstein, a Boston newspaperman, has made up



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yards of dialogue, and there are more "belay this"s and "belay that"s and "by tophet"s than must have been uttered in the entire nineteenth century. The result is something stranger than non-fiction. Illustrations.

**THE WORLD OF ROME**, by Michael Grant (World). Professor Grant readily admits the worst about Roman civilization—the unspeakable treatment of the slaves, the imitative arts, the criminal lunacy of the public entertainments, the murderous imperial politics. Having admitted all that, he details Rome's greatness and fascination, offering quotations from the poetry that fully justify his enthusiasm, along with a brilliant technical discussion of Roman architecture and its influence on later building. "A world both wonderful and horrible," he concludes, but "it made us what we are." Maps and superb photographs.

**A CRITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE**, by David Daiches (Ronald). Professor Daiches has written singlehanded a vast two-volume history of English literature from "Widsith" to Waugh. Its weaknesses are an inevitable consequence of the ambitiousness of the venture: the "often-quoted" passages of poetry are for the most part again quoted; characterizations are frequently traditional (the "simple devotion" of highly sophisticated medieval lyrics, Swift's "savage indignation," Trollope's lack of "profound understanding"); and emphases are fashionably disproportionate (George Eliot gets six pages and George Borrow seven sentences). The book's strength is its surprising amount of fresh analysis and opinion, including some shrewd and enlightening comparisons, among them one of Shelley's "Swellfoot the Tyrant" with George Orwell's "Animal Farm." Altogether, a feat, if a flawed feat. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

**THE HUNDRED FLOWERS CAMPAIGN AND THE CHINESE INTELLECTUALS**, by Roderick MacFarquhar (Praeger). Translations, with some explanatory notes, of material that was published in Chinese newspapers during the spring and summer of 1957, after Mao Tse-tung had encouraged his people to air their grievances, saying "Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred schools contend." This blooming and contending was cut short in a matter of weeks because criticism of the Communist regime was so severe. In his preface, Mr.

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MacFarquhar suggests that Mao believed the Chinese supported his government and was amazed by the hostility that a period of partly free speech revealed; in an epilogue, Mr. G. F. Hudson discusses the relationship between the hundred-flowers campaign and Khrushchev's "thaw"—a parallel experiment in liberalism by an illiberal system. The body of the book—credible, specific, first-hand testimony about life in Communist China—is extremely vivid and almost unbearably sad.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SPEAKS HIS MIND (World). The text of thirteen B.B.C. television interviews. Earl Russell's interlocutor is Woodrow Wyatt, a Labour M.P., who deftly poses short, unobtrusive questions that draw forth short, pithy statements of Russell's familiar social and political opinions. Russell condescends to the monarchy and expresses his skepticism about Communism, capitalism, and organized religion—indeed, about nearly all possible establishments—with an imperturbability attainable, perhaps, only by a birthright member of The Establishment. Since Russell is also a lifetime member of the English Left, which nowadays refreshes its spirit by inhaling misinformation about the United States, he provides a sample or two, including the flat statement that "what they did in America" in the nineteen-fifties "was to go through all the public libraries, and any book that gave any information about Russia was destroyed."

GOLD, by C. H. V. Sutherland (McGraw-Hill). In this handsome volume—beautifully illustrated in color and black and white—the whole story of gold is laid before us. The author, who is Keeper of Coins at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, has explored this appetizing subject extensively and ends what is a most satisfying exposition with a discussion of some of the economic paradoxes presented by gold—why, for instance, the price of a commodity that is never consumed remains firm, even though a billion dollars' worth of the stuff is annually added to the world's supply, and why gold lying in subterranean vaults still exercises its ancient power over men, even in this technological age.

LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD, edited and with an introduction by J. M. Cohen (Southern Illinois). One must agree with the editor of this admirable selection from volumes



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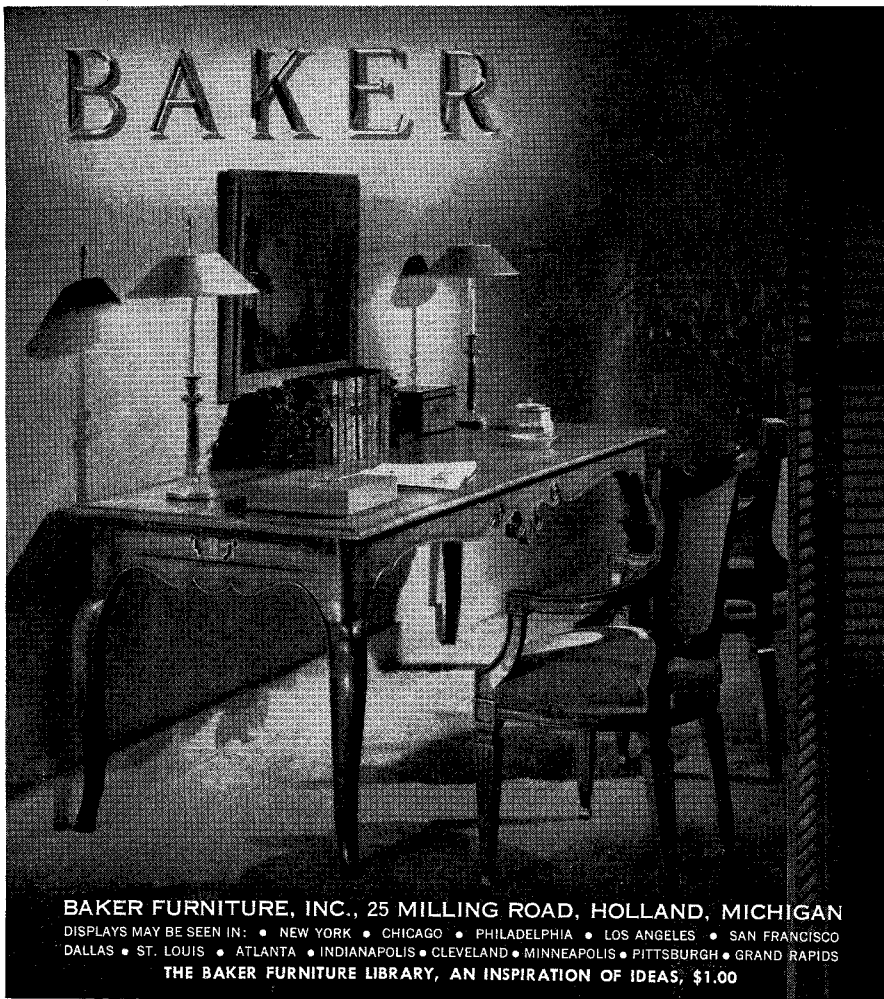
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long out of print when he states that FitzGerald, although the least productive of the great Victorians, wrote the best letters of his time. Born in 1809, the son of one of the richest women in England, FitzGerald, even at Cambridge, where he was Thackeray's best friend, began to establish a reputation for a warm-hearted and generous eccentricity. He later shunned formal society, but his judgment of people was shrewd and his taste sensitive in the extreme. He loved boating and gardens, music, the theatre, paintings, prints, and books. Among his friends were Alfred and Frederick Tennyson, Monkton Milnes, the Carlyles, the aged Maria Edgeworth, and the young Fanny Kemble, and he had a fresh and un-Victorian enthusiasm for Mozart, Beethoven, Titian, Poussin, Blake, and Keats. (He did not admire Browning.) In his later years (he died in 1883), he corresponded with several New England literary figures. His Persian studies take on a new dimension when seen in the general context of his life. A most welcome return to print.

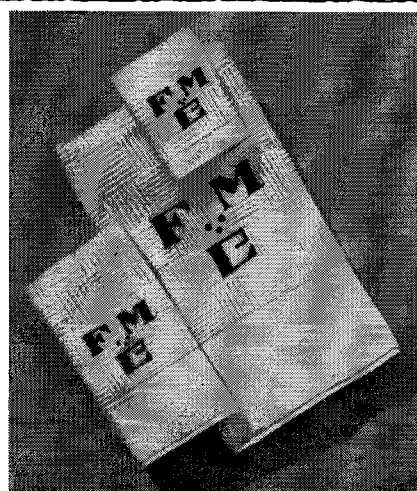
ROME, NAPLES, AND FLORENCE, by Stendhal, translated by Richard N. Coe (Braziller). This travel book was not meant as a guide; it is simply a reflection of its author's sparkling response to post-Napoleonic Italy. The peninsula was, for the time being, a patchwork of sovereignties whose rulers were trying to blot out the past and restore the torpidity of their *anciens régimes*. A few of the Italians Stendhal knew were interested in liberalizing or unifying Italy, but many of them cared only about love or opera. Stendhal liked all kinds of Italians, and delightedly examined their passions with French logic. Mr. Coe has provided a foreword that explains the place of this work in Stendhal's biography, and a biographical index to the personages Stendhal met or mentioned. Nobody can quite translate Stendhal's style, as fast and elegantly streamlined as a sports car, and full of phrases that seem to turn on a dime; Mr. Coe's version just comes out chatty.

BY ROCKING CHAIR ACROSS RUSSIA, by Alex Atkinson and Ronald Searle (World). A short, funny book, written by Mr. Atkinson and illustrated by Mr. Searle, that parodies a genre—uninformed travellers' impressions of what the Soviet Union is really like. The book succeeds almost too brilliantly, for the invented



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fatuity of quite a few passages reads just like the genuine article.

NOTE: "Summoned by Bells," John Betjeman's autobiography in verse, will be published by Houghton Mifflin on November 28th. Much of the book first appeared in this magazine.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

A STRANGER IN MY GRAVE, by Margaret Millar (Random House). Mrs. Millar, who has as steady a hand as anyone in the mystery business, has staked out as her territory the violence and disorder that encroach, or could encroach, upon the most mundane lives, and the violent and disorderly feelings that lie beneath the mildest temperaments. The heroine of this story is a rather prosperous, rather dull housewife who is made so uneasy by a dream in which she sees her own gravestone, with a date in 1955 carved on it, that she hires a private detective to find out all he can about the day of her supposed death. Before long, needless to say, the placid world she moves in starts to crack, and so, in a sense, does she. The setting is a small city in California. The mood is ominous.

THE FAR SANDS, by Andrew Garve (Harper). An impeccably devious thriller about the troubles that shower down upon a well-heeled Englishman after he marries (on short acquaintance) a beautiful song-and-dance girl whose identical twin sister has recently married (also on short acquaintance) an equally rich, though older and diabetic, Englishman. The troubles begin with marital discord and glide uneasily on to burglary, blackmail, and murder. The scene is London and an out-of-season resort on the Norfolk coast, and the quality is well up to Mr. Garve's high standard of entertainment.

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